The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833. SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1889. PRICE FIVE

A DEEP CUT!

To Reduce Our Stock we will Offer on

SATURDAY,

JUNE 1st.,

100 + PIECES

OF THE BEST

American Satines!

12½ CENT GOODS FOR

6 1-4 CENTS

PER YARD.

At Retail Only.

GEORGE -:- DEWALD

—AND—

COMPANY,

Calhoun and Columbia Sts

EIGHT DEATHS.

Recorded by the Undertakers for This Week.

The following deaths have been reported by the city undertakers for the week ending June 1:

Mary A. Gilham, 74 years, bronchitis.

Mary S. Metcalf, 22 years, consumption.

Claude Smith, 3 years, croup.

Joseph Davis, 2 years, inflammation of the bowels.

Sister Matrona, 54 years, consumption.

Josephine Carter, 3 years, bronchitis.

Edmund Rauner, 5 years, typhoid fever.

Elizabeth Ehinger, 1 month, whooping cough.

Doing Business as Usual.

The Pape & Roehm Furniture company are doing business as usual, notwithstanding the late fire, and have, as usual, one of the finest furniture stocks in Fort Wayne.

Reduction in Limburg Cheese 4c.

Best Quality Limburg Cheese, 10c pound.

FRUIT HOUSE.

Large, Delicious Strawberries, 8c quart.

COVERDALE & ARCHER,

31-2t 24 Harrison Street.

You can't buy cigars on Sunday, but you can lay in a supply before hand. Remember "Gruber's Best," ten cent and "Frank's Choice," and "F. G.," five cent brands, for a good smoke. All dealers sell them. 31-2t

See those narrow "Four-in-Hand" Summer Ties at

MEYER & NIEMANN'S,

31-2t 142 Calhoun Street.

Go with the Crow club to Rome City on June 26, and enjoy yourself. 18-25-1

WANTED—A dining room girl at the Ervin house.

FOR RENT—A well furnished front room with extra large closet. Suitable for one or two gentlemen. With or without board. 209 Harrison street, corner of Brackenridge street.

All the 'Rage!

We Have Them!

Ladies' Tan Colored Oxford Ties

Hand Sewed, Elegant Goods,

Regular Price, $1.25,

OUR PRICE,

97 cts.

Gent's Sewed Dress Shoes, perfect fitters, good Wearers,

$1.50.

HORRIBLE FLOOD!

Twelve Hundred Men, Women and Children Swept Away.

Thousands of Houses Carried Off and Thousands Without Homes, Shelter and Food.

Johnstown and Cambia City Almost Entirely Annihilated.

Full Accounts of the Floods and Disasters in the East, and the Terrible Suffering.

Quick Aid for the Sufferers.

JOHNSTOWN, Pa., June 1.—The waters which overwhelmed this town yesterday, carrying death to hundreds and misery to thousands, are subsiding rapidly, but as yet it is impossible to obtain anything like exact information concerning the extent of the disaster that has visited this city and the district surrounding. It is no exaggeration to say that there are mourners in every family. Thousands are missing.

It is certain that hundreds have been lost and while many of those who are now missing and who are mourned as dead, have doubtless been saved, the finale death role will beyond doubt be of appalling length.

THE RESERVOIR BROKE.

The great reservoir above Johnstown, which was flooded with water, broke about 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon and came down carrying death and destruction in their wake.

DESCRIPTION OF THE RESERVOIR.

In order to understand the nature of this calamity, it is necessary to describe the respective locations of the reservoir and Johnstown. The reservoir lies about two-and-a-half miles northeast of Johnstown, and is the site of the old reservoir, which was one of the feeders of the Pennsylvania canal. It is the property of a number of wealthy gentlemen in Pittsburg, who formed themselves into a corporation, the title of which is the "South Fork Fishing and Hunting club." This sheet of water was formerly known as Conemaugh lake. It is from 200 to 300 feet above Johnstown, being in the mountains. It is about three and one-half miles long and from a mile to one and one-quarter miles in width and in some places it is 100 feet in depth. It holds more water than any other reservoir, natural or artificial, in the United States. The lake has been quadrupled in size by artificial means and was held by a dam from 700 to 1,000 feet wide. It is ninety feet in thickness at the base and the height is 110. The top has a breadth of twenty-feet.

A MIGHTY RUSH OF WATERS.

It is impossible to describe briefly the suddenness with which the disaster came. A warning sound was heard at Conemaugh, a few minutes before the rush of waters came, but it was attributed to some meteorological disturbance, and no trouble was borrowed because of the thing unseen.

As the low rumbling noise increased in volume, however, and came nearer a suspicion of danger began to force itself upon even the bravest which was increased to a certainty a few minutes later, when with a rush the mighty stream spread out in width and then there was no time to save themselves. Many of the unfortunates were whirled into the midst of the stream before they could turn around. Men, women and children were struggling in the stream and it is thought that many of them never reached Johnstown only a mile or two below.

At Johnstown a similar scene was enacted, only on a much larger scale, as the population is greater and the sweeping whirlpool rushed into a denser mass of humanity. The imagination of the reader can better depict the spectacle than the pen of the writer can give it. It was a twilight of terror and the gathering shade of evening closed in on a panorama of horrors that has few parallels in the history of casualties.

Rescue! even the thought of such a thing was madness, and the agony of the struggling, drowning victims found its response in the bursts of those who stood helpless in view of their friends. How and from whom would relief come? Only a few of the people knew what to do. Their homes, their property, all they had in the world, were gone, and they were left alone with their dead. Searchers are out everywhere from Johnstown to Blairsville.

The fugitives are returning to the place where a few hours ago they were happy and prosperous, but where all is now desolation, and in a few hours more the work of systematically searching for the victims of the flood will begin. The water is still too high to even attempt to estimate the extent of the disaster, but the city is a complete wreck and it is certain the loss of life will be immense.

AT PITTSBURG.

PITTSBURG, June 1.—The Times' 8 o'clock extra says: "At this hour the Allegheny river is filled with debris and is still rising. The streets fronting on the river and the bridges are thronged with watchers, but no bodies have been seen. No serious trouble from high water is anticipated here. Extra precautions are being taken, however, to prevent any loss of life or property."

SCENES AT SANG HOLLOW.

SANG HOLLOW, Pa., June 1.—The current in the Conemaugh is always rough, but, with the waters of yesterday added, it was transformed into a violent whirlpool. It was at this point that a number of people met their fate. Up to 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon the operator in the tower had counted eighty-seven persons floating by in the flood. Their appeals for help were frightful to hear and the operator stood it as long as he could. Superintendent Pitscave, of the Pennsylvania railroad, stayed there for a few hours in the afternoon and reports having counted 105 persons before it got dark. How many passed after dark, no one can tell. Of the above number, only forty-seven were seen passing New Florence, and some of these never reached Lockport and Bolivar. The conjecture is more than probable that fifty-nine people were drowned between Sang Hollow and New Florence. At Sang Hollow, up to 3 o'clock in the afternoon, according to the latest reliable reports, twenty-one dead bodies were taken out on the railroad side, and on the other side of the river six more bodies were caught. Six hundred oil tanks rushed past about 5 o'clock. The water at this point was thirty-five feet deep, actual measurement. A heavy fall of rocks has blocked the track here but it is expected that Johnstown can be reached this afternoon. Several heavy washouts are reported and a number of trains have been caught between them, the passengers having to skirmish for shelter in the neighborhood.

HOUSES WRECKED.

NINIVEH, Pa., June 1.—At this hour (7 a. m.) the Pennsylvania railroad track is clear and all right up to here. There were forty-seven bodies seen passing in the river from 3 to 7:30 in the afternoon, and yesterday the loss of life above must have been appalling. Here some fifteen houses were wrecked and a number of the inmates, in the agricultural districts, were injured. The loss here is not so heavy as at other places.

HORRIBLE SIGHT.

LOCKPORT, Pa., June 1, 7 a. m.—Large parties of men are scouring the banks of the river to find bodies washed ashore, but very few have been found, owing to the terrible strength of the current, which defies resistance. Among other horrible sights was a man whose head was crushed, probably by a falling building, and his clothing still saturated with clotted blood.

A TRUE HERO.

BOLIVAR, Pa., June 1, 7:30 a. m.—A bit of heroism is related by one of the telegraph operators at Bolivar. He says: "I was standing on the river bank about 7:30 o'clock last evening, when a raft swept into view. It must have been the floor of a dismantled house. Upon it were a group—two women and a man. They were evidently his mother and sister for both clung to him as though stupified with fear. As they were whirled under the bridge here, the man could have saved himself if he had wished by simply reaching up his hand and catching the timbers of the structure. He appeared to see this himself and the temptation must have been strong for him to do so, but in a second more he was seen to resolutely shake his head and clasp the women tighter around the waists. Ropes were thrown out from the tree tops but they were unable to catch them, though they grasped for the lines eagerly enough. Then a tree caught in their raft and dragged after, and in this way they were swept out of view." Information, just reached here over the railroad lines, says that the wrecking train, which left at 10 o'clock last night, reached New Florence six miles east of here two hours later. They can not get farther, although the plucky engineer telegraphed that if Robert Pitcairn wants him to, he will make an attempt to push through the submerged track to Niniveh. That is where the block station tower is reported to have been washed away.

RAVING LUNACY.

New Florence, Pa., June 1, 7:30 a. m.—J. K. Kaufman, of this place, dead, but that many of them were children. Toward evening a stable floated past Sang Hollow full of women and children. Little is known what became of them. Mr. Heffenstatt states that the loss of life at Cambria, Johnstown and Conemaugh is placed at 500, with points in the mountains to hear from.

SEARCHING FOR BODIES.

PITTSBURG, June 1.—The Times' 10 o'clock extra edition has the following dispatch from Bolivar, sent out at 9 a. m.: "At New Florence this morning seven bodies were taken from the water and debris on on the banks. One body has also been taken from the river at this point, that of a young girl. None of them have been identified. The whole face of the country between here and New Florence is under water and houses, bridges and buildings fill the fields and are even upon the hill sides. All the way to Johnstown the banks of the river are lined with people who are looking as well for booty as for bodies. Much valuable property has been carried away in the houses, as well as from houses not washed away. The river has fallen again into the channel and nothing in the stream itself, except its red angry color, shows the plunging of last night. It has fallen fully twenty feet since midnight and by night it will have attained its normal depth. At all points from Greensburg to Sang Hollow, the limits of the present trouble, scores of people throng the stations, pleading with the conductors of even gravel trains to take them aboard, as they are almost frenzied with anxiety and apprehension in regard to their friends who live at or near Johnstown. Strong men are as tearful as the women, who join in the request."

Pitiable sights and scenes multiply more rapidly than cross ties. The Conenough is one great valley of mourning. Those who have not lost friends have lost their homes or their substance, and apparently the grief for the one is as poignant as for the others.

Albert Harney, who left Conemaugh Lake, last evening, has just arrived, having tramped through hills and mountains. He says the great volume of water struck Johnstown about 3:30 o'clock in the afternoon. It did not find the people unprepared, as they had notice from South Park that the dam was breaking. Many however disregarded the notice and remained in their houses in the lower part of the city and were caught before they could get out, once the water was on them.

Superintendent Petcairn, who has spent the entire night in assisting those afflicted by the flood, came home about 3 o'clock this morning. Before he left he issued an order to all Pennsylvania railroad employes to keep a sharp lookout for bodies in the river and in the bushes and to return them to their friends.

Assistant Superintendent Trump is still on the ground, near Sang Hollow, directing the movements of gravel and construction trains, which are arriving as fast as they can be filled up and started out. The road beds of both the Pennsylvania and West Pennsylvania railroads are badly damaged and it will cost the latter, especially from Bolivar junction and Saltzburg, many thousands of dollars to repair injuries to embankments alone.

Harry Fisher, a telegraph operator at Bolivar, says: We knew nothing of the disaster until we noticed the river slowly rising. Then, however, the water in the river rose at least twenty feet. Shortly before 6 o'clock, ruins of houses, beds, household utensils, barrels, and kegs came floating past the bridge. At 8 o'clock, the water was within six feet of the roadbed of the bridge. The wreckage floated past without stopping for at least two hours. Then it began to lessen and, night coming suddenly upon us, all could see no more. The wreckage floated by for a long time before the first living persons passed. Fifteen people that I saw were carried down by the river. One of these, a boy, was saved, and three of them were drowned just directly below the town. It was an awful sight—one that I will not soon forget.

THE AWFUL CALAMITY.

NEW FLORENCE, Pa., June 1.—The United Press correspondent arrived at this place late last night. The details of the awful calamity are limited. Every one seems to be dazed, the disaster seeming to overwhelm the natives. Between this place and Bolivar the track is washed in many places and wrecking crews are busy at work repairing the most dangerous portions.

At this point reports substantiate the wildest rumors that have gone out. The last man from Johnstown brings the information that scarcely a house remains in the city. The upper portion above the railroad bridge has been completely submerged. The water is dammed up against the viaduct, the wreckage and debris finishing the work that the torrent had failed to accomplish. The bodies of fourteen, which is a heavy number of those passed here, [illegible] children were carried out into the river to drown. The woman is crazed over the terrible event. After night settled down the havoc of the scenes was increased. Above the roar of the waters could be heard the piteous appeals from the unfortunates who were carried by.

To add to the appalling scene a brilliant illumination lit up the sky. A dispatch received last night from Sang Hollow states that this light came from a hundred burning wrecks of houses that are piled upon the Johnstown bridge. A supervisor from up the road brings the information that the wreckage at Johnstown is piled up forty feet above the bridge.

THREATENING YORK.

YORK, Pa., June 1.—Thursday evening rain began falling, and since then there has been a succession of heavy and long showers. All the streams in the country are swollen, and fields, roads, and house are flooded. At Bentzett's Mill on the Little Conewago, the water reached a height of sixteen feet above low water mark.

The mill was flooded. The dam contained a large amount of saw logs which were washed away.

At Spring Grove, on the west branch of Caderous, southwest of here, the stream has overflowed almost everything. Great excitement prevails there, everyone expecting the large dam to burst, which would cause great damage. Part of P. P. Gladfelter's large hopper mill is gone.

It is raining hard yet and the water is rising at the rate of ten inches an hour. On the south branch the stream is rapidly rising. All this immense body of water must pass the city and it cannot be estimated as to what damage will occur. The police have notified the people living in the lower section of the city to prepare for the worst.

The Cadorous in this city is about six feet above low water mark and rapidly rising. Should the situation become serious the fire alarm bells will be rung.

YORK, Pa., June 1.—12 m—A general alarm has just been sounded on the bells of the city.

SUFFERING OF THE VICTIMS.

PITTSBURG, Pa., June 1.—Supt. Robt. Pitcairn arrived at the Union station at 6 o'clock this morning. He had been up all night, but at once went to his desk and continued at work. He could not attempt to describe the horrowing scenes along the flooded river. He said:

"I sent the dispatch to the newspapers, suggesting a public meeting for the relief of the sufferers, because I felt that aid should be rendered at once. Relief cannot be sent soon enough to avoid suffering.

"There are no houses for the people to sleep in and no place where they can buy food as I understand the situation. The stores are washed out as well as the homes of the people. I do not wish to appear as attempting to tell anybody else his duty, but I consider it mine to let this community know the necessity of the situation." Train Master Edward Pitcairn telegraphed from Nineveh to the superintendent at 6:30 o'clock, that there have been thirty or forty men, women and children rescued alive, and we took out about forty bodies at this place.

Another dispatch to Superintendent Pitcairn states that as the waters are receding the bodies of victims of the flood can be seen lodged in trees and with arms and legs protruding from the debris.

VIVID DESCRIPTIONS.

PITTSBURG, June 1.—A telegram to the *Leader* from Allegheny Junction, on the West Pennsylvania railroad, says:

"The bridge at Leesburg, five miles east of this place, was carried away during last night and no trains can pass that point. At 5 o'clock this morning a woman and two children were seen floating down the Kiskiminekes river on a part of a house roof. A gallant effort was made to rescue them, but it could not be accomplished. They must have drowned, as they were not seen to pass out into the Allegheny river at this place. A number of dead bodies were also seen floating past Leesburg this morning, but they must have sunk, as they were not seen here. The Pittsburg newspapers joined this morning in loading two cars with provisions for the sufferers at Johnstown. They were forwarded at once and will be rushed to their destination with all possible speed. The Pennsylvania railroad has sidetracked a number of cars on Liberty street, to be loaded with contributions from citizens of clothing, provisions, etc., for the victims of the disaster.

At 11:30 o'clock the *Times* subscription fund had swelled to $362.20. Kauffman & Bros., clothiers, give $1,000 worth of hats, caps, shoes, clothing, &c. Mrs. Guaky contributes $2,000 worth of clothing, &c., from her clothing store on Market street. Twelve Pullman cars with passengers and bread, have been sidetracked at the union station in this city. They will be [illegible] here when the bodies are found.

says: "The first train from Nineveh, the farthest point east accessible during the flood, passed this place at 8:15 o'clock. this morning, in charge of Capt. A. J. Pitcairn. He reports that the only casualties he heard of between these points were the seven at Florence and one at Bolivar. It will be very late in the day before travel is resumed all along the line."

NINIVEH, Pa., June 1.—The Pennsylvania railroad track is clear, and all right up to here, but nothing can go east of here. There were forty-seven bodies seen passing here in the river from 3 to 7:30, p. m., and yesterday the loss of life above must have been appalling. Here some fifteen houses are wrecked, and a number of inmates from the agricultural districts injured. The loss here is not so heavy as at other places.

AT BETHLEHELM.

NEW BETHLEHELM, Pa., June 1.—3:00 p. m.—The heavy rains of Thursday night in Jefferson, Elk and Clairfield counties, particularly, are causing incalculable damage along the Sandy Lick, North Fork and Red Bank. Dubois dam was swept out yesterday and the deluge of water was terrible. This morning Wainwright & Bryant's dam and boom, at Brookville, gave way. Their loss will reach $200,000. Every public building from Dubois to Bethlehelm has been carried away.

At Reynoldsville the water is higher than at any previous flood, and mail communication is shut off. The lumbermen are almost frantic.

BODIES TAKEN OUT.

PITTSBURG, June 1.—3 p. m.—A telegram from Niniveh says that up to noon 175 bodies have been taken from the river at that point.

BRIDGES SWEPT AWAY.

PITTSBURG, Pa., June 1.—4:15 p. m.—All the West Pennsylvania railroad bridges above Blairsville, were swept away. They were nearly all new ones. The structure at Bolivar made the best struggle against the water, but finally succumed. The houses on Layton Island and low lying points opposite Blairsville, were swept away.

BASE BALLISTS TIED UP.

PITTSBURG, June 1.—The Allegheny and Indianapolis base ball teams are tied up at Harrisburg and will not be able to reach their destinations for games to-day.

PITTSBURG GIVES $55,000.

PITTSBURG, June 1.—3:30 p. m.—In less than an hour $55,000 was raised here for the flood sufferers.

TWELVE HUNDRED LIVES LOST.

NEW FLORENCE, Pa., June 1.—3 p. m.—W. M. Hayes has just returned from Johnstown. He says the place is annihilated. Conemaugh is wrecked and Cambria City swept away. Fully 1,200 lives have been lost. One hundred bodies have been recovered at Niniveh. Seventy persons are reported to have been burned to death in a fire at Johnstown bridge.

FREEPORT, Pa., June 1.—Fourteen million feet of lumber has broken away from the booms and gone down Red Bank creek.

The head of the flood is expected to reach here at 7 o'clock.

GREENSBURG, Pa., June 1.—This morning, one hundred bodies of victims of the flood are lying at O'Neiveh station awaiting identification.

Only two hundred houses remain standing in the city of Johnstown, and the water, at this writing, is is thirty feet deep on the main streets.

THE VERY LATEST.

NEW FLORENCE, Pa., June 1.—4:20 p. m.—The morning light did not lessen the terrors of the night. This place is fourteen miles from the scene of the devastation, at Johnstown. Early this morning the newspaper men, although without food or rest since yesterday afternoon, were actively at work. Seven bodies have been found on the shore near this town, two of them in a tree, where the tide had carried them.

It is said to be almost impossible to reach Johnstown proper to-day in any manner except by row boat. The roads are very bad and even the countrymen refuse to attempt to travel over them. The only hope is to get within three miles of Johnstown by special train or hand car.

The waters are now receding here as rapidly as they rose last night, and as the banks come to view the dead are lying about. Nine bodies were picked up within the limits of the borrough shortly after daylight. Five of the unfortunates were women. One dead woman, aged twenty-five years, had clasped in her arms a baby about six months old.

The banks on both sides of the river here are crowded with anxious watchers and with horrifying frequency their vigals were rewarded by the discovery of dead bodies.

Four boys have just [illegible] here. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

SCRIPTURE pug can sing, confessed
Of Mrs. Du Pleth-eric's grand coupe
Just chanced to observe in the crowded street
A poor little desolate girl one day;
And he cocked his eye in a scornful way
From the perfumed depths of his braided rug,
And she almost fancied she heard him say:
"Ah, ha! don't you wish you were born a pug?

"I'm stuffed," he continued, "with things to eat,
And coddled and pampered the livelong day,
And I'm bathed and combed by a maid so neat,
Who brushes my coat in the nicest way;
And when I'm too weary to walk or play
My mistress is ready her pet to lug—
She's always so frightened lest I should stray—
Ah, ha! don't you wish you were born a pug?

"You wander about with your naked feet,
And pick up a morsel just where you may,
And I am regaled on the whitest meat,
And daintily wrapped in a blanket gay;
And, while no one questions where you can stay,
My bed is downy and soft and snug—
They never neglect me, you know, not they—
Ah, ha! don't you wish you were born a pug?

ENVOI.

"Yes, if you could only, without delay,
Turn into a dog with a crumpled mug,
You'd soon comprehend why I laugh and say:
Ah, ha! don't you wish you were born a pug?"

A TALE OF TWO WOMEN

"Come to me. I am dying. JUNE."

Don Eastern's brow was knit, and he muttered a very impatient imprecation under his breath, as he stood studying the telegram which had just been put in his hand.

"I thought that was all over and done with. Must we go through with it again, I wonder?"

And then he took up a time-table and studied it attentively for a moment.

"Of course a thousand miles in this beastly cold is a mere nothing for a busy man! That's understood. A woman's caprice must be gratified at all hazards. My arch enchantress isn't dying any more than I am, but I suppose I must go."

Glancing hurriedly through the mail on his desk, he then picked up, from the midst of commonplace, practical, business-like looking letters, a slim, satiny envelope of palest pink, with a faint perfume clinging to it. His whole face softened, and his hand shook for a moment as he eagerly opened and read the few lines.

"My little Mignon!" he said, gently.

But his little Mignon did not keep him from taking a journey of a thousand miles to see June Heatherton, to whom he had been engaged a year ago; with whom he had quarreled fiercely over some palpable flirtation on her part; from whom he had parted in bitterness and pain, and yet with a half-relieved feeling in a corner of his heart.

Six months he had been reckless, as a man sometimes will when a woman has been false and untrue in any particular; and then she had written him, proudly, tenderly, saying that, as she had sinned, so she must be the supplicant—in her anger she had said she did not love him, but now she knew better; she would never love any one else — would he not come back to her?

But this he had declined, politely and firmly. Now that it was all over, he knew that he had never loved her, and that it was a most fortunate thing he had found it out in time.

Her grace, her beauty, her wonderful fascination, had thrilled his blood with a rapture that he thought then was love, but it was only her false twin sister. Love had come to him, indeed, but it was a later guest, and then a sweet face leaned to him through the shadows, and its purity and tenderness blotted out the warm summer beauty of June Heatherton from before his vision.

Yet a week later he was in her presence.

"She evidently still lives!" he murmured, sardonically, as he entered the magnificent hall of Heatherton, *pater*, in which no signs of mourning fluttered.

A moment later June entered the drawing-room, where he waited.

Ah, yes, she could stir even his unbelieving, cold heart.

"My love! my love!" she murmured, softly.

And certainly Don Eastern was not the kind of a man to let the memory of little Mignon prevent him from holding a beautiful, yielding form closely in his arms, and returning clinging kisses with interest, when such a rare opportunity offered.

But for all this propitious beginning, Don Eastern went back to his own home, a week later, as free as when he left it. He alone knew the full power of June Heatherton's siren charms, for he was the only man she had ever loved. He alone knew of the tears she had shed; he alone knew that she had thrown herself at his feet in all her exquisite, gleaming beauty, and begged him to take her back to his heart, with all the despairing passion that a woman like her can feel when she sees the man that was once her abject slave beyond her reach.

What was her pride compared to the desolation that swept over her when she realized that the heart she had trifled with was hers no longer, when she had learned to prize it most? And so he went back to his little Mignon, whose calm, pure face was continually before him through all his journey in the bitter winter cold.

A dainty little missive would be awaiting him—the last week or two would drop away from him then. But to his intense disappointment, no letter was there; he only waited to grasp this fact fully, and to freshen up after his tiresome trip, when once more he started out.

It was a very different woman from June Heatherton that greeted him at the end of his journey. Not tall, nor voluptuous, nor passionate; but flower-sweet and fragile, with dreaming eyes, a sad mouth, and a radiant smile.

A faint flush stole into her cheeks as she came quietly to him and laid her hands in his outstretched ones for a brief moment—she did not even see the love and longing in his eyes — and then he took her in his arms.

"Mignon, I can wait no longer. Say you love me."

She looked up into his face, a little startled, and trembled like a bud the wind has shaken too roughly; but she did not strive to leave her prison, and, after a pause which was breathless and terrible to Don Eastern, she said, gravely and sweetly:

"I love you."

"My angel!" he said, passionately. "I am not worthy of you—not worthy to touch your hand; but I love you so, little Mignon, I shall make you happy."

And she laid her cheek against his, perfectly happy and trusting and content.

Strangely enough, he told her all about June Heatherton. He hid nothing—not even his long journey last week — and Mignon's face was shadowed for a moment.

"Did you ever love her?"

"No, my darling; I thought I did, but I know better now."

"She is very beautiful?"

"Yes."

"And she loves you?"

He bent down and kissed her, but did not answer.

"Are you sure—quite sure—that you love me?"

"My blossom!" he murmured, with infinite tenderness, "if you are not the other half of my soul, I pray God I may go to my grave bereft."

"But you would have married her," she said after a little.

"Don't think fate would have been so cruel as knowing my little unknown Mignon my rightful portion. Remember, dear, I did not know you then."

Three months later Don brought her their wedding-cards.

"I know, dear," he said, "that she did not love me."

In a day or two came a mad letter to Mignon by June on her wedding-day. Don Eastern was sorry, indeed; for June Heatherton, despite her coquetry, was with a really fine nature. She was noble in most things, but this love seemed to have overwhelmed and swept her off her feet.

She wrote to Mignon. He destroyed it and did not answer it.

Trembling to hope she found a way to her heart, when another love had tried to love her husband, imagined, if she were magnanimous enough, she could forget [illegible]. But it was in vain, [illegible] woman on earth [illegible] Mignon. It would [illegible] she was [illegible] and [illegible] Eastern was [illegible] love [illegible]

Mrs. Barrymore had turned to speak to Mignon, and as June's eyes met her face she started.

"Why, it is Blythe Hart! I knew she had married, but did not know what had become of her. Ah, everything is easy now."

The next day Mrs. Langdon's carriage dashed up to the Barrymore mansion, and a moment afterward Mrs. Langdon was announced.

Mrs. Barrymore and Mignon were seated together in the drawing-room, Mignon nestled in a great chair before the grate, Mrs. Barrymore lying luxuriously on a low Turkish divan.

Mrs. Barrymore stood up with a very faint surprise in her face, that changed to delight as she recognized an almost forgotten friend.

"Why, June, are you Mrs. Langdon? Three years in Europe have set me quite outside the pale of all my old friends. This is my dear friend, Mignon Trevor. Little Mignon, you have often heard me speak of June Heatherton?"

And Mignon, with a faint color in her cheeks, bowed quietly, but did not speak, and relapsed into her reverie, gazing with dark, dreaming eyes into the flames.

How did it happen? Circe alone knew. But after that these two were often together.

"Such a lovely morning, little Mignon. You must come for a drive with me." Or, "I shall be alone to-day; you must come and make the hours bright for me."

And although Mignon felt a vague dread and dislike, it was so intangible, and the beautiful voice and face and manner so enchanting, that she could not resist, and felt ashamed of her distrust and fears.

The days had flown swiftly, and they had been days of rapture for Mignon; the gayety and life and bustle were quite new to her. Every day Don was with her, morning and evening; he watched over her with a jealous care and loving devotion that were a marvel to himself. He took her for drives, and accompanied her to the opera; he sent her rare flowers from his own green-houses; he brought her his favorite books and music, and late in the evenings he lingered beside her, parting from her reluctantly, and thinking of her every moment he was away from her. He realized that this pure, gentle, loving girl was the one supreme love of his life—her white hand could lead him unscathed over every sin and temptation, her sweet, dark eyes draw him to the uttermost ends of the earth. He was proud of her intellect and culture, he worshiped her for her innocence and trust, and for the first time in his life the restless, cynical man of the world was happy.

June Langdon was less than nothing to him. He had never been near her since that day. He had never even thought of her.

But to-day he held an ivory sheet of paper in his hand, with a monogram emblazoned in violet and gold upon it. And a line in the elegant running hand he knew so well.

"I am going away to-morrow. Come just once more, for the sake of the old days, when no other woman was dearer than I. I am going to Paris to live, and may never see you again. JUNE."

And he went. Reluctantly and distastefully—but he went. He was ushered into a dainty little boudoir, maize and poppy, musk-scented and flower-filled.

Mrs. Langdon came forward from the library to meet him, in a creamy, clinging robe, with a scarlet poppy on her bosom that gleamed out white and satiny from the yellow enshrouding laces.

She did not give him unasked kisses this time; she did not even offer him her hand, but threw herself down in a great chair, with a sad languor that would have touched any heart but his. They talked a little indifferently, and then he arose to go.

"Good-by, Mrs. Langdon. I hope you will enjoy Paris, and not quite forget all your old friends."

But with a low and exceeding bitter cry she stood up.

"*Must* we part like this? Oh, my God! I cannot bear it! Have you no mercy, no pity?"

The tears streamed down her cheeks, and she held out her hand imploringly.

With the deepest pity and sympathy, he took her hand in his.

"June, you will forget. Believe me, you will forget all this in a very little while. What good would my love do you now? It could bring you nothing but sorrow. We must never meet again. I hope—I *know* you will be very happy yet. Good-by. God be with you, dear."

He bent down and touched the trembling hands with his lips, feeling wretchedly sorry for this beautiful, undisciplined woman in her misery.

But she flung her arms about his throat, and clung to him in a very abandonment of grief, sobbing hysterically, with low, sharp moans that cut him to the heart.

"June, dear child, do not weep so. You will be ill. It is torture to hear you."

She faltered and shivered, and he put his arms around her, and kissed her on the fair brow, once, twice.

Her arms were about him, and the beautiful, quivering, wet face pressed close against him.

A deep sigh startled him. He lifted his head. Standing in the door, pallid as a ghost, with frightened, woful eyes and despair in every feature, stood Mignon.

With a loud exclamation, with rage and impatience and disgust, he shook the exquisite form from his bosom and strode across the room.

But the portiere had fallen back into its place and Mignon had vanished.

He called a servant and gave him a message for Miss Trevor, but the man returned with word that she had just gone out.

He left the house without another look at the woman who had brought that despairing look into his sweet love's face, and rushed to Mrs. Barrymore's. But the servant, with no expression at all in his well-trained and very expansive face, informed him that the ladies were not at home.

Perforce he was obliged to wait until night, and then he found himself once more at the Barrymore mansion.

Mrs. Barrymore received him coldly. Mignon had gone home; she would write to him from there, probably.

He waited two days, and then the little rosy missive reached him. He kissed it passionately again and again before he opened it.

"I never wish to see you again. My one prayer now is that I may forget you utterly. Good-by for all time. MIGNON."

With a mad and bitter wrath he cursed June Langdon—cursed her fiercely and cruelly—and then he started for Mignon's home, only to find it closed and deserted. And then despair overtook him, too.

Everything, every one was repulsive to him. He went to California, and from one end of the Pacific coast to the other. He speculated wildly. He was insanely reckless.

One day, six months after he had first gone through the Golden Gate, he saw a notice in a paper that made June Langdon a widow. He tore the paper in two, and trampled upon it.

* * * * * * * *

A year went by, and then he grew calm. He would go home and seek Mignon. He would make her believe in him; life was not worth the living without her. For one touch of her cool hand, one glance of the calm, dark eyes, one smile of the sweet, wistful lips, he would barter wealth and fame, and all the world had to offer—aye, life itself!

He never paused after he had started, nor night nor day, until he had reached the pretty little rustic town that held his pearl of price, his snow-white lily, his dove of peace.

And then a great fear fell upon him, undefined and foreboding. He wandered up the wide, irregular street with a beating heart and feverish pulses. In a few minutes she would be beside him, gentle, loving, forgiving. The tears came into his eyes, and he muttered a wordless prayer, sneering, cold man of the world that he was.

He drew his hat over his eyes, and wandered off across a wide, daisied field that opened from the street until he had shaken off his unwonted emotion.

The little graveyard nestled close beside the field; it looked cool, and shady and restful, and unconsciously he stepped into it.

Suddenly, with a great cry, he stood still before a fair, slender marble shaft.

> MIGNON. AGED 19.
> "Blessed are the pure in heart."

There was only one Mignon in the world. He fell down with his face upon her grave. She had died in Rome of the fever.

Two years later June Langdon was Mrs. Don Eastern.

NUMEROUS conger eels, killed by the frost, have been washed up on the southern coast of England. Some of these creatures measure upwards, being [illegible]

THE MAGNIFICENT HOME OF A NEW YORK EDITOR.

Description of the Villard House, Now the Home of Whitelaw Reid—The Marble Hall, Grand Stairway, and Breakfast-Room of This Palatial House.

THE house which Henry Villard built in New York when he was in the zenith of his financial prosperity is one of the finest private residences in America. It is now the home of Whitelaw Reid. It is built in the Renaissance style of architecture. A correspondent of the Chicago *Inter Ocean* thus describes this splendid American palace: The entrance is through the court. The vestibule is large and lofty, and gives the note of the house. It is lined with Sienna marble with a deep frieze of marble mosaic in upright slender floral forms. A crystal lamp hangs from the vault, and broad marble steps lead up to glittering glass doors that open into the main hall.

The hall runs at right angles and into the central room of the drawing-room suite, and into the music-room at the other. Here it broadens and receives the wide sweep of the marble stairway.

The hall has superb proportions, and it is floored, lined and ceiled with marble. The marble is Sienna, the soft, warm, creamy tint of which is so agreeable. The side walls are paneled and the panels are separated by narrow strips of lighter tinted marble. The ceiling consists of a series of shallow

HALL IN WHITELAW REID'S HOUSE.

vaults carried down to the side walls, and these are ornamented with shells, garlands, and ribbons in marble of lighter tint. The principal feature of the hall is the fireplace, above which is a hemicycle containing the gracious figure of Hospitality, with two smaller attendant figures. These were modeled by Mr. Augustus Saint Gaudens and are carved in low relief. Balancing this panel is another opposite, containing an heraldric emblem with its legend in marble mosaics.

Where the grand staircase enters the walls are carried up two flights to a ceiling composed of panels filled with flowing ornament in relief. The walls are lined half way up with Sienna marble. The stairs are marble and the balustrade is also of marble cut in some different design. But the beautiful and salient feature of the stairway is the clock placed in the wall above the wide spaces of the lower landing. This is carved in the marble paneling in the form of a square made of the signs of the zodiac in low relief. These indicate the hours. In the center of the panel, amid waving silver rays, are the clock hands, and above these the silver-rayed pendulum flashes across the creamy marble. A table of white holly and a hall seat reproduce as nearly as possible the tints of the marble.

The drawing-room consists of three rooms, or rather it is one room separated by panels and pillars into three divisions. The pillars, pilasters, and wainscoting are mahogany, but the wood is everywhere only the basis for ornament. This consists of light, graceful designs, in inlays of white wood and mother of pearl, and amid its interlacings the monogram H. V. The wall panels are hung with light yellow silk, covered with an all-over design embroidered in red, or with these tints reversed. The furniture is upholstered in the same manner. The mantels make panels of great beauty. The inlays are fit for museum pieces; the fire facings are of Mexican onyx. The dining-room is opposite the great staircase, and is entered through double oak doors. One end of the room is recessed by a perforated screen of oak into a small breakfast-room. The mantel is of Verona marble, copied from an old Italian piece, and has a procession of buffaloes covered in low relief as a frieze. The walls are wainscoted to the ceiling in small panels, plain, except where they merge into the frieze as German legends written in inlays. The ceiling is spanned by cross-beams, and within these are color decorations of garlands and women's faces. The end of the room is paneled to the ceiling in Sienna marble. Above the mantel there are three figures—"Joy," "Hospitality," and "Moderation." The peculiarity of these figures is that they are full length, but seated, the arms clasping the knees; in this manner they form bold medallions that are connected by broad ribbons. On each side of the mantel are niches lined with marble, which has been carved to represent dolphins plunging downward beneath rippling water.

A pretty feature is the elevator, which belongs to a small concealed hall. This hall may be entered from the vestibule, and is intended to be used on gala occasions that guests may reach the dressing-rooms unobserved.

Within this inclosure, which is lined with small squares of mahogany, is a winding stairway with a light, gay balustrade. Above is a gilded dome and lantern.

These complete [illegible]

The Flower Idea at Weddings.

There are to be half a dozen swell weddings immediately after Easter, and in honor of the vernal season most of them are to be flower weddings, for which, as it happens, the names of the prospective brides give the cue. One of these young women is known to her friends as Lily, and the lace of her beautiful gown and veil is made in patterns of wreaths of lily of the valley. She will carry in her hand a great nosegay of the little white odorous blossoms tied with long floating white satin ribbons. The six bridesmaids will be all in green and white, the first one wearing green of the delicate tint of the lime leaves, and each one after her wearing a slightly darker shade, so that the dress of the last will be of the clear dark lily-leaf green. The dresses will be made with underskirts of green silk over which falls a straight full skirt of white lace, the green moire Directoire coats opening over lace waistcoats and trimmed with big silver buttons; the hats are of white Leghorn with green feathers, and the gloves and slippers are of white suede; there will not be a touch of color about the whole party except white and shades of green, and all of them will carry lilies of the valley set in their own green foliage. Another one of these brides is named Margaret, more commonly known by the diminutive Daisy, and hers is to be a wedding of field flowers. All the floral decorations at the house and church are to be of daisies, and she herself will wear diamonds made in this form and carry the real blossoms in her hand. Her bridesmaids number ten and will go in couples as to dress, the first two wearing Josephine gowns of the palest pink China crepe, with huge sashes tied under their arms, and on their heads wide hats wreathed with wild roses, their gloves and shoes will be suede of the same tint, and on their arms they will carry baskets full of these hedgerow blossoms. The next couple are to wear pale lilac, the color of the wood violet, and will have their baskets filled with these pale, scentless flowers of the early spring. Following them come two in pale green, a wreath of ferns upon their hats, and their baskets filled with ferns, grasses and vines; next are the two buttercups, with the little yellow satiny flowers as their decoration, and last two handsome brunettes dressed in the scarlet of the poppy and carrying the flowers of slumber. Another of the coming brides, who is not named after any flower, but who has a passion for roses, will make hers a rose wedding, she herself carrying white ones, the first two bridesmaids being in pink of the shade of the Catherine Mermet buds of their bouquets, the next following in the deeper shades of their Gloire de Paris roses, with the last two dressed in the deep shade of ths Jacqueminot.—*New York World.*

What Troubled Him.

A minister of the gospel was riding through a strip of woods, near a little town in Missouri, when he came up to an aged negro, seated by the roadside, who was an object of deepest dejection and woe.

"What is the matter, my friend?" the good man inquired, looking with compassion on the grief-stricken African.

The negro made no reply, but kept on muttering:

"I's a ruined man, I is. Oh, Lordy! I's de most misfortunate mortal dis world hab seen, sence Job got all er hiz property tuck away."

"What is it that troubles you?" the minister again asked, kindly.

"I's ruined, sah."

"Ruined? How are you ruined?"

"I's jist ruined—loss ebery cent I had, sah."

"Lost your money! How did that happen?"

"Loss hit shootin' craps, sah."

"Shooting what?"

"Carps, sah!"

"What are they?"

"What am what?"

"Craps? What do you mean by craps?"

"Hit is der game dem niggers play ter git er po' man's money, sah. Dey got all er dat er church money, tew."

"Do you mean to tell me that you have been so wicked as to gamble away money that belonged to the church?"

"I guesso, sah."

"This is very wicked, sir; but as you are honest about it, and feel so downcast and repentant, perhaps the members of your church will forgive you."

"For what, sah?"

"For losing the money that belonged to your church."

"That ain't what's pesterin' me, sah."

"Ah! I see, my good man. It is because you know that you have committed a great sin against the Lord, that makes you so unhappy."

"No, sah; hit's not that—hit's $2 o' my own dat dem niggers got is what's pesterin' me."

And he broke forth again into doleful lamentations.—*Yankee Blade.*

The Cook's Fault.

Hungry Guest—"Whose fault is it that I am kept waiting so long for my order?"

Waiter—"The cook's, sah. The cook don't like me this mo'ning."

"He don't, eh?"

"No, sah. You [illegible] I don't [illegible]

[illegible] a species of black snake that the farmers call "chicken snakes," often profusely spotted with yellow dots appear in great numbers. They seem to be bolder and more voracious than ever this year. Few of the hen roosts have escaped their ravages. Ordinarily they have been satisfied with sucking the eggs and occasionally killing and eating the young chickens, but this season they have enlarged their sphere of action, and many full-grown hens have been slaughtered by them. One farmer, whose holding is on the northern slope of Storm King Mountain, a short distance above Cornwall, lost a valuable game rooster a few nights ago.

The bird was kept alone in the loft of the stable, and how the snake succeeded in reaching it is a mystery, for it always roosted on a beam ten feet above the floor. But that the champion of a score of battles had succumbed at last to a reptile was evident, for the heavy dust on the beam bore plain imprints of the serpent's passage along and around it. The rooster had not fallen when it died. It was found still clinging to the roost, with a small opening in its throat and every drop of blood sucked from its body.

Farmer Kelly, of Meadow Brook, in the upper part of Orange County, also has a rooster that was attacked by a snake and severely wounded, but escaped death, either through his own exertions, or by the valorous assistance of his best hen—a big, old-fashioned Plymouth Rock, of great egg-laying capacity. The hen always roosted close to the male bird at night and seemed devoted to him. He repaid her faithful affection whenever he scratched up a worm by calling her to watch him eat it.

Just before daylight on Monday morning Farmer Kelly heard a commotion in his hen-house, and going there with a lantern, he found the rooster lying on his side on the floor, with the blood trickling from a nasty cut in his neck. The old hen was on her feet near him, and a spotted snake with both eyes pecked out and a badly damaged head was trying to make its escape, while the female bird was beating it down with her beak and seemed likely to kill it. She was unhurt, and as soon as the farmer had crushed out the snake's life with the heel of his boot, she manifested her sympathy for the prostrate rooster by walking around him and clucking anxiously, until he was able to stand up and crow feebly; but whether he was crowing in honor of his own triumph, or in recognition of the hen's victory, Farmer Kelly is unable to say. The circumstantial evidence, when he arrived, was in favor of the hen; but he is willing to credit each bird with having extricated an eye from the snake's head.—[New York Tribune.

A New Breed of Cattle.

Besides the pure buffalo, of which Mr. Jones, of Kansas, has nearly 120, he has a number of the crossbred stock, and it is these which to the breeder of cattle are by far the most interesting. Among these last are four half-breed cows. These cows are all alike in size, and convey the impression of more bulk than large work oxen. When seen in March they were rather thin in flesh and were shedding their coats, so they did not appear to advantage. They were estimated to weigh about 1,400 pounds. Mr. Jones expressed the opinion that he could fatten one of them in the autumn so as to weigh 1,500 pounds live weight. They are sired by buffalo bulls and are out of common Indian cows.

As might be expected, the three-quarter bloods more nearly resemble the buffalo. The hump is much more pronounced, the head and horns more buffalo-like, while the coat is much longer than that of the half-breeds and more wavy. Animals of this breed attain a great size. A young three-quarter-breed bull, past three years old, pulled down the scales at 2,400 pounds when grass fat in the autumn. Owing, however, to the lack of symmetry, due to the hump, they do not so much impress the cattle man. They produce a robe, however, which in beauty and evenness is superior to that of the buffalo. The buffalo's coat in winter on the hump, upper sides and back is curly and matted, and soon bleaches out to a faded tan color, while the coat of these three-quarter bloods is even throughout, having little or no curl anywhere, and is but little lighter on the back than on the belly. It is everywhere a beautiful rich brown, and is as heavy as any buffalo robe.

The robe of the half-breed is even in length on all parts of the body and is without curl, more like a heavy bear skin than anything else.—Forest and Stream.

A Russian Professional Poisoner.

A horrible murder is reported from the village of Telenescha, in the government of Kischineff, Russia. Some months ago a young farm girl, named Katarina, married a young workman carpenter, Ivan Andreovitch. Katarina did not behave well, and Ivan, to keep her in order, used the domestic knout. Katarina determined to have him bewitched into less severity, and applied to the local witch, Barbara, to do the work. Barbara, in exchange for $4, gave her a pebble and bade her grind it into powder and give it to her husband with his food. Katarina made it into powder and put the most of it into a cake, which Ivan got for supper that night. In the night he was taken violently ill, and, after suffering for two days, died. The post-mortem established poisoning by arsenic. It came out that Barbara was a professional poisoner, who murdered for the pleasure of murdering. This old woman, whose appearance is described as revoltingly hideous, said to the judge at Kischineff assizes: "It's a great pity. I have only poisoned nine men, and I had made up my mind to do for ten." By her confession it came to light that she had poisoned her two husbands and six children.—Times-Democrat.

Determined Pigeons.

Wild pigeons have been scarce in the upper Lehigh and Pocono country, of Pennsylvania, since the summer of 1885. While Farmer Solomon Titsworth was sowing grain in Tunkhannock township on a cloudy afternoon last month, a flock of 200 or 300 pigeons alighted in the ploughed lot behind him and began to gobble up his grain at a rate that he didn't like at all. Farmer Titsworth tried his best to scare them away, but he couldn't. As fast as he drove them from one part of the lot they flew to another and picked up his grain as if they hadn't had any food for two or three days. Then the farmer got a beech gad and set to beating the hungry birds, but they were too many for him, even though he killed a dozen or so. The hunger of the pigeons overcame their fear, and they stayed in the field until [illegible]

PROFESSIONAL ATTACK AGAINST MARAUDERS.

An Enterprise That Is Destined to Work Wonders in All the Great Cities—What the Metropolitan Lasso Company Proposes to Accomplish.

IN metropolitan life there are certain mishaps, which come upon man so suddenly that for the moment he is paralyzed; and, by the time he regains his self-possession, the harm has been done past remedy. The Metropolitan Lasso Company of Chicago has secured a force of native lassoists (picked from Southern and Western ranches), who will be stationed at various parts of the city; and their duty will be to avert (at a moderate charge) the class of accidents referred to above. In the first place, all hats blown from the head to the ground, and thence to and along the gutter, at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour, will be promptly captured by the swift and unerring lasso of one of our men, at the following rates:

Derby	2 cents	Opera, shut	8 cents
Straw	3 cents	Stove-pipe	1 cent
Opera, open	5 cents	Crush, soft	18 cents

At the cry of "Stop thief!" one of our men will promptly encircle the fleeing purloiner, at the following rates:

Sneak-thief	10 cents	Umbrella thief	½ cent
Pocketb'k thief	19 cents	Shoplifter	7 cents

Mad dogs will be immediately attended to by our lassoists, at slightly increased rates, owing to the high price of a first-class cabin passage to Paris. Our schedule for this branch of work will be:

Spitz	$18.00	Pug	.83
Black-and-tan	1.19	Bull dog	218.00
Poodle	.84	Mastiff	67.00

For fast driving on public streets our men will be found an effective preventive; and they will always be ready to lasso any style of conveyance at the following tariff:

Trotters	$1.50	Runaways	$12.50
Grocery & butch'r.	1.25	Dray (Irish driver)	21.00

By the foregoing it will be seen that we contract to stop such fleeting objects as cannot be arrested by policemen,

THE WAITER.

yelling or other ordinary means; those who have seen the effectiveness of the lasso in skilled hands will readily believe that we can accomplish our peculiar line of work. The lasso can also be made a factor in metropolitan life in other ways than those already described.

Any one desiring prompt service in our public dining-rooms, and unable to secure a waiter, can call in one of our men, who will promptly capture any negro he may designate. Car conductors, who often have a deep-seated antipathy to stopping for passengers, can, with one of our lassoists on the

FOR THE CAR CONDUCTOR.

rear platform, secure any or all fares along the route, without pausing in their five-cent career. Policemen who are never on the right spot can be secured by simply starting one of our lassos on a tour around the back streets.

On the big bridge would-be suicides can be stopped mid-air.

The charge for this service will depend on the avoirdupois of the rescued person.

At the theater an offensive actor can be promptly removed from the stage, at the request of any one in the audience.

Intoxicated men need not again fumble with a temperance key-hole. On nights of intended sprees they can station one of our men in the upper story, and on coming home will only be obliged to remain passive on the street below, while they are lassoed and afterwards drawn in through the upper window. We could go on enumerating modern instances where our lasso would be the right thing in the right place, but modesty forbids further mention. Having amply proved

AFTER THE SPREE.

COLLARING A DOG.

our utility we pause content. Our men, dressed in Mexican costume and wearing ornamental license badges, will be picturesque objects on the public thoroughfares.

WIFE—My new bonnet came home this afternoon, Charlie; won't you take me to see Mrs. Baker to-night? Husband—Do you want to see Mrs. Baker or do you want her to see you?

Miss [illegible]

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The smallest horse in the world made its appearance at Racine, Wis., lately. It is a Shetland pony and weighs 42 pounds. It is 2 feet 5 inches high, and 2 feet 3 inches long, and resembles a dog more than a horse.

It is stated that M. Pasteur's plan of exterminating the rabbits by inoculation with transmittable virus has proved to be a failure in Australia. The reward of $100,000 offered by the N. S. W. government for an effective mode of destroying the rodents is as yet unclaimed.

PARIS is to have a beauty show, where the first prize will be $6,000, and the public will be invited to make bets upon the different contestants. Leghorn recently had such a show, but the exhibits were so unsatisfactory that the audience broke up the affair by hissing them off the stage.

THE government constables at Corea have killed a rich man named Boku because he paid the entire tax levy of his poor town out of his own pocket. They thought that was proof enough that he wanted to clutch the throne. This will probably destroy the crop of philanthrophy in Corea.

AMONG the eight points to be submitted to the International Conference of next October one is "the adoption of a common silver coin to be issued by each Government, the same to be legal tender in all commercial transactions between the citizens of all the American States."

KING MATAZEE, of the Western Ashantees, ridicules Kaiser William's plan of marking his favorite slaves with stars and ribbons that might get lost by accident, and informed a German traveler that his own courtiers are distinguished for life by a tatoo etched in by means of a scraping iron and the acrid juice of a species of euphorbia, leaving an indellible pale spot on a background of black hide.

A FEW months ago the agent of an English syndicate effected the purchase of the auriferous rock known as Douglas Island, Oregon, where pieces of gold-bearing quartz have often been picked up at the surface, and crop out in every deeper ravine. An expert, who has since diamond-drilled the island from end to end, now reports that the rocks contain gold quartz enough to keep a thousand miners busy for a hundred years.

THE Nebraska Supreme Court has just decided a question of interest to money loaners. Growing corn had been mortgaged, and after coming to maturity it was harvested and sold to grain dealers. The owners of ths mortgage sued them for the value of the corn. The court decided that growing corn is not the corn after it has been cribbed and sold; in other words, that the mortgage will not hold and the plaintiff cannot recover.

THE Pennsylvaniia Railroad is making experiments to mitigate the horrors of burning-trains. It is proposed to place on the engines a connection with the steam-pump, by which a hose can be attached and used to quench fire. A trial was made the other day in West Philadelphia, and the pump threw a stream over the highest buildings. If further experiments prove successful, a number of passenger engines will be equipped, and the train crews exercised in the fire drill.

THERE is said to be a crisis just now in the false hair trade. The great hair-dressers of London, Paris and Vienna have placed orders for hair which it will take the supplies of five years to satisfy, and the amount of fair hair brought into the market is beginning to fall short. When the hair was worn in a small coil on the nape of the neck, as was the fashion a few years back, little false hair was used, and the complaints of the hairdressers were loud and deep. Since ladies, however, have taken to pile their tresses on the top of their head, an addition is required by those to whom nature has not been bountiful in the matter of locks, and hence an increased demand, which the introduction of the catogan has only served to stimulate.

SECRETARY RUSK, of the Agricultural Department, is deeply interested in the establishment of short winter courses of lectures to young men on farms upon topics related to the successful conduct of their labors. These have been established under his influence in Wisconsin, and Vermont has followed her example. Farmers' institutes for the general diffusion of knowledge on agricultural subjects are also among Secretary Rusk's favorite educational schemes. They are now in regularly organized operation in twenty-two States, and in the last session of Congress Senator Spooner introduced a bill to extend them all over the country under the auspices of the Agricultural Department. This effort will be heartily indorsed by Secretary Rusk.

THE United States cruiser Yantic is out looking up derelicts. She was ordered to provide herself with charts of floating wrecks from the Hydrographic Office and proceed to destroy them. Her orders directed though that derelicts found within the marine league of the coast should not be touched. The customary way to destroy these obstructions is by placing torpedoes under them and blowing them in pieces. Last winter, when the cruisers Boston and Atlanta were in West India waters, they experimented, destroying every derelict they run across by firing heavy projectiles into them from the six-inch and eight-inch guns. It may have been a little more expensive way of destroying the wrecks than if torpedoes had been used, but it afforded, however, a good opportunity for target practice and a chance to note the destructive effects of the heavy shells.

A question of much delicacy and interest is whether the increase of the number of deaf mutes is due to the intermarriage of persons so afflicted. It is, [illegible], no doubt that in the wealthy and most refined circles in Washington [illegible] are to be found some [illegible] who are deprived of [illegible] and hearing. This perhaps [illegible] tures to the question, [illegible] to in[illegible]e with [illegible] con[illegible] Gal[illegible] Deaf [illegible]

PRISON and pauper statistics, and the subject will be handled by experts under its proper heading among the social statistics.

DURING the past year large capital has been attracted toward the development of the sugar beet industry in the United States on the Pacific coast. Although that section of the country, with its peculiar surroundings, does not generally present the meteorological and climatic conditions necessary to secure the best results in the cultivation of the beet root for sugar making purposes, yet a factory was started last October, with equipment and machinery capable of reducing three hundred and fifty tons of beets per diem, and has proved a great financial success. A full supply of beets, cultivated by the wheat-growers of California, kept the works fully employed, and a boom was given to the town of Watsonville. The factory consumes seven tons of lime daily in the chemical process of extracting the sugar, which is distributed pro rata to the growers of beets free, and can be returned to the soil. Besides, the farmers averaged over eighty dollars per acre for their beet products, while the recent report of the agricultural bureau estimate the returns from the total production of the five principal crops—oats, corn, rye, barley, and wheat—in the United States to be less than twelve dollars per acre as an average.

NOT a few of the visitors, especially those of the feminine persuasion, have a positive feeling of veneration for the President, and some of them do very odd things while under the influence of his presence. The medal, up to date, is held by a very stylish little lady, a resident of New York City. She was at the White House waiting with the rest of the crowd for the President to come down stairs to the tri-weekly reception, when an idea struck her—hit her hard. She rushed up to an usher and inquired of him as to the whereabouts of the nearest glove store. The information was given and off she dashed, returning in fifteed minutes with a new pair of the most expensive kind of gloves on her pretty hands. Scrupulously avoiding contact with any of the crowd, she at last reached the President, and when he grasped her slim little fingers she brought her left hand into service and completely inclosed the President's palm. She got a little more shake than most of the others did. Then she took off her gloves and wrapped them up carefully in paper. She told Captain Densmore that she would keep them under a glass case, and that while she lived no other hands than her own would be privileged to touch them.

Adventures of a Fat Pig.

Fat has its value, and here is an instance, duly recorded in the municipal reports of the city of Dover:

On the 14th of December, 1810, a pig was buried in its sty through the fall of part of the cliff under Dover Castle. The sty consisted of a cave in the rock about six feet square and boarded in front, and when the accident happened the pig was in good condition, weighing about 160 pounds. Five months afterward, on the 23d of May, 1811, some workmen who were engaged in clearing away the debris of the fallen cliff, mentioned to Dr. Mantell, a well-known geologist of the day and a fellow of the Linnean Society, that they were sure they heard the pig whining.

He thought the statement incredible, but ordered them to clear away the chalk as fast as they could, and sure enough, when they got to the sty the pig was there, weak and emaciated, fallen to only a fourth of his former weight, but alive.

In 160 days he had been strictly self-supporting, living on the stores of fat he had laid up in more prosperous times. There were, however, evidences of his sufferings in the wood that shut in the sty being nibbled away in places, while he had licked the sides of the cave smooth in his attempt to obtain the moisture exuding from the rock.—*Liverpool Courier.*

Entering Without Knocking.

Save us from the neighbor who considers herself intimate enough to be privileged to enter our house without knocking. You can never foresee when she will be down upon you. Do you stand before your mirror, razor in hand, in shirt sleeves, with face covered with lather? Then it is that she glances in with a smirk "Just to say good-morning," and ruffles your temper, and demolishes your sense of dignity. Is your wife without a cook or maid, and is she in the kitchen flushed and perspiring and untidy, getting up a hasty meal? The intimate neighbor is dead sure to rush in unannounced, and when you beg her to stop into the sitting-room, cooly passes you and surprises the mistress of the house over the hot stove. Then to see the wretched efforts that the latter makes to appear at ease, and to make the vulgar visitor feel that it is delightful for one to be surprised with her hands in dish-water and a soot spot on her cheek, is enough to give one the lock-jaw. And as for the miserable man who tried in vain to stop the lady in the parlor—his actions in the privacy of his bed-chamber are those of a wild and desperate creature. Is there no remedy for this most intolerable of all small nuisances?—[Texas Siftings.

Dogmatism in Railroading.

A Southern exchange has discovered a stationmaster who is assisted in his duties by a small black-and-tan dog, for whose accommodation a little platform has been erected, where he takes his stand with a flag in his mouth. He is well known to all engineers and conductors, and his signals are always obeyed. He is sent out to flag trains, but displays original talent in watching a deep rock cut near the station. The dog is ever on the watch, especially at night. If he hears an unusual sound, such as that produced by the falling of a stone, he leaves the little sentry-box which has been erected for his convenience and comfort, walks leisurely up the road, carefully examining if anything is on the track that would endanger the train, and, if any object of the kind is discovered, goes to the old flagman, wakes him up if he happens to be asleep, and conducts him to the point of danger.

A Curious Discovery.

A curious discovery has been made at the Cathays yard of the Taff Vale Railway Company in England. A large elm tree, growing in Gloucestershire, was [illegible]

RICHMOND'S BREAD RIOT.

Jefferson Davis Describes a War-Time Incident.

On the day of the riot (April 2, 1863), Mr. Davis said, he received word while in his office in Richmond that a serious disturbance, which the Mayor and Governor Letcher with the State forces under his command were entirely unable to suppress, was in progress on the streets. He quickly proceeded to the scene of trouble in the lower portion of the city, whither the venerable Mayor had preceded him. He found a large crowd on Main street, although the mass of the rioters were congregated on one of the side streets leading into that thoroughfare. They were headed by a tall, daring, Amazonian-looking woman, who had a white feather standing erect from her hat, and who was evidently directing the movements of the plunderers. The main avenue was blocked by a dray from which the horses had been taken, and which had been hauled across the street, and it was particularly noticeable that though the mob claimed that they were starving and wanted bread they had not confined their operations to food supplies, but had passed by, without any effort to attack, several provision stores and bakeries, while they had completely gutted one jewelry store and had also "looted" some millinery and clothing shops in the vicinity.

At the Confederate Armory in Richmond were engaged a number of armorers and artisans enrolled by General Gorgas, Chief of Ordnance, to work especially for the Government. These men had been organized into a military company under the command of a captain, whose bearing was that of a trained, sturdy soldier, accustomed to obey orders, and ready to do his duty unflinchingly, no matter what it might be. This company had been promptly ordered to the scene of riot, and arrived shortly after Mr. Davis.

Mr. Davis mounted the dray mentioned and made a brief address to the formidable crowd of both sexes, urging them to abstain from their lawless acts. He reminded them of how they had taken jewelry and finery instead of supplying themselves with the bread, for the lack of which they claimed they were suffering. He concluded by saying: "You say, we are hungry and have no money. Here is all I have; it is not much, but take it." He then, emptying his pockets, threw all the money they contained among the mob, after which he took out his watch and said: "We do not desire to injure any one, but this lawlessness must stop. I will give you five minutes' time to disperse, otherwise you will be fired on." The order was given the company to prepare for firing, and the grim, resolute old captain—who, Mr. Davis said, was an old resident of Richmond, but whose name he does not recall—gave his men the command, "Load!" The muskets were then loaded with buck and ball cartridges, with strict observance of military usage, and every one could see that when their stern commander received orders to fire he intended to shoot to kill. The mob evidently fully realized this fact, and began to disperse, and before the five minutes had expired the trouble was over and the famous misnamed bread riot was at an end.—[Richmond (Va.) Dispatch.

Unique Feature of the Paris Exposition.

Perhaps after the Eiffel Tower, one of the most unique features of the exhibition is the "History of human habitations," which has been organized by Charles Garnier, the eminent architect of the famous Grand Opera House in Paris. This is an exceedingly curious exhibition, and, as I fancy, must ever have the germ of novelty. It runs parallel with the Champ de Mars, and the fac-simile of habitations of mankind which it exhibits date from the remotest periods, when men lived in holes and caves, to the elegant marbles of the Renaissance. In order to arrange his history more clearly Garnier has divided it into two parts—the prehistoric and the historic. In the first division are included the subterranean dwellers and the savages who lived in caves, while the second division includes every form of architecture known to history. In this valuable collection Garnier traces the progress of men from the dim periods of the stone and metal ages to the frail shelter of the South Sea Islanders, the snow huts of the Esquimaux, the straw hut krall of the African, the gloomy villa of the Arab, the gaudy palaces of Peru and Mexico, the Oriental, Grecian, and Roman forms of architecture, the Tudor mansions, and so on up to the modern houses. All of these specimens of habitations have been built with the greatest care, are absolutely faithful to the original models, and represent, so far as human knowledge can tell it, the entire development and evolution of the human race, as far as its habitations are concerned. It is of course impossible to go into the details of such a superb scheme as this in the space of a short newspaper article.

Henry Clay and the Tough.

Henry Clay once invaded the blue grass region of Tennessee to make a speech. When he arrived at his destination a tough looking specimen, evidently in the last stages of whiskeyism, stepped from the throng, slapped the great orator on the back, and said:

"Howdy, Mr. Clay!"

The great man shook his head and replied, "Be kind enough to turn your head that I may see your profile."

The man averted his face while the flickering torchlights enabled the observer to study him closely for several seconds.

"Twenty years ago," said Mr. Clay, "you had not begun to grow that long beard and was smooth faced—eh?"

"That's right."

"You were not then a cyclops, but had two whole eyes—eh!"

"That's right, I reckon."

"Ah! Then you sat on a jury before which I pleaded a case, and your name is ——. Am I not right?"

"I reckon you are, suah."

"Yes, yes; I remember you perfectly, and," continued Mr. Clay, "you had one other characteristic, which I now recall—you were then a gentleman."—[New York Herald.

Plants in Tin Cans.

Not long since we called on a farmer whose wife was passionately fond of flowers and had the finest geraniums we ever saw outside of a greenhouse. When asked the secret of her success, [illegible]

BILL NYE IN NEBRASKA.

THE GREAT HUMORIST DOING THE WESTWARD HO! ACT.

Nebraska Is a Rich State, With Resources on Every Hand Which as Yet Have Hardly Been Tried or Fairly Started—Something About the Early Settlers.

(WEST OF THE MISSOURI, AND STILL DOING THE WESTWARD HO! ACT.)

NYE ADMIRING THE PALMETTO.

THERE are no palmettoes in the State of Nebraska, but there are other flora, such as corn, beans, succotash, wood, cordwood, and live stock in great profusion. The first palmetto I ever saw was at Columbia, S. C., in November last. It was situated near the State House and filled me with wonder and admiration. The odd endoginous trunk, with its deep scars, and then, above and crowning all, the delicate fluted dark green leaves, through which the gentle breezes were almost constantly engaged in soughing.

I looked at it a long time in silence and wrapped in profound admiration. Then I went away and got a friend to come and assist me in admiring the delicate beauty and subtle perfume of the tree.

"How wonderful," I said, "are the works of the Creator. Who could fashion the fronded palm or paint the delicate fringe of foliage that crowns the graceful palmetto? Man may strive to do it, but he will never succeed. How beautiful, how wonderful, are the works of the Maker."

"Yes," said a low voice which emanated from a full set of rank whiskers near by, "but you are mistaken about the name of the maker of that tree. It was made by the Columbia Iron Works of this place."

I now decided to abandon the tree and admire something else.

The Platte River is a queer stream. It has a large circulation, but little influence. It covers a good deal of ground, but it is not deep. In some places it is a mile wide and three-quarters of an inch deep. It has a bed of quicksand which assists it in drowning people. The Platte makes little fuss about it, but succeeds in being quite fatal. You might cross the river without even getting your hose wet, and then again you might find that in crossing the stream you had struck an entirely new country from whose bourne no traveler returns.

Nebraska is bounded on the north by Dakota, on the east by Iowa, on the south by Kansas, and on the west by Colorado and Wyoming. The chief productions are fruits, including osage, orange, and Lima bean. Cereals of all kinds abound here, including maize or Indian corn in great profusion, broomcorn, sorghum, and Percheron horses. The chief industries include agriculture, running for the Legislature, and shipbuilding.

Nebraska is a rich State with resources on every hand which as yet have hardly been tried or fairly started. Coal infests the bowels of the earth. Boundless areas of rich farming lands await only the agricultural humorist, who is supposed to tickle them with the hoe (the westward ho) in order to make them laugh forth heartily with abundant harvests. The air is pure and whisky is abundant. Hostile Indians are now quite scarce, it being almost impossible to get enough for a mess. Wild geese, water cress, pizen weed, politicians, and the Salvation Army thrive well here.

Farms in Nebraska are valuable, especially those on Farnam street in the city of Omaha.

Omaha was founded by Fred Nye at the close of the war. Nye, who is a Spaniard by birth, with rich Castile blood in his veins, discovered the site of Omaha by accident, and immediately started a paper there, which was followed by the arrival of several thousand people who came there to subscribe for the paper.

TRIPPING THE LIGHT BOMBASTIC TOE.

In 1804 Messrs. Lewis & Clarke, who were doing a general discovery business, camped at what is now Council Bluffs. They held a treaty with hostile Indians at this point, under the provisions of which the Indians were firmly bound by those presents to avoid killing the Messrs. Lewis & Clarke. They also deeded a few counties to the white man in consideration of twenty cents' worth of beads and a fine-tooth comb, to them in hand paid.

It is thought that Nebraska was discovered by Coronado in 1541, at a point [illegible]

at times fly in the face of industry. The Indian by nature seems to reluctantly part with his perspiration.

Lucien Fontanelle, born in New Orleans about the year 1800, went to the West in 1824, where he soon began to move in the best Omaha Indian society circles. He was always invited to attend the best and most recherche scalp dances, where he would trip the light fantastic toe till "the wee sma' hours anent the twa," as I read in a paper once. It was not long, then, until Mr. Fontanelle won the heart of a young Indian squaw. It was but the work of a moment to make her his wife. She did not play on the piano at all and so made him a good wife. She was a remarkable woman in many respects, and as she walked through the spacious halls of her home her footfalls sounded like a game of beanbag at a quiet social.

She dressed plainly in an army blanket, and, in addition to her housework, used to catch muskrats during the winter. She became the mother of five half-breed children. Her husband died in 1840 as a result of his efforts to combine business with delirium tremens. Whisky at that time in Omaha was often attended with fatal results. It would remove warts, corns, and bunions. Mr. Fontanelle used it frequently in order to afford exhilaration. Finally it began to afford not only board and lodging, but also spectacular entertainments, during one of which he suddenly expired, leaving four sons and one daughter. Logan was finally killed by the Sioux, after having made a good many experiments with the demon rum. Albert was a blacksmith up to his death, since which little is known of him. He was thrown from a mule in a vertical direction, and when he struck the town his soul had fled. The mule's injuries were slight. Tecumseh was killed by his brother-in-law in a drunken frolic. He was a lovely character except when drunk. When he was drunk he frequently said things which he afterward bitterly regretted.

REVENGE IS SWEET.

Mrs. Fontanelle had the ill-fortune to see one of her little sons coming home from school with a spear inserted in him one day, from which he died. She found out that the deed was done by an Iowa Indian.

She concealed an ax under her blanket, and, telling him to look at the beautiful sunlight which bathed the entire landscape and flooded it with glory, she spat on her hands, and, swinging the ax about with great vigor, buried it in the center of the low, coarse brute. Wiping the ax carefully with her pocket-handkerchief, she returned to her home and wrote up the occurrence for the local papers, laying blame mostly on the deceased for the unfortunate affair.

Omaha is situated in the eastern part of the State, her feet being bathed by the waters of the Missouri. The Missouri carries quite a quantity of Nebraska down to Louisiana every year, but replaces the loss by leaving large deposits of Dakota in the meantime. The Missouri is quite a wet stream, however, compared with the Platte. In August street-sprinklers have to run up and down over the parched bosom of the Platte.—*Bill Nye, in St. Louis Post.*

Clergymen on Stage Morals.

The theater is a very bad place, according to the opinions of T. DeWitt Talmage and Drs. Cuyler and Crosby, which they express in a series of newspaper articles on the "Morals of the Stage." Mr. Talmage thinks there are scenes of brazen indecency enacted every night in our play-houses, where the actresses appear with a Sodomite lack of robe. Dr. Cuyler compares theater-going to wine-drinking, and says that no good woman ever wants her sons and daughters in such a place. Dr. Crosby goes perhaps even further, and says that the stamp of the theater is impurity.

These reverend gentlemen speak of the character of the theater so positively that it would be interesting to know just what their qualifications as censors are. Mr. Talmage admits frankly that he was never in a theater to witness a play but three times in his life, and that was when a boy of 10. Drs. Cuyler and Crosby do not give their experience; but as their criticisms of the drama are based upon what they have read in the newspapers and upon play boards, it is probably about as extensive as that of Mr. Talmage.

The opinions of these distinguished gentlemen about the morals of the stage may be interesting as literary productions, but they are not half the value of those of the average man of intelligence who has visited theaters occasionally and who knows what he is talking about. If the newspapers, the literature and the men and women of to-day are bad, the theaters are bad. But neither the newspapers nor men or women are thoroughly good or thoroughly bad. Their virtues and vices are inextricably mixed, and the same is true of theaters. They reflect pretty accurately the tastes of their patrons, and if they are not as good as they ought to be, the ministers, whose duty it is to educate the masses, are perhaps the most to blame.—*New York Star.*

A Correct Diagnosis.

George—Eh? You got engaged last night? Gus, my old, my dear friend, tell me how you did it."

Gus—Really, I hardly know myself. Couldn't help it. Just like falling down stairs. I was on the edge of a proposal, she gave me a push, and there I was—engaged.

"Well, I haven't had any such experience. Every time I try to start, my knees knock together, and my teeth chatter, and my tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth. I've tried a dozen times to pop the question to Miss De Pink, and stuttered every [illegible]

OFFICIAL DEPRAVITY IN RUSSIA.

Stepniak, the Distinguished Nihilist, Declares Bribery to Be a National Institution.

THE reputation of the Russian Chinovniks, or officials, for bribery and corruption is so well established that it would be a mere waste of time to try to prove it again by some isolated illustrations, writes S. Stepniak, in the Chicago *Inter Ocean*. Private dishonesty is as strongly condemned by public opinion in Russia as anywhere else. But official dishonesty and peculation is indeed viewed by the mass of Russians with a great deal too much equanimity and tolerance.

The delinquents themselves, the bribe-takers and depredators of public funds, are certainly the first to encourage these lenient views. They all consider such transgressions as trivial offenses, sometimes as no offense at all.

Our great historian, N. Kosbomarov, in his "Origin of Autocracy in Russia," has clearly shown how official corruption grew in Old Muscovy with the gradual decay of the ancient popular franchises. When all traces of popular and provincial independence were swept away, when local self-government was no more, the Muscovite tzars found themselves in the position of private owners, to whom the whole country—land, men, and riches—belonged.

In the beginning, the citizens became utterly indifferent to the cheating of the state. It was the Tzar's business, they said, not their own.

The izars in their turn viewed the matter in much the same light, though from an opposite point of view. Administrative offices were conferred, not as a charge but as a sinecure—"for food" to use the official expression of the epoch—pretty much as nowadays leases on the domainal estates are given to retired officers or their widows. If an official fulfilled well his duty toward the Tzar, and used some discretion in committing what is now called by the ugly names of extortion, venality, bribery—he was in no danger of dismissal. The Central Government stepped in, however, when the depredation assumed such proportions as to endanger the future resources of the province.

Peter the Great was the first to introduce to the Russian mind the altogether different Western conception of the state as a Res-Publica, the common weal, of which the sovereign was the trusted manager, with the officials as his faithful assistants. Since then bribery and peculation have been pronounced state offenses, quite independently of the material harm they might or might not involve. During the two centuries that the St. Petersburg monarchy has existed, the Central Government has never ceased for an instant its war on bribery and official corruption; the attack has varied only in intensity.

The Destruction of the Grizzlies and the Black Bears.

In Western America there are two bears that claim the sportsman's attention—the grizzly and the black. The former, hunters have endowed with many aliases, such as "silver-up," "brown," "cinnamon," "bald-face," and "range" bear. These names do not mean anything, for the grizzly, like the dog, is of many colors. But while hunters may vary in their nomenclature, they one and all agree that the full-grown grizzly is the gamest animal in the world, and the one to be most dreaded.

Never do these bears stand on their hind legs and pursue the hunter with terrible howls and roars, as is the orthodox way of describing their conflicts with human beings in the ghastly literature of the country. When not hit in the brain or spine, they put their head down, and, with a swinging gallop, rush upon the hunter. They usually receive their death wound without demonstration, sinking down and dying mute. The majority of grizzlies shot by our famous Eastern sportsmen are those that have first been trapped. They are killed when in this crippled condition, after dragging for miles a large steel-trap with a huge trailing log attached.

The grizzly is found west of the Missouri River, and very rarely, if ever, east or it. A dozen years ago they could be seen almost anywhere in the mountain ranges, but since their destruction has been compassed by baiting and traps they have become shy, and difficult to approach near enough for a certain killing shot. Bears are the most wary animals of all the big game in America. They go singly, and usually see the hunter before he catches a glimpse of them. They then cunningly slip away, and are difficult to trail. At this time they are fairly abundant in the mountains of Montana, a sure find being in Crazy Women's Mountain, north of the Northern Pacific Railroad. There is also a goodly number of bears distributed over the mountains of Idaho and Wyoming, some in Southern California, scattered in the Sierre Madres and on the junction waters of the Santa Maria River, in San Luis Obispo County. They are also numerous in the Rocky Mountains and Sierra Nevadas.

The black bear has a far wider range than the grizzly, but in the West it is confined mostly to the mountains, and rarely comes out on the prairies. It is well distributed, however, and is especially abundant in the timbered country, moving about to where the mast and berries are most plentiful. Black bears are very numerous in Northern Montana. On the Pacific coast they outnumber the grizzlies, where both species feed on the salmon. The destruction of the grizzlies has been much greater than that of the black. Bears, though still abundant, are very difficult animals to hunt and kill in a sportsmanlike way.—*Franklin Satterthwaite, in Harper's Magazine.*

Progress in Photography.

The art of photography has been reduced to a fine point. Prof. Auschuts has succeeded in photographing a rifle ball traveling at the rate of 1,300 feet a second, the plate was exposed only 0.000076 part of a second. New applications of photography are being made every day. The reporters on many of the New York newspapers now carry cameras with them, and should [illegible]

HUMOROUS AND BRIGHT

IN modern parlance, when a man puts up his umbrella he doesn't put it [illegible]

CHARGED with electricity—The subscribers to the Bell telephone.

DENTISTS make more money on "draw" games than anybody we know of.

IT is the experience of all conductors that strange things come to pass on railroads.

THE original Jacobs. "Brown is a collector, isn't he?" "Yes. He is the original dun Brown."

SHE hit the nail a fearful whack—
I meant to say, she tried;
She bathed her thumb with arnica,
And then sat down and cried.

PARTIAL payments seem hard enough to the schoolboy, but he finds them harder still when he grows up.

THE goat has great faith in the coal junction. This is shown in the frequency with which he employs a butt.

RUSSIAN fashion note: "The Czar has returned to St. Petersburg and changed his winter suit of boiler iron for a light spring suit of cast steel.

TEACHER—You should take a lesson from your sisters, you naughty boy. Girls don't fight. Little Johnnie—They does when they gets as old as ma.

JUDGE—At first you stole $60, and afterwards $40. Are you never going to do better? Criminal—Why, your Honor, I did better that time by $20.

"I LIKE Italian music." "I don't. Every Dago with a hand-organ grinds it on the streets." "Well, don't that make it fine music?"—*Chicago Ledger.*

A SCIENTIST tells us that the world is gradually wearing out—that it is being used up by mankind. It is a fact that a great many writers and politicians are making the world tired.

RUSKIN says that in this world "the men who look for the straight will see the straight." A poker-player would give anything to discover that Mr. Ruskin knew what he was talking about.

MRS. N. PECK—So you thought I was an angel once, did you? Mr. N. Peck—Yep. Mrs. N. Peck—And you don't think so now, eh? Mr. N. Peck—Nope. I still live in hopes that you may be, though.

"MY dear madam, you are perfectly charming to-night." "O, you are a flatterer; I don't believe you." "I assure you I am speaking the truth. Why, when I first saw you, positively I did not recognize you."

SHE—Do you love music? I am passionately fond of it, He (just introduced)—I knew you were. I watched you the other night at the opera, and the way your jaws kept time to the music was a—— She—Sir?

IT will take three weeks to count the $200,000,000 in the sub-Treasury at New York City. This is one of the disadvantages of having lots of money. We couldn't afford to devote three weeks to counting our wealth.

"WE don't have dinner in the middle of the day at our boarding-house any more." "You have lunch, I suppose?" "No; luncheon." "Well, that's the same thing." "Oh, no, it isn't! Lunch is a light dinner, and luncheon is a light lunch."

CHUMLEY—I say Barker, thought you said this watch was waterproof. Here the works are ruined the first time I got wet. Barker—My dear boy, I had that watch in "soak" for six months before I sold it to you and it didn't hurt it a bit.

SALESMAN (in clothing store)—The gentleman who ordered the check suit this morning has sent it back. Proprietor—What's the matter? Salesman—Says he doesn't know the house and prefers not to take so large a check unless it is certified.

"WHAT is so rare as a day in June," suddenly inquired young Mr. Jobbles at the dinner table. "It can't be this steak," muttered Wobbles, with low-toned sarcasm. "Perhaps it is pay-day with some people," said the landlady, returning the startled look of Wobbles with a stony glare.

"LET me extend my sympathy, Mrs. James, in the loss of your little girl." "Thank you Mrs. Williams, it was a severe blow to me, and then, to make my burden all the heavier, poor Fido contracted the same disease and died two days later. But we all have our griefs, you know."

MARY—George, I have heard you spoken of frequently as a successful business man. "I am that. Why?" "Well, considering the fact that you have been visiting me for three years, I think you should maintain your reputation and talk business." He maintained his reputation.

"O, LOOK George, they are hanging out an ice-cream sign across the street!" The words were few and softly spoken, and yet they took all the brightness out of the spring sunshine, all the music from the song-birds' notes, all the melody from the vernal zephyr, and all the change out of George's pocket.

THE DIFFERENCE.

In B dwells a polygamist—
Of helpmates he has three;
Each one owns one-third his heart,
Three loving hearts owns he.

In that same town lives a man—
A monogamist thro' life,
Who now wears crape for that he has
Just buried his third wife.

Now, what's the diff'rence 'wixt the two?
It may thus be expressed;
One drove his three wives tandem
And one drives them abreast.

Animal Locomotion.

Since 1872 instantaneous photography has given more accurate ideas of animal locomotion than were held previously. In a lecture on this subject at the Royal Institution, London, Mr. E. Muybridge illustrated by moving pictures the interesting fact that all quadrupeds except the camel walk in the same manner. They support themselves first on two feet and then on three. The two may be either both on the same side or one on each side. When the former, the legs are widely extended, the fore-foot being thrown forward and the hind-foot stretched backward; and when the latter, the legs are both under the belly of the animal, the fore-foot being in a backward position and the hind-foot thrown forward.

A GEORGIA paper amuses its readers by a story about the domestic habits of the owl family. It says that in the early spring the old hen owl lays an egg, and immediately sets on it till it is hatched, and then hovers the little fellow till it becomes full-fledged. When this is done she lays another egg, and the young owlet [illegible] responsibility [illegible] the young [illegible] owls.

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—Boarding house No. 251 Calhoun street. Lot 20 by 150 feet. Inquire at 66 W. Jefferson street. 31-6t

FOR SALE—A fresh cow, good milker, half blood Jersey, at Lintlag's feed yard on Broadway street. 24-tf

FOUND.

FOUND—A gents' pin in form of an Elk's head. Owner can have same by calling at this office and paying for this advertisement. 28-tf

WANTED.

WANTED—A good Catholic girl to do general housework. German preferred. Railroad fare advanced. Address, V. Brunner, Mishawaka, Ind. 30-3t

WANTED—Three or four stone cutters to work on bridge work. Apply to Robert W. Tapp, 146 Maumee aveune. 31-3t

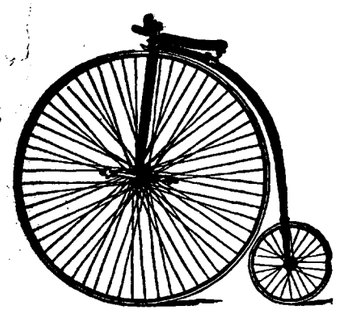
ANNOUNCEMENT.

To the Editor of the Sentinel.

Please announce the name of G. P. Gordon as a candidate for conncilman in the Seventh ward, subject to the decision of the democratic primary.. MANY DEMOCRATS.

SIMPLE! DURABLE! CHEAP!

WARWICK BICYCLES.



Before you buy a wheel examine the "Warwick" and the "Springfield Roadster" or "Volant Safety" (low patern)—as good a wheel for $115 as you will get of other makes for $135. Fully as durable and as easy riding. See the line of them at MORGAN & BEACH'S,

a16-1m FRED BEACH, Jr., Agent.

$500 Reward!

We will pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation or Costiveness we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely Vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. Sugar Coated. Large boxes, containing 30 Pills, 25 cents. For sale by all druggists. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., "The Pill Makers." 862 W. Madison St., Chicago. Free trial package sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of a 3 cent stamp. Sold by Thieme & Gross, Druggists, 94 Calhoun street, corner of Wayne, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Delightful and most satisfactory to lovers of a GOOD CIGAR

The Spreader

Wide-awake Dealers for agency apply to

WM. REICHARDT CO., Chicago, Ill.

USE THE

World's Champion

New Process! New Process!

Reliable, Saves Time, Labor, Wear and Tear of Clothing. Hard Water, Renders Washing Easy. Just Fits the Hand.

It is a great many soaps which it is as good as the Globe; it is the best.

GLOBE SOAP

B. A. E. HAMMOND, Editor and Proprietor.

SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1889.

THE Indiana coal miners have had their wages reduced 20 per cent. and the schedule is below that prevailing in England. The republican newspapers are not shrieking "British Free Trade" in that region.

AT a recent meeting of the Momence rock commission, at Indianapolis, it was decided to go ahead with the work, and the civil engineer was accordingly instructed to prepare the plans for draining the vast Kankakee region.

NOTWITHSTANDING the weather, Governor Hovey yesterday appointed John Worrell, of Clayton, state statistician to succeed W. A. Peelle, who has held the office for four years and was re-elected by the last legislature. In this matter his excellency also vetoes the supreme court.

ORTH H. STEIN, of Lafayette, Ind., is serving a term in the Florida penitentiary for forgery. Stein was one of the brilliant newspapers writers of the country and could have won an enviable place in the profession, but for his rascality. He is wanted in a dozen states to answer crooked charges.

THERE is an odd complication growing out of the Macy postoffice prize. On the 12th inst. M. L. Enyart, editor of the Macy *Monitor*, received the appointment and his bond was duly forwarded to Washington. Yesterday George Wilkinson was also commissioned for the same place, and, of course, harmony is for sale down there.

THE Indiana state board of health has adopted the rules of the National Association of General Baggage Agents relative to the shipment of remains of persons who have died from contagious or infectious diseases. The secretary has also been instructed to direct the local health boards to enforce the new laws providing for the inspection of live stock before being slaughtered for the market, and for the condemnation of adulterated vinegar. The board is also to make a sanitary survey of all the school houses in the state. It is to be systematic, covering heating, location, ventilation, and water supply. Wherever defects are found, the trustees will be ordered to remedy them. An investigation is also to be made of the sanitary conditions surrounding the jails and poor houses.

DREADFUL FLOOD DISASTERS.

People read of the ravages of the floods in the mountain regions of Pennsylvania this morning, and stood aghast at the horrors. In this level country we can not realize the terrors of plunging mountain streams, or of the bursting dams and reservoirs liberating their floods on a helpless community without a moments warning. Plagues and wars have their horrors, but more dreadful and appalling is death when it rushes from ambush and hurls 1,500 souls into eternity in a single night, leaving thousands of others homeless and penniless, in sorrow and misery. This is the picture in the Pennsylvania valleys this morning, and to the sufferers and mourners the sympathy of the nation goes in all fervor, to be accompanied by substantial tokens of kindly feeling from communities that know their immediate wants.

The telegraphic columns to day are laden with the sad particulars of the awful havoc wreaked by the rushing waters.

OUR BUILDING ASSOCIATIONS.

The Building associations of the state present an interesting study, for they indicate the thrift and saving capacity of the people.

The last report of the state statistician in his annual review of the statistics of building and loan associations show their great benefits in building up the material interests of the state. These statistics are interesting, showing that these institutions have largely taken the place of savings banks, and become an important factor in society.

Although many well-to-do and very rich persons are stockholders in them, they are largely supported by wage earners and workingmen and women, who are able by these means to become owners of homes.

There are 335 such institutions in the state, with a total of 525,000 incorporated shares and estimated assets of $10,000,000. One hundred and thirty-one associations report an organized capital of $38,954,300, capital stock of $2,841,050, and loans of mortages of $2,499,540. These figures indicate a large business, and show how important a part building and loan associations are playing in the development of the state.

The statement that the associations have taken the place of savings banks is only necessary to recall that in 1887 the old state banks showed deposits amounting to $3,804,301, and these deposits correspond very nearly to the assets of the association, as each shareholder in the latter is in one sense a depositor. The banks at the same time reported loans and discounts amounting to $3,741,645, while the amount of loans by building and loan associations in 1888, where less than one-third is reported, aggregated $2,499,540.

As the state requires direct and painstaking supervision of the banks the query naturally suggests itself, why should there not be some state supervision over building and loan associations?

This point the committee will consider and arrange for at future legislative sessions.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

Some of the Coming Commencements and Their Participants—Programs.

Fort Wayne prides in her colleges and schools and each year they divide honors with the flowers of spring time.

The public schools are first in the hearts of the people, and to the annual high school commencement attention ever turns.

The management of the free schools is so admirable and complete, from trustee to teacher, that praise falls on idle ears and Superintendent Irwin cares nothing for it, since he attends alone to do his duty and agrees that the graduates of his schools shall tell the tales of their training in the triumphs of life.

The high school commencement this year occurs next Friday evening, June 7, at the Temple opera house.

Hon. J. M. Barrett is to be the orator of the occasion and much is expected of him, for he is always brilliant and eloquent.

Dr. J. S. Irwin and Professor Lane will do honors to the class, while Miss Mamie Lincoln will deliver its salutatory and Miss Margaret Carver its valedictory.

There are twenty-four graduates in the class this year, and we are permitted to name them as follows:

The Misses Daisy Carver, Margaret Carver, Cora Douty, Florence Fulton, Lilian Fisk, Maud Graham, Bertie Homsher, Mamie Lincoln, Stella Miner, Mabel Robertson, Effie Richey, Hattie Rosenthal, Stella Stringer, Sarah Schaaff, Stella Sterheim, Minnie Strauss, and Minnie Keel, and the Messrs. Edwin Knox, John Ferguson, Charles Olds and Hugh G. Keegan.

The class will give a reception at Standard hall after the graduating exercises close and Sidel will do the honors at the banquet.

THE M. E. COLLEGE.

The commencement exercises of the Fort Wayne college will take place on the evening of June 20, in the chapel hall of their building. A class of ten young ladies and gentlemen will have completed their course of study and will be awarded their diplomas.

The college, under its new president, Rev. H. N. Herrick, has enjoyed a pleasant and profitable year. Established in 1846 by the ministers of the North Indiana conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, it has become an institution that offers superior advantages to the young ladies and gentlemen of the west in the way of acquiring a thorough education, and it is becoming more efficient and popular in this respect every year of its existence.

The buildings at the west end of Wayne street are commodious and beautifully located. Spacious grounds surround them and everything about the institution presents a cheerful and inviting air.

The faculty of the institution, which is an able and efficient one, is composed as follows: President, Rev. H. N. Herrick; Professor of Latin and Greek, Rev. George B. M. Rogers; Professor of Natural Sciences, Thomas Jackson; Normal Department, Miss Kate Aull; Music Department, Miss Carrie B. Schrader; Art Department, Miss M. Tibballs; Bookkeeping and Stenography, H. U. Hamilton.

Mrs. Herrick, the pleasant wife of the president, is the matron of the college, and under her care the young ladies are in good hands. She is a noble Christian lady and is well fitted for the responsible duties devolving upon her.

The spirit of the college is not denominational, but is distinctly Christian, and in the instruction of the students a moral training is given that serves as a safe guard to the many students attending the institution outside of the city, and leads to good results in after life.

A hasty visit at the college building last evening by a SENTINEL reporter failed in obtaining the full program for the commencement week, but the class graduating will be as follows:

Messrs. G. S. Housh, E. B. Johns, Paul Wilkie, J. F. Bower, C. M. Sarber, M. E. Little, C. E. Smith, P. W. Ashcraft, and the Misses Julia Alexander and Minnie Hetrick.

The exercises will be interesting and will draw to the city a large number of the friends of the institution from different parts of the state. The city is proud of her M. E. college, and well she may be, for, under its present management, it is a grand educational institution.

WESTMINSTER SEMINARY.

It will be a source of disappointment to the many friends of this institution to learn that the Westminster Seminary will have no public exercises this year, for its program is always one of the most delightful of the commencement season. None of the sixty young lady students in attendance at the present time complete their course of study with the expiration of the school year, which occurs on June 13th, and hence it has no closing exercises of a public character.

While this is the case we cannot refrain, in this connection, from saying a few words about the institution. It was established in 1846 by Miss C. B. Sharp and Mrs. D. B. Wells, who are its principals at the present time. Judge Lowry was about to leave for Washington to take his seat in Congress and his beautiful and commodious residence property on West Main street, was purchased for the school. Improvements were made from time to time and enough additional property was added to the original purchase to make the grounds ample for the purposes of the institution. The course of study is comprehensive and valuable and embraces just what every young lady should know, and the student is sent from its halls with a mind well stored and a Christian character developed with the instructions received.

The faculty embraces a competent and thorough corps of instructors, fully alive to present educational requirements, and is composed as follows: Miss C. B. Sharp, Mathematics; Mrs. D. B. Wells, Latin and General Literature; Miss Addie L. Bleekman, Natural Sciences and History; Miss Anna M. Philley, Elocution, Reading, and Gymnastics; Miss Pauline Thieme, Modern Languages; Miss Jennie S. Rugar, Drawing and Painting; Mrs. Elizabeth Mayer, Instrumental and Vocal Music; Miss Kate F. Bateman, Primary Department. Each of them return as instructors for the coming year, with the exception of Miss Bleekman, who retires on account of her marriage this summer. Her place is taken by Miss Helen Millsbaugh, of Romeo, Mich.

The institution is in a flourishing condition, and will commence its new year as one of the most valuable schools for young ladies in the west.

THE CONCORDIA COLLEGE.

The closing exercises in connection with the great Concordia college will take place the latter part of this month and a large class will leave the institution. Many of them are prepared to enter the active duties of life, with the training received at the institution and they will go out into active life and commence its battles at once. Others are fitting themselves for the ministry and they will go to the St. Louis university to complete their theological studies.

The great educational institution and its simi-centennial, which is to be observed this month, has already received lengthy mention in these columns and we will not repeat it now.

THE BROTHERS SCHOOL.

This renowned institution finds its graduates in all the successful walks of life, and last night gave its class entertainment at Library hall to a fine audience. We could not particularize for all the boys did their parts in admirable form and gave a most enjoyable amateur performance. The chorus, the solo, and the drama were well received and the closing voice sent every one away feeling good.

UNDER THE WIRE.

Local Horse News Picked Up By Our Jockey While Scoring for News.

Somewhat weary with the humdrum of street sight seeing, your reporter sought a new field of news. It cost me just five cents to ride on the street cars to the race track at Sweeney park, and I was greeted with a hello! you are late this morning. The speaker was that veteran trainer John Clark. You all know John, and if you don't it is safe to say your horse can't trot a mile in five minutes. We were just shown that beautiful horse, Wayne Wilkes, with a mark of 2:18¼, and will soon be put in training for this season's campaign, Nine horses in as many spacious stalls are receiving training, and Clark says some of them will get a very decent mark before the snow flies. Ed Orff was there with his three-year-old Wilk's filley and drove a quarter alongaside of Jerome Studer's mare, Spy Run. Forty-four for the quarter is what the watch said.

A. D. Cressler has three good ones in training that are very promising.

The Centlivre's have six horses, pacers and trotters, that are moving in a smooth, nice way.

Dr. Shryock was there with his pacer and gave an exhibition of a half in 1:22.

LOST—"I don't now where I can't, tell when, I don't see how—something of great value to me, and for the return of which I shall be truly thankful, viz: a good appetite."

FOUND—"Health and strength, pure blood, an appetite like that of a wolf, regular digestion, all by taking that popular and peculiar medicine, Hood's Sarsaparilla. I want everybody to try it this season." It is sold by all druggists. One hundred doses one dollar.

Many English army officers are studying Russian.

NOTICE

Of Meeting of Board of Equalization.

Notice is hereby given that the county board of equalization, will meet in the room of the county commissioners, at the court house in the city of Fort Wayne, on

MONDAY, JUNE 17th, 1889,

for the purpose of equalizing the valuation of property and taxables, made subsequent to April 1st, 1889, and to correct any list or valuation as they may deem proper. Also, to add and assess omitted property and increase the valuation placed upon property that has been listed for taxation by adding such sums as to said board, or a majority thereof, shall appear just and equitable.

The board will hear complaints of owners of personal property, except capital stock, franchises and rolling stock of railroads.

J. B. NIRDER, Auditor,
Allen County, Ind.

d&wlt

Ice Cream Soda Water with fruit juices and Rock Candy Syrup, 5 cents, at Mordhurst's Drug Store, 94 Calhoun street. Sign of Revolving Wheel in Window.

Fireman Coleman is sick; his engine is in the shop.

Fireman O. M. Lacy is off for general repairs. Gets in his supply on Hill.

Extra Brakeman Sherman Fetters has been working in the yard for several days.

Brakeman Needham, with Morgan on accommodation, is sick. Houts is his supply.

Fireman Brumbaugh is visiting at North Manchester. Everhart handles the scoop on the 1332.

Engineer Hartman is sick at his home in Toledo. Connell has charge of the 1071 in Hartman's absence.

Conductor Brinsley and Brakeman Whitely went fishing to Warsaw last Saturday. Keyes has charge of Brinsley's car.

Conductors Riley and Cutter arrived from the conductor's convention held at Denver, Colorado, a few days ago, and report having had a splendid time, and that the order is in a flourishing condition.

William Lee, son of Jonas H. Lee, has been employed as switchman, or yard brakeman, and has been working several days in the absence of J. J. Long, who has gone to visit at his home in Kentucky.

On account of ill health, Conductor Adams went to the hospital at Peru last Saturday. Trowl took charge of his run on the accommodation, and brakeman Horton took Trowl's place on the same run. Adams has resumed work, although he has not regained his usual good health.

A Providence.

Human endurance under misfortune is sometimes inexplicable, and the escape therefrom is equally surprising. What men have endured and can endure; how they have been providentially rescued from a continuance of torture, is well illustrated in the following: "Paragon, Ind., July 30, 1588. The Charles A. Vogeler Co., Baltimore, Md., Gentlemen—I suffered steadily with pains in my head for 22 years, resulting from sunstroke. I was cured by St. Jacobs Oil, and has remained so without return of pain for four years."

General Schofield, the head of the army, gets $13,000 a year.

A Woman's Confession.

"Do you know, Mary, I once actually contemplated suicide?" "You horrify me, Mrs. B. Tell me about it." "I was suffering from chronic weakness. I believed myself the most unhappy woman in the world. I looked ten years older than I really was, and I felt twenty. Life seemed to have nothing in it worth living for." "I have experienced all those symptoms myself. Well?" "Well, I was saved at the eleventh hour from the commission of a deed which I shudder to think of. A friend advised me to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I did so. In an incredibly short time I felt like a new being. The 'Prescription' cured me, and I owe Dr. Pierce a debt of gratitude which I can never repay."

Only 750 buffaloes are said to be now alive, and of these 243 are domesticated.

Forced to Leave Home.

Over 60 people were forced to leave their homes yesterday to call for a free trial package of Lane's Family Medicine. If your blood is bad, your liver and kidneys out of order, if you are constipated and have headache and an unsightly complexion, don't fail to call on any druggist to-day for a free sample o this grand remedy. The ladies praise it. Everyone likes it. Large size package 50 cents.

The manuscript of Anthony Trollope's "Orley Farm" is for sale at $150.

Catarrah No More.

Mrs. E. Kirkup, of this city, has secured the agency for *Dr. W. H. Ross's "Systematic Catarrhal Treatment,"* local and constitutional combined. The only positive cure. For particulars call at her residence corner Pine and Taylor streets, or address Dr. Ross, Grand Rapids, Mich. 18-sat-tf

Loose's Red Clover Pill Remedy, is a positive specific for all forms of the disease. Blind, Bleeding, Itching, Ulcernated and Protruding Piles—Price 50c. For sale by Dreier Bros.

If you do not receive your SENTINEL regularly, please notify us immediately, either in person or by postal card, that we may remedy the fault.

Take Hood's Sarsaparilla 100 Doses One Dollar

The Chief Reason for the marvellous success of Hood's Sarsaparilla is found in the fact that this medicine actually accomplishes all that is claimed for it. Its real merit has won for Hood's Sarsaparilla

Merit Wins a popularity and sale greater than that of any other blood purifier. It cures Scrofula, all Humors, Dyspepsia, etc. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

For Bargains in Footwear

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

IF YOU are BILIOUS Take Hoptonic.

For sale at Thieme & Gross' Drug Store, Corner Calhoun and Wayne.

STANDARD MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE For the Treatment of All Diseases.

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS:

DR. J. W. YOUNGE, DR. E. H. HAAS, DR. J. S. BLENKER, DR. W. L SCHULTZE, DR. N. B. SMITH.

No. 210 CALHOUN STREET. - FORT WAYNE, IND.

New Advertisements.

BONANZA to AGENTS SAMPLES FREE both sexes. Write now GEO. A. SCOTT, New York City

Get A BUSINESS EDUCATION AT HOME. For Circulars, address CLARK'S COLLEGE, Erie, Pa. June 20

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

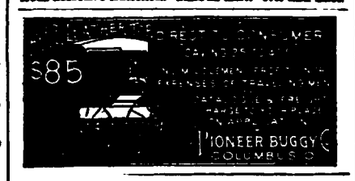
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents Dandruff and hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

HINDERCORNS.

The only sure Cure for Corns. Stops all pain. Ensures comfort to the feet. 15c. at Druggists. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

ARE YOU CONSUMPTIVE

Have you Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, Indigestion? Use PARKER'S GINGER TONIC. It has cured the worst cases and is the best remedy for all ills arising from defective nutrition. Take in time. 50c. and $1.00



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Resulting from the Errors of Youth, Folly, Vice, Ignorance, &c., may be cured at home without fail or exposure. Infallible and Confidential. Large Treatise, 300 pages, only $1, by mail, sealed, postpaid. Small book, with endorsements of the press, free. Send now. Address the Peabody Medical Institute, or Dr. W. H. Parker, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass.

HIRES

25c. HIRES' IMPROVED 25c

ROOT BEER!

IN LIQUID NO BOILING EASILY MADE THIS PACKAGE MAKES FIVE GALLONS

MAKES FIVE GALLONS DELICIOUS AND SPARKLING

ROOT BEER

The most APPETIZING and WHOLESOME TEMPERANCE DRINK in the world. TRY IT.

Ask your Druggist or Grocer for it.

C. E. HIRES, PHILADELPHIA.

HIMROD'S CURE for ASTHMA

Catarrh, Hay Fever, Diphtheria, Whooping Cough, Croup and Common Colds.

Recommended by Physicians and sold by Druggists throughout the world. Send for Free Sample.

HIMROD MANUF'G CO., SOLE PROPRIETORS, 191 FULTON ST., NEW YORK.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS

RED CROSS DIAMOND BRAND.

Ordered by all druggists and reliable pill for sale. Never Fail. Ask for Chichester's English Diamond Brand, in red metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. At Druggists. Accept no other. All pills in pasteboard boxes, plain wrappers, are a dangerous counterfeit. Send 4c. (stamps) for particulars and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return mail. 10,000 testimonials from LADIES who have used them. Name Paper. Chichester Chemical Co., Madison Sq., Phila., Pa.

ACHING Sides and Back

Aching Sides and Back, Hip, Kidney and Uterine Pains, Rheumatic, Sciatic, Sharp and Weakening Pains, relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only instantaneous pain killing, strengthening plaster. 25 cents; five for $1.00. At druggists, or of POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL Co., Boston.

PIMPLES, blackheads, chapped and oily skin cured by Cuticura Soap.

GETTY BROTHERS,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

TRUNKS, VALISES, HAND BAGS, ETC.

A full and complete line on hand. All will be sold at bottom prices. Those needing goods in our line will do well to call and examine our stock before making their purchases. Repairing promptly and neatly done.

NO. 63 EAST MAIN STREET.

J. C. PELTIER,

Undertaker & Embalmer

17 WEST WAYNE ST.,

Telephone No. 174 - - - Fort Wayne, Ind

H. C. SEYER, DENTIST, HILL'S BLOCK, 88 Calhoun St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

B. R. NOLL.

BRANCH DRUG STORE.

No. 10 E. COLUMBIA ST.

Drugs, Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet Articles. Also,

Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Window Glass, etc.

PRESCRIPTIONS A SPECIALTY.

ALSO, 128 BROADWAY, COR. JEFF.

Health is Wealth!

Dr. E. C. West's Nerve and Brain Treatment, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhœa caused by over-exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. $1.00 a box, or six boxes for $5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES

To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with $5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by Thieme & Gross, Druggists, Sole Agents, 94 Calhoun stree, corner of Wayne, Fort Wayne, Ind.

A. F. GESSLER,

DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF

FRESH, SALT —AND— SMOKED - MEATS,

60 East Main Street.

He has just placed new machinery in his establishment and is now prepared to make the finest Saussages in the market. Dressed Poultry and Home-made Lard for sale. 24-1yr.

A. HATTERSLEY & SON.

PLUMBERS,

Steam and Gas Fitters,

48 East Main St.

FORT WAYNE, ... IND

H. C. MEYER,

Merchant Tailor!

Has received his large and well selected stock of

SPRING GOODS!

He will make suits in the latest styles and at reasonable prices.

44 HARRISON ST. march18-3m

Boston Tea Store.

—FOR—

Fine Groceries

20 West Berry Street.

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A. KALBACHER. WM. POTTHOFF

A. Kalbacher & Co.,

—DEALERS IN—

FLOUR, FEED, GRAIN, HAY AND STRAW.

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TO ADVERTISERS ...

IS THE BEST

APERIENT, LAXATIVE AND DIURETIC,

Easily Soluble, Palatable and Permanent.

As an Aperient it should be taken before Breakfast.

"Of all remedies in my large experience, CARLSBAD deserves to be placed in the first rank." PROF. J. SEEGEN, Vienna.

"No remedy has given me such excellent results." DR. A. L. A. TOBOLDT, before the Ninth Intern. Med. congress.

"I consider the genuine CARLSBAD SPRUDEL SALT an invaluable Remedy in all affections of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, Liver and Spleen." DR. GEO. P. MADDEN, Lowell, Mass.

"In Chronic Catarrh of the Stomach and for diseases of the Stomach, Liver and Kidneys, the CARLSBAD WATER AND SPRUDEL SALTS have proved themselves eminently efficacious." DR. L. FLECKLES, Royal Prussian Medical Councillor.

Beware of imitations. The genuine article has the signature of "EISNER & MENDELSON CO.," Sole Agents, on the neck of every bottle and on each cartoon.

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EISNER & MENDELSON CO.,

Sole Agents, 6 Barclay St., New York.

A. FOSTER!

THE FASHIONABLE

Merchant Tailor

Is now receiving his LARGE and WELL SELECTED STOCK of

Spring Goods

Which are the Nobbiest ever brought to this city. He intends making Suits in the Latest Styles and at Very Low Prices this spring, and those wishing to get the worth of their money should call and exemine his stock at his parlors,

No. 15 W. Wayne St.

T. M. BAXTER & COMPANY,

Commission Merchants

Stocks, grain and provisions, bought, sold and carried on margins. No. 40 Board of Trade, Chicago; also, rooms 2 and 5 Trentman block, Fort Wayne.

13 tf A. K. IREY, Manager.

Steam Carpet Beating!

Carpets Taken Up Cleaned and Relaid.

All Work Warranted to be Satisfactory.

Mattress Factory!

All kinds of Mattresses Renovated and made Over on Short Notice.

PAUL E. WOLF,

33 and 35 Clinton St.

THE BESL MEATS IN THE CITY.

GOTTLIEB HALLER

South Side Meat Market, carries nothing but the choicest meats. Fresh and Salt Meats, Hams, Sausage at

No. 366 CALHOUN STREET.

STOP. HEAR. READ.

FINEST, LARGEST and CHEAPEST Stock of Bedding Plants at the City and Avenue Green House.

B. L. AUGER.

L. JAXTHEIMER

Merchant Tailor

CARRIES A

Full Line

—OF—

Foreign & Domestic

Goods, Suitings,

Spring Overcoatings, Trouserings

ALL WORK WARRANTED.

32 W. MAIN ST.

EIGHTH POINT

You should read THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS because *everybody likes it*—it will not disappoint your needs. It takes into its purpose the farmer and mechanic, as well as the merchant and professional man. Every farmer can now have daily market reports instead of weekly, and at little more than the old-time price of his weekly. The mechanic can now afford both price and the time for his daily paper. The poor may now be as well informed on current affairs as the rich. Intelligence is within the reach of all. THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS—independent, non-partisan, fair to all—is everybody's paper.

Remember—Its circulation is 220,000 a day—over a million a week—and it costs by mail 25 cts. a month, four months $1.00,—*one cent a day.*

BROU'S INJECTION

An Infallible Remedy for the Cure of all Complaints Diseases of the Urinary organs; guaranteed not to produce Stricture; no sickening nausea; and no inconvenience or loss of time. Recommended by physicians and sold by druggists every where. J. BROU, (successor to BROU), Paris, France.

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1889.

NEW LAWS!

The Time Ordinance, the Meat Inspection Ordinance and an Ordinance Creating a Natural Gas Inspector.

OFFICIAL BONDS.

The official bonds of the following officers were submitted and on motion were referred to the mayor and city attorney.

Dennis O'Brien as street commissioner in the sum of one thousand ($1,000) dollars. Surety, A. Kalbacher.

Henry Hilbrecht, jr., as chief of the fire department, in the sum of three thousand ($3,000) dollars. Surety, John Geo. Strodel.

C. S. Brackenridge, as city civil engineer, in the sum of two thousand ($2,000) dollars. Surety, Geo. W. Brackenridge.

Patrick Ryan, as weighmaster, in the sum of one thousand ($1,000) dollars. Surety, T. B. Hedekin.

William Ropa, as marketmaster, in the sum of one thousand ($1,000) dollars. Surety, Chas. S. Bash.

F. H. Woehnker, as poundmaster, in the sum of one thousand ($1,000) dollars. Surety, John Geo. Strodel.

Fred G. Daseler as policeman in the sum of one thousand ($1,000). Surety Ed. F. Clausmeier, A. F. Glutting, Howell C. Rockhill.

CONTRACTS AND BONDS.

The contract and bond (which is recorded in full in contract and bond book 7, page 92, and is a part of these minutes) of John McCann for constructing a 12-inch sewer in the alley between Calhoun street and Harrison street from the alley south of DeWald street to Creighton avenue was submitted.

Bond, $5,000.

Surety—Gottlieb Epple.

On motion, the contract was accepted and bond approved.

The contract and bond (which is recorded in full in contract and bond book 7, page 93, and is a part of these minutes) of Conrad Fay, for constructing brick sidewalks on the south side of DeWald street, from the west line of lot 309, Hamilton's Fourth addition to Clinton street, was submitted.

Bond, $5,000.

Surety, Barney Hessert and Conrad Nern.

On motion the contract was accepted and bond approved.

The contract and bond (which is recorded in full in contract and bond book 7, page 94, and is a part of these minutes) of Gust. Horstman, for constructing brick sidewalks and relaying the brick sidewalks on the west side of Broadway, from Wayne street to the north line of right of way of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago railway, was submitted.

Bond, $5,000.

Surety, Wm. Horstman.

On motion the contract was accepted and bond approved.

The contract and bond of Gust Horstman for constructing brick sidewalks on the north side of Berry street, bordering on lot 9 and the west 5 feet of lot 10, block 17. Ewing's addition, was submitted.

Bond, $5,000.

Surety, Wm. Horstman,

On motion the contract and bond failed of approval.

The contract and bond (which is recorded in full in contract and bond book 7, page 95, and is a part of these minutes) of Gust. Horstman for constructing a sand pit on the northeast corner of Ewing street and Pearl street was submitted

Bond, $5,000.

Surety, Wm. Horstman.

On motion the contract was accepted and bond approved.

The contract and bond of William Horstman for constructing a sand pit on the north side of Wayne street, at the alley between Francis street and Hanna street, was submitted.

Bond, $5,000.

Surety, John F. W. Meyer.

On motion the contract and bond failed of approval.

The contract and bond (which is recorded in full in contract and bond book 7, page 96, and is a part of these minutes) of H. C. F. Westrumb for constructing a 15-inch sewer in the alley between Wayne street and Washington street, from the brick sewer on Schick street to Walter street, was submitted.

Bond, $5,000.

Surety, F. C. Brase.

On motion the contract was accepted and bond approved.

ORDINANCES.

An ordinance extending North Side Park.

Section 1. Be it ordained by the common council that all that portion of the city real estate lying east of lots 32 and 55, city park addition and west of Spy Run avenue be and the same is hereby set aside and dedicated as a part of the North Side Park.

Sec. 2. Done at the council chambers of the city of Fort Wayne, this 28th day of May, 1889.

DANIEL L. HARDING, Mayor.

W. W. ROCKHILL, City Clerk.

The above ordinance was read a first and second time now, and on motion the rules were suspended, by a unanimous vote, and the ordinance read a third time now, and a motion that the ordinance now pass prevailed by the following vote:

Ayes, 18, viz: Councilmen Bandt, Bruns, Ely, Haiber, Hazzard, Hilbrecht, Huser, Kensil, Cody, Meyer, Read, Scheid, Schmueckle, Cran, Smith, Gruber, Vordermark, and Hilgemann. Nays, none.

An ordinance granting power to the common council to refuse liquor licenses in certain cases.

Section 1. Be it ordained by the common council of the city of Fort Wayne, that whenever any person shall make application to said city for a license to retail intoxicating liquors in a less quantity than a quart at a time in said city or within the distance of two miles therefrom, and the mayor shall believe or have good cause to believe such applicant to be an improper person to have such license, said mayor shall submit the question to the common council, who shall grant or refuse such license as in its judgment shall be deemed right. Nothing herein contained shall be construed as repealing any ordinance of said city now in force, but merely as cumulative thereto.

Done at the council chambers of said city of Fort Wayne, this 28th day of May, 1889.

DANIEL L. HARDING, Mayor.

W. W. ROCKHILL, City Clerk.

The above ordinance was read a first and second time now and on motion the rules were suspended by a unanimous vote and the ordinance read a third time now, and a motion that the ordinance now pass prevailed by the following vote:

Ayes, 18, viz: Councilman Bandt, Bruns. Ely, Haiber, Hazzard, Hilbrecht, Huser, Kensil, Cody, Meyer, Read, Scheid, Schmueckle, Cran, Smith, Gruber, Vordermark and Hilgeman. Nays, none.

An ordinance relating to the standard of time in the city of Fort Wayne, Ind.

Sec. 1. Be it ordained by the common council of the city of Fort Wayne, Indiana, that on and after the 1st day of June, '89, the standard of time throughout the departments of the city government shall be what is known as and called, "central standard time."

Sec. 2. Done at the council chambers of the city of Fort Wayne this 28th day of May, 1889.

DANIEL L. HARDING.

W. W. ROCKHILL, Mayor.

City Clerk.

The above ordinance was read a first and second time now and on motion the rules were suspended by a unanimous vote and the ordinance read a third time now and a motion that the ordinance now pass prevailed by the following vote:

Ayes, 18, viz: Councilmen Bandt, Bruns, Ely Haiber, Hazzard, Hilbrecht, Huser, Kensil, Cody, Meyer, Read Scheid Schmueckle, Cran, Smith, Gruber, Vordermark and Hilgemann. Nays, none.

An ordinance relating to the killing of animals and the selling of meats in the city of Fort Wayne, Ind.

Section 1, Be it ordained by the common council, that a meat inspector for said city shall be elected on the 28th day of May 1889, and every two years there after, who shall upon his election quality by taking the oath of office and filing with the council for its approval his official bond in the sum of five thousand dollars, conditioned for the faithful discharge of the duties of his office.

Sec. 2. It shall be the duty of said inspector to inspect on foot alive all beef, mutton, veal, lamb and pork intended to be killed and sold in said city, or within a distance of two miles from the corporate limits thereof, as human food, and likewise to inspect all uncured dressed meats or flesh offered or intended for sale in said city or within the distance of two miles from the limits thereof, which shall not have been so inspected by him alive.

Sec. 3. It shall be the duty of said inspector to condemn as "unfit for human food" any animal offered for inspection which shall be found upon inspection to be sick, diseased or injured, and likewise to condemn any meats or flesh cured or uncured found to be corrupted, unwholesome or unfit for human food. But if upon inspection such animals or meats shall be found to be healthy, clean and suitable for such food, he shall in case of live inspection deliver to the owner or person in charge, a certificate describing the animal inspected, with date of inspection and result thereof, and sign the same, and in case of dressed meats he shall attach thereto a printed tag containing the inspector's, as well as the owner's name, the result of such inspection and the date thereof.

Sec. 4. It shall be unlawful for any person to sell or offer for sale, or have in his possession with intent to sell, any veal, lamb or pork [illegible] and it shall be [illegible]

Sec. 5. It shall be the duty of said inspector to plainly label for public sale, any and all bull beef offered for sale by attaching thereto, so as to be displayed to the public, a plain card with the words, "Bull Beef," printed thereon in black letters; at least one inch square each. And it shall be unlawful for any person to offer bull beef for sale, or have it in his possession for sale unless so labeled.

Section 7. For the purpose of carrying out this ordinance and regulating the sale of meats it shall be unlawful for any person to carry on the butcher trade or deal in fresh meats for purpose of sale in said city or within the distance of two miles therefrom, without having first procurred from said city a license so to do, for which said license he shall first pay into the city treasury on the first day of June of each year the sum of twenty-five dollars, which said license shall authorize him to sell at one place only. Farmers who kill or offer for sale meats, animals of their own raising, shall not be required to take out such license, but shall in lieu thereof pay to such inspector for the use of said city twenty-five cents for each beef inspected by him, live or dressed, and likewise ten cents for each sheep, lamb, calf or hog.

Section 8. Said inspector shall receive for his services the sum of one thousand dollars per year, payable in monthly installments.

Section 9. Any person violating this ordinance or any provision thereof or in any manner failing to comply therewith shall, upon conviction, forfeit and pay to said city a fine of not more than one hundred dollars.

Section 10. Done at the council chambers of the city of Fort Wayne, Ind., this .— day of ——, 1889.

.....
Mayor.

.....
City Clerk.

The above ordinance was read a first and second time and on motion referred to the committee on public health.

An ordinance, entitled an ordinance to provide for the appointment of an inspector of natural gas connections, the licensing of natural gas fitters, and the inspection of natural gas fittings and connections.

Section 1, Be it ordained by the common council of the city of Fort Wayne that there shall be appointed annually by the common council of the city of Fort Wayne an inspector of natural gas connections, who shall be paid a salary of no more than eighty (80) dollars per month, the amount of which shall be fixed by resolution of the common council in such manner and at such times as the common council may hereafter determine by resolution or ordinance.

Sec. 2. Said inspector of natural gas connections shall be a practical plumber or gas fitter, and shall give a bond in the penal sum of one thousand ($1,000) dollars to the satisfaction of the common council, for the faithful performance of his duties before entering upon the same.

Sec. 3. No person shall engage in the business of making connections with the main or branch pipes conveying natural gas within, or engage in fitting pipes intended for natural gas in the public or private buildings of the city of Fort Wayne, or make any such connections or fitting until he shall have first obtained from the inspector of natural gas connections a license as a natural gas fitter, and the inspector shall not issue such license until satisfied that the applicant is a skilled mechanic and qualified to make connections and fittings in a careful and workmanlike manner.

Sec. 4. Every connection with main and branch natural gas pipes and all connections and fittings shall be made in a careful and workmanlike manner.

Sec. 5. Every connection with the main and branch natural gas pipes and all connections and fittings intended for the conducting and use of natural gas, in public or private buildings after the same are completed and ready for operation shall be inspected by the inspector, or assistant inspector of natural gas connections, and all natural gas companies and all companies or persons are prohibited from furnishing natural gas to consumers in the city of Fort Wayne through any connections, pipes or fittings, until there has been filed in the office of the city civil engineer a certificate of the inspector, or assistant inspector, of natural gas connections approving the same.

Sec. 6. Any person or company violating any of the provisions of this ordinance shall be fined in any sum not less than ten ($10) dollars or more than twenty-five ($25) dollars.

The above ordinance was read a first and second time and on motion was referred to the committee on natural gas.

By Meyer:

An ordinance granting police powers to the members of the common council was read a first and second time, and a motion to read a third time was lost by the following vote:

Ayes 9, viz: Councilmen Bandt, Bruns, Haiber, Hazzard, Hilbricht, Kensil, Cody, Meyer and Vordermark.

Nays, 9, viz: Councilmen Cran, Ely, Gruber, Huser, Hilgemann, Read, Scheid, Schmuckle and Smith.

The vote being a tie Mayor Harding voted no.

An ordinance (which is recorded in full in sewer ordinance book 1, page 162, and is a part of these minutes) to construct a sewer in the alley between Calhoun street and Harrison street, from the brick sewer on Baker street to the first alley south of Baker street, thence west along said alley south of Baker street to Harrison street, was read a first and second time April 9th, 1889, and the ordinance read a third time now, and a motion that the ordinance now pass prevailed by the following vote:

Ayes, 18, viz, Councilmen Bandt, Bruns, Ely, Haiber, Hazzard, Hilbrecht, Huser, Kensil, Cody, Meyer, Read, Scheid, Schmueckle, Cran, Smith, Gruber, Vodermark and Hilgeman. Nays —none.

By Williams.

An ordinance (which is recorded in full in sewer ordinance book 1, page 163, and is a part of these minutes) to construct a sewer in the alley between Williams street and Butler street from the west line of Harrison street to the first alley west of Calhoun street was read a first and second time April 23, 1889, and the ordinance read a third time now and a motion that the ordinance now pass prevailed by the following vote:

Ayes, 18, viz: Councilmen Bandt, Bruns, Ely Haiber, Hazzard, Hilbrecht, Huser, Kensil, Cody, Meyer, Read, Scheid, Schmueckle, Cran, Smith, Gruber, Vordermark and Hilgemann. Nays, none.

By Scheid:

An ordinance (which is recorded in full in full in sewer ordinance book 1, page 164, and is a part of these minutes) to construct a sewer on Clinton street, commencing at the 30-inch single ring brick sewer on Clinton street and DeWald street; thence south on Clinton street to the south line of Pontiac street; thence south along the west part of lot 7, Siemon's addition to Mechanicsburg, to the alley between Pontiac street and Leith street, was read a first and second time May 14, 1889, and the ordinance read a third time now, and a motion that the ordinance now pass prevailed by the following vote:

Ayes, 18, viz: Councilmen Bandt, Bruns, Ely, Haiber, Hazzard, Hilbrecht, Huser, Kensil, Cody, Meyer, Read Scheid, Schmueckle, Cran, Smith, Gruber, Vordermark and Hilgemann. Nays, none.

The following ordinance was read a first and second time and on motion was referred to the committee on sewers:

By Scheid.

Be it ordained, (H. I.) That a 15-inch clay pipe sewer, with the necessary manholes, sand pits, and connections, be constructed in the alley between Butler street and DeWald street, from the west line of Barr street to the alley between Barr street and Lafayette street.

PLAT OF NATURAL GAS COMPANY.

A plat showing the distribution of pipes for natural gas was submitted, and on motion was referred to the city attorney and committee on natural gas.

On motion of Mr. Cody the common council then took a recess until Tuesday, June 4, 1889, at 7:30 p. m. to consider the Columbia and Clay street opening.

Baker's Famous Headache Specific by its wonderful action is peculiarly adapted to the use of ladies, and to them we earnestly recommend it as a positive cure for all headaches which they are subject to. Clergymen, teachers, students and others find it of great value. Sold by Thieme & Gross, the druggists.

An electric bell on a wire fishing rod rings for every nibble.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

Change of Route.

The Wabash railway is about to make a change east of Buffalo, in the operation of its through sleeping cars from St. Louis to New York. The through New York sleeper leaves St. Louis at 6:55 p. m., running over the Wabash road to Toledo, thence over the Michigan Central railroad via Detroit and Niagara Falls to Buffalo. From that point, on and after Sunday, May 12, inst., it will run via the New York Central and Hudson River railroad to the Grand [illegible]

An Effort to Add to Its List of Victims.

The dreaded Lafayette street crossing got in its work again last night.

The place is a net-work of tracks and at each approach is a watchman—servants of the Pittsburg and Wabash railroads. These men have never arranged a signal schedule and to aid their uncertain work the switch engines manage to ply back and forth at irregular intervals with a deadly purpose, as it were.

Approach this place and you are signalled from either side. When one road admits you, the other shows up a blockade and the picture holds good at all hours.

Once into the death trap, men, women and children take their lives in their own hands, and if they can hold them long enough to cross the tracks it is regarded as a feat in one's career.

Messrs. Pfeiffer and Schlatter, the hardware merchants, drove into the crossing last night and like a flash a switch engine launched down on their vehicle, maiming their horse so that it had to be killed and dragging the vehicle with its human freight some distance.

Both men leaped from the buggy and escaped with a few bruises, but it was due to their own activity and good fortune, not to any precautions of the railroads or their employes.

We mistake it if Messrs. Pfeiffer & Schlatter do uot cause an investigation and make it costly for some one.

Humors run riot in the blood at this season. Hood's Sarsaparilla expels every impurity and vitalizes and enriches the blood.

It is unlucky to enter a house with the left foot forward.

The Census Will Show Less Deafness

WASHINGTON, June 1.—It is claimed that there will be considerable falling off in the percentage of deaf people in the census of 1890, owing to the extended use of the sound disc invented by a citizen of Bridgeport, Conn., named H. A. Wales.

New wheat never ruined as many men as old rye.—[*Exchanye.*

100 Ladies Wanted,

And 100 men to call on any druggist for a free trial package of Lane's Family Medicine, the great root and herb remedy, discovered by Dr. Silas Lane while in the Rocky Mountains. For diseases of the blood, liver and kidneys it is a positive cure. For constipation and clearing up the complexion it does wonders. Children like it. Everyone praises it. Large size package, 50 cents. At all druggists'.

GEN. WILLIAM B. FRANKLIN, United States Commissioner to the Paris Exposition, says: "The American exhibit will be much finer and more extensive than we at first anticipated. There will be a general representation of industrial, manufacturing and business lines. American inventive genius will play an important part in the general exposition."

LOOSE'S EXTRACT

RED CLOVER BLOSSOM

THE GREAT Blood Purifier.

PURE AND EFFICACIOUS.

TRADE MARK

IT CURES

Cancers, Humors, Sores, Ulcers, Swellings, Tumors, Abscesses, Blood Poisoning, Salt Rheum, Catarrh, Erysipelas, Rheumatism, and all Blood and Skin Diseases.

PRICE, $1 per Pint Bottle, or 6 Bottles for $5. 1 lb. can Solid Extract $2.50.

J. M. LOOSE RED CLOVER CO., Detroit, Mich.

For sale by Dreier Bros.,

Arrival and Departure of Trains.

PENNSYLVANIA COMPANY.

Under Schedule in Effect May 12, 1889.

Trains leave the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago station at Fort Wayne as follows:

(STANDARD TIME.)

EASTBOUND—For Pittsburg, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia and New York *5:20 a. m., †1:40 p. m., *8:20 p. m., *9:00 p. m.

Crestline accommodation, †7:00 a. m.

WESTBOUND—For Chicago, *5:15 a. m., †11:40 a. m., *5:20 p. m., *1:45 a. m. Chicago accommodation leaves at 8:30 a. m. For Plymouth, †4:00 p. m.

*Daily.

†Daily, except Sunday.

NEW YORK, CHICAGO & ST. LOUIS R. R.

GOING EAST		GOING WEST
Lv 2 00 p m	Express	Lv 2 00 p m
Lv 6 10 a m	Accommodation	Lv 6 45 a m

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN.
[Fort Wayne Division.]

FROM NORTH		GOING NORTH
10 30 a m—Ar	—Cincinnati Ex.....—	Lv
	Detroit Ex	" 4 40 p m
3 40 p m	"—Detroit Fx	" 11 30 a m
5 20 p m	"—Way Freight.....	" 6 40 a m

All trains daily except Sunday.

FT. WAYNE, CINCINNATI & LOUISVILLE AND WHITE WATER R. R.

The direct line to and from Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis and Fort Wayne.
[Fort Wayne Time Table.]

Going South.	Arrives
5 30 a m—Ft. Wayne Accommodation—	9 30 a m
10 45 a m—Cin & Louville mail and ex—	4 20 pm
5 30 p m—Indianapolis express.....	10 00 p m

P. E. COX,

PRACTICAL

Sanitary Plumber,

Has opened a shop at

No. 29 West Main Street.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED AT

Reasonable Prices

EXTRA

OT.

LETTERS FROM THE GOVERNORS.

It is a well-known fact that POND'S EXTRACT is used and recommended by more distinguished people than any preparation or remedy extant.

It is used in the household of the President as well as that of the humblest citizen; by members of the army and the navy, the Bar and the Bench, the pulpit and the press—all ranks and classes of people. To further illustrate this fact we append a few of the more recent letters from Governors of different States:

The Governor of New Hampshire.

GENTLEMEN: I have used POND'S EXTRACT in my family for several years, and have found it a most desirable and valuable remedy. Yours truly, MOODY CURRIER.
Dec. 3, '87.

The Governor of Pennsylvania.

GENTS: POND'S EXTRACT has been a valued reliance in our family for several years, especially in relieving the aches, sprains and bruises incident to children.
Very truly yours,
Nov. 30, '87. JAMES A. BEAVER.

The Governor of New Jersey.

DEAR SIR: I have for many years used POND'S EXTRACT, and have derived great benefit and relief therefrom. Yours truly,
Dec. 5, '87. R. S. GREEN.

The Lt.-Governor of Illinois.

GENTLEMEN: POND'S EXTRACT has long had a place in the medicine chest of my family. I assure you that we have found it a ready and valuable agent to relieve pain in many cases, and that very promptly. We cannot well keep house without it.
I am, truly yours,
Oct. 10, '87. J. C. SMITH,

POND'S EXTRACT is invaluable for all kinds of Pain, Inflammation and Hemorrhages.

Excellence invites imitation. Beware of worthless imitations of POND'S EXTRACT.

DIETER'S CROWN BAKING POWDER

Recommended by the highest medical and chemical authorities, who testify to its absolute purity, wholesomeness and wonderful strength. Every can guaranteed to do the work of any other baking powder costing twice as much. Every can guaranteed to give satisfaction, or purchase money refunded.

1 lb. Can, 30c.; ½ lb., 16c.; ¼ lb., 8c.

If your dealer does not keep Crown, do not let him persuade you to buy some other he claims to be just as good, but ask him to oblige you by getting

DIETER'S CROWN BAKING POWDER.

Tutt's Pills

CURE

Malaria, Dumb Chills, Fever and Ague, Wind Colic, Bilious Attacks.

They produce regular, natural evacuations, never gripe or interfere with daily business. As a family medicine, they should be in every household.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

JOHN LILLIE,

Successor to Lillie & Munson, dealer in

White Lime, Cement,

Sewer Pipe and Building Material

Generally.

CALHOUN ST.,

Opposite Nickel Plate Passenger Depot.

S. BREIDENSTEIN.

Real Estate & Loans

26 Court Street.

Watch his bulletin for some special bargains.

FINE MEATS.

J. N. PFEIFFER,

44 WEST BERRY STREET,

Has one of the BEST MEAT MARKETS in the City. SPECIAL PRICES are given on Boiling Meats and Roasts. Elegant Corn Beef, Sausage and Lard. Everything sold at reasonable prices.

JOHN W. MULDOON,

Practical Painter!

Sign painting, graining and papering. Hard oil finishing and wall painting a specialty. No. 12 East Berry Street

Low Rates to California.

Begining June 1, and continuing daily until further notice, the Wabash railway will sell circuit tourists tickets to San Francisco, Los Angeles, and San Diego, Cal., at the amazingly low rate of $100 for the round trip. These tickets will be good for first-class passage and limited to [illegible]

E. F. SITES, DENTIST,
No. 74 Calhoun St., Fort Wayne, Ind

Opposite the Aveline House over the Model Drug Store.

J. S. McCURDY,

D·E·N·T·I·S·T

OFFICE—Room 15, over First National Bank. [illegible]

BUY

Challenge Bran

SUGAR - CURED - HAM

ENGLISH BREAKFAST BACON

AND EXTRA NO. 1

FAT SHORE MACKEREL

PYKE'S GROCERY

80 CALHOUN STREET.

L. O. HULL,

WALLPAPER

And Ceiling Decorations

In every quality from the cheapest to the best. Call and examine goods whether you want to buy or not. We offer you first, courteous treatment; second, the lowest prices; third, the greatest variety. We are recognized leaders in the

ARTISTIC DECORATION OF WALLS AND CEILINGS!

We can show you finer WORK than any firm in the city, and more of it than all others put together. When we complete a handsome piece of decorating, the would-be decorators send up their voices in cho us, "me too," "me too," and then try to copy our work. "Imitation is the sincerest flattery," but it takes time even to imitate. Hence, they give you now the style of papering and decorating we did last year. We give you new styles and charge no more than parties who try to learn the art of decorating at your expense, by experimenting on your work.

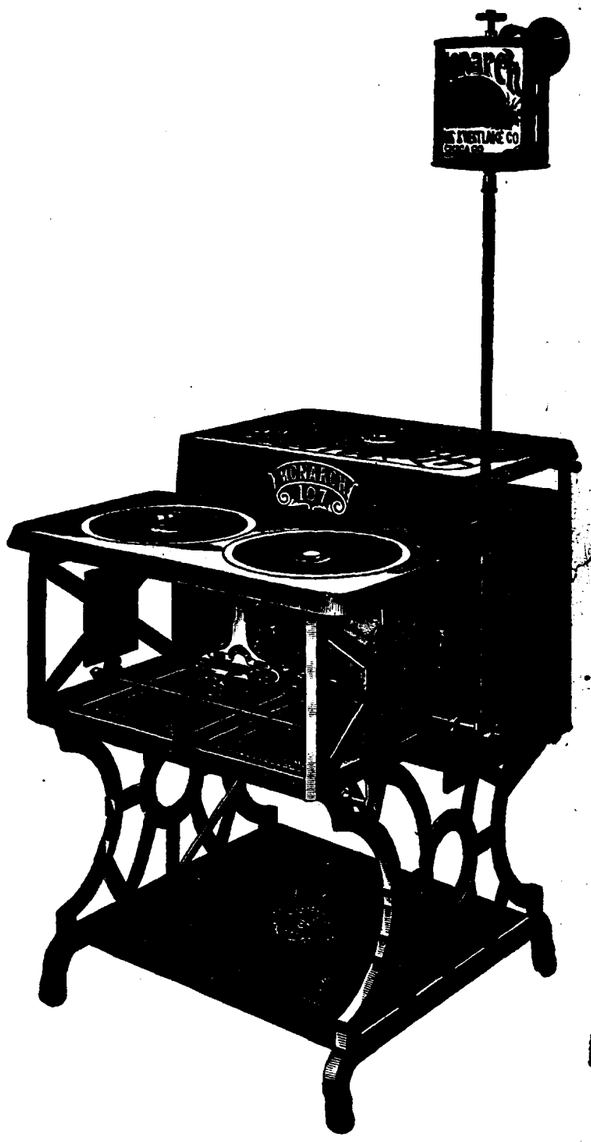
Lincrusta Walton, Papier Mache, Artists' Materials, Window Curtains, Paints, Oils, Brushes, Glass, Paper Hanging.

HOUSE, SIGN & FRESCO PAINTING.

90 Calhoun Street, Fort Wayne, Ind

TELEPHONE, 285.

MONARCH



GASOLINE STOVE.

We desire to announce to our friends and patrons that we have an entirely

New Vapor Stove,

For 1889, embodying every new feature that practical experience has demonstrated to be of real value to the user, simple in construction and easy to manage.

CALL AND SEE IT

Before Buying.

GRUBER & GRAY,

364 Calhoun Street.

—FOR YOUR—

SPRING CLOTHING

—GO TO—

J. W. FOWLES

Merchant Tailor,

Fashionable Tailoring.

Moderate Prices. A Full Line of Spring Suitings Just Received.

No. 64 Barr street, near Berry,

Fort Wayne, Ind.

WATER WORKS.

Bath Tubs, Pumps, Rubber Hose, etc.

—AT—

C. W. BRUNS & CO., PLUMBERS.

J. M. E. RIEDEL.

ARCHITECT.

ABOVE SCHANZ'S GALLERY.

112 CALHOUN ST. - FORT WAYNE, IND.

The Oldest Firm and Most Reliable in the City,

Wing & Mahurin,

ARCHITECTS.

27 Calhoun Street. Jan 25

FRANK B. KENDRICK,

ARCHITECT.

[illegible] CALHOUN

...ION LETTER.

...DISSERTATION ON DRESS.

Mannerisms of Stylish Women—Pretty Feminine Costumes—Useful Suggestions to the Fair Sex About Dress.

[NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.]

IN time of trouble we women must be strong. It is always so. When John comes home wild-eyed, his hair half pulled out, and his mustache combed up one side and down the other; when he paces the floor or flops with his head buried in our lap, and says world has reached an end, that his ...came in behind, that his cashier has ...ed, that his consulship has been given ...ther man, that his last great book ...en returned, that his play is a fail-...nd that he wants to die, of course ...e must be strong and firm, and full of ...and courage. That *is* the time he *is* ...the clinging-vine business, and we ...be the oak. But when things go well, ...all best please him, best hold him, ...e sure of him, by remembering how ...the man likes to have his chiefship, ...ength, his muscle, his manliness em-...ized by dependence, curves, frou-frous ...femininity in us. We will bring all this ...in the pretty house gowns that have be-...fashionable, won't we?

...! I come right down to descriptions ...e sketches I have made? Number one ...a princess back fitting closely, and is ...e of richly heavy silk, with a pale ...ound, and flowered in harmonizing pale ...ors. Revers in front are of velvet, taking the darkest shade found in this silk, and the girdle also is of velvet. The front of the ...n is lace—the very daintiest, cobwebbi-

est lace—over plain silk of either the shade of the ground of the other silk, or, if you want to be very French, a shade to match some other delicate one found in the flowering. This color, you see, will gleam through the lace. Now, if you can afford it, have the flowering of the lace painted (or do the painting yourself), using only such shades as are found in the silk used for the back of the dress. If you don't like, or can't afford painted lace, outline the design in the lace with silk floss, using the colors suggested, with now and then, to give character to the design, a shade to match the velvet used in the costume. Is not the idea pretty? Suppose your dominant color be pale-green. That is the ground of the material used for the back. The color under the lace should be palest pink found in the roses with which your other silk is sprinkled, and the velvet a rich red wood-brown, like the darkest shade in the stem of the roses. Your hair, you know, is this rich wood-brown with the reddish tone in it, and your eyes are the deep gray that takes a greenish hue when it gets encouragement from your gown, and your skin is pale and clear, and catches a rose tint from the silk under the lace. With this gown and a smile, don't you think you can make John glad again that he married you, and make John's friends wish they were John? About the other dresses I will leave you to yourself. Only remember how well the style lends itself to the using over of old dresses and lace. Be pretty. Be always well dressed. Be charming. But don't mix that up with being extravagant.

It is a good thing for women that fashion has of late years turned our attention to house gowns. Nowhere should a woman look more charming than in her own home. Nowhere is she in an atmosphere more calculated to suggest about her all the charm of femininity in its best and sweet-

est way. The "tea-gown" is or may be a triumph for all of us. It combines the simplicity, the suggestion of "at home" and the repose of a wrapper without the dishabille of that garment, with the elegance in texture of a ball gown, without the formality of such a one. Of all modern gowns invented and accomplished, it may best suggest the breathing woman inside. It makes ... use of such natural curves as may be ...ed without the support of stays, and ...ests the freedom and comfort of the ... figure without looseness. There is al-...ys that awful "floppiness" about a woman ... without stays on, puts herself into an ...ary modern cut dress. No matter how ...tiful her figure may be, the darts which ...ded the bodice to adjust itself to a cor-... make her look square and clumsy. ... is an ugly break below the breast ... which is immodest besides being un-... The bodice, not being cut to ac-...date the constantly changing curves ... unscorseted form, is straining first at ... then at another. Let me utter ... right here against those "unconven-... women who think themselves furth-... the cause of health and beauty by ... without stays, and yet wearing the ... gown. I will acknowledge at once ... unscorseted figure is the more ..., if properly draped, and I will point ... pride to the three gowns here dis-...

... gowns, all of them, and all of ... fashions, are on the cut Bernhardt ... made popular—the cut which ... best to suiting all women, all ... and all occasions. It is easily ... to a ball dress, but it is most ... a house dress. It gives fabrics a ... it gives a woman a chance, too. ... her, it suits her charmingly. ... the under part across the ... turned-back revers, as in my ... will give breadth to the ... and edge of bodice ... line; while the straight ... will back on the hips ... that length of limb ... and deli-... and undraped in ... drapery that ... and ... and ... and ...

accomplish the ribbon act in a house gown, won't you?—*Daisy Dart, in Chicago Ledger.*

Unquestioning Authority.

Among the private memoirs of noted men of the last generation we frequently find incidents which illustrate strongly the singular difference between the training of boys now and that of a century ago.

The venerable Bishop Meade, of Virginia, for example, gives in his "Reminiscences" an account of an insurrection which took place at Princeton College while he was a student there, and in which he took part with such zeal that even in his old age he felt and said that no collegiate outbreak ever occurred in which there was less guilt on the part of the rebel boys.

One hundred and fifty students out of 200 revolted, and all of them were sent home. Young Meade, on reaching the homestead in Frederick County, vehemently poured forth the story of his wrongs to his mother, a high-spirited Virginia woman.

She listened in silence until the whole story had been told to the least detail; then she commanded him to return at once to the college, humbly acknowledge his errors to the faculty and ask to be taken back on the promise of future amendmenent.

"Nor," says the bishop, "did I hesitate to obey, for the habit of submission to her authority had been established since my earliest years."

Fifty other young men were thus peremptorily sent back by their parents, and went without remonstrance.

Mrs. Gen. Nelson, a personal friend of Washington, finding that two of her boys had run away from school to enter the army, beckoned them from the ranks while on the way to battle and ordered them to get into the family coach and accompany her home. From thence she sent them to Philadelphia to school. The significant point in this story is that it did not occur to either of the young men, nor to the officers commanding them, to dispute her authority.

Bishop Meade, writing half a century ago, declared that the day for such prompt, unquestioning obedience from adult children to parents was over. It is certainly long past now.

Whether it was a better system in all respects than that of the sympathy and confidence which usually exists in families of the higher class of the present day is not to be decided off-hand.

It is recognized by the proverbs of all countries that only the man who has been taught to obey knows how to command, and it is certain that the man whose authority led this country through her darkest straits into freedom and light had borne the ...

THESE HINTS ON WOMEN.

BY EVELIN THORP.

THERE are women made for themselves; women made for humanity; women made for men. The first are passionless, keenly, not widely intelligent, and have restless ambitions, ranging from rivalry in looks, clothes, children, and servants, to rivalry in looks, clothes, friends, horses and houses, and social position. They are believers in the seventh "Thou shalt not" of the Decalogue, and they are called good women. The nine other commandments they accept nominally, but have never thought much about. Their love for their husbands is the greed of possession; their love of their offspring the natural instinct of the lower organisms. They can be cruel as the grave to the ugly daughter, the husband who failed where others made millions, the once friend who was "imprudent, you know—so silly of her!" They have cold little souls, for the most part; and souls that grow colder and littler with the years and the gossip. They are merciless, but they are shrewd. They are unscrupulous at the last analysis, but they gain their ends. They are usually successful in that sphere of life to which they have called themselves. Their own sex, as a rule, approves of them in full. Men marry them and repent afterward.

The second kind are women large and slow-moving. Their eyes are dull; and they customarily do not know whether their bonnet strings are straight or awry. They have had one unhappy love affair in early life, and generally die unmarried. They have their ridiculous weaknesses and their sublime enthusiasms. They are turned to every possible use—like an old cow, whose very skin and horns can be put to some account—and they are guyed behind their backs. Every frenzied scheme for ameliorating a universe which has proved to them so sorry a place finds in them a wild support. They watch in sick rooms; they pace hospital wards; they Christianize little Indian boys; they lecture; they lead crazy causes. They are martyrs and heroines, and men call them "bores" and women "frumps."

The third kind are the women of the painters of the poets. They are creatures linked indissolubly in human imagination—like the glory of summer dawns, the lurid light of crimson sunsets—with all the romance and the rapture, the passion and the suffering of this world. They are made for love; they are mere shadows of what they can be—inanimate Galateas, undeveloped essences—till the love-day comes. Then they sink to any depths or rise to any heights. They have small interest in the pursuits of other women. They are not uncharitable toward their sex, but unstimulated by it. They seek the masculine principle in intellectual intercourse in their friendships, as by an unconquerable affinity. They understand men better than they understand women. They feel instinctively that men understand them better, do them more justice. They may render the men who marry them supremely happy or supremely wretched, but they never bore them. They make ghastly blunders, which their colder sisters dexterously avoid. But at their best no man is worthy of them. And, best or worst, other women hate them.

On Record, Anyhow.

"Our heart is heavy to-day," wrote the editor of the Purple Springs *Enunciator*. "George J. Sebastapol, whom we have long known and admired, is dead. In the flush and glory of his manhood, when the future seemed as resplendent as an angel's dream, the rain of death came sobbing to the doorway of his brilliant career, and the Phantom Boatman ferried him across the black river. Poor George! This day there will be weeping in the little home on the hill, where a gray-haired mother kisses the cold brow of her lost one; where a weeping wife bends above the still form and fondles the dear hands that were wont to lovingly caress her; where beautiful children try in vain to coax from the dumb lips a loving word—from whence loving words were as a river. It is hard that the misty twilight of death should so soon blot out the golden glow of the morning; it is hard that the anthem should be broken by a sob, that the dirge may be commenced; it is hard that the dead blades of the grave grass should quiver over feet that should for years press the green verdure of the summer. Poor George! Generous, noble and honest; charitable, affectionate and true; a sunbeam in the gloom of humanity; a beacon gleaming in the blackness of this world. Not alone will your wife and mother weep over your grave; scores who have loved and known you will kneel by your last resting place in the solemn twilight, and their tears will tell Heaven how they miss you. Later: Our information concerning the death of Mr. Sebastapol was wrong. He is alive and enjoying excellent health. We hope that George will at once call at this office and pay the $3 due us on subscription. His account has been running for two years, and, as we are greatly in need of money, he will oblige us by making a prompt remittance."—*Lincoln (Neb.) Journal.*

The Judge's Little Game.

Judge Bricker, one of the oldest Representatives of the Pennsylvania Legislature from Clarion County, has a novel way of entertaining his friends on Sundays at Harrisburg. The Judge's apartments are modest, and the first man to arrive there gets the chair. The rest that come sit on the bed and the wood-box. Then the Judge reaches under the bed and drags out a home-made hunk of smoked beef, opens his buckhorn jackknife and chips off a sliver of the beef. Then he passes the beef and the knife to the guest next to him, and the guest chips a piece off the hunk and passes it and the knife along until all are served. By the time the hunk has gone the rounds of the guests two or three times the guests are ready for the Judge to skirmish under the bed again and come out with a curious-looking bit of earthenware with a small neck. This contains what the Judge declares is Clarion County cider. To show that it is safe he takes a drink from the jug and passes it to the guest nearest him, as he did the beef. The jug goes the rounds a couple of times, and then the party rests a few minutes while the Judge tells a hunting story. After ... for the next Sunday. Then the meeting adjourns.—*Washington letter.*

The New First Reader.

LESSON I.

"See how pleased the man is! Has he heard some good news?"

"No; but he has come down to telegraph his friends up the country that he is about to pay them a two weeks' visit. He has heard that fishing is extra good up there this year."

"Ah! but he has received a telegram himself! Why does his countenance change so suddenly?"

"It is a telegram from his friends up the country. They have heard that shooting is unusually good in the city this spring, and they are coming down to stay a fortnight with him."

LESSON II.

"See the men—how the enjoy themselves. There are seven of them, and they are smoking, telling stories, and taking a happy rest. Have they nothing to do?"

"Not just now. They are house-painters, and the boss is gone."

"But he will return?"

"Oh, yes. One of them is ascending the ladder now to see if he can catch sight of him."

"But why does every man spring for his brush and begin work and look so ambitious?"

"Because the boss is only a block away. He came very near catching them that time, but he will arrive to be disappointed."

"Is the life of a house-painter full of anxiety?"

"It is. Between waiting for quitting time and dodging the boss he seldom gets an hour's comfort."

LESSON III.

"Does the man jaw?"

"He does. He says the grocer ought to be sent to State Prison."

"What has the grocer done?"

"Gave him fifteen ounces for a pound."

"But that was very wrong."

"So it was, but the grocer knew to whom he was selling."

"Who is the man?"

"He is the inventor of the peck peach basket, which holds only six quarts. He laughs and grows fat when he thinks of it, but when some one tries a trick on him it is a horse of another color."

LESSON IV.

"The poor old woman! See how feeble she is!"

"Yes, she is old and feeble."

"She is going to the postoffice. Perhaps she hopes for a letter from her son."

"No doubt. Let us follow her and see if her hopes are fulfilled. Ah! but she turns away from the window with a look of grief in her face as the clerk says: 'No, ma'am, there is no letter here for Birdie McShane. Your feller has probably caught onto another girl.'"

LESSON V.

"Be careful and do not collide with the child."

"I see him and will take care. Poor thing! But how ragged and dirty and tired he is! He is evidently a lost child!"

"Let me ask that man about him."

"What did the man say? Is the child lost?"

"Oh, no. His mother has so much to do with charities that she has to let him run loose and go hungry. He says we ought to see the other five if we think this one looks lonesome."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Some Big Bridges.

Coalbrookdale bridge, England, is the first cast-iron bridge. It was built over the Severn in 1779.

The covered bridge at Pavia, over the Ticine, was built in the fourteenth century. The roof is held by 100 granite columns.

The bridge at Havre de Grace, over the Susquehanna, is 3,271 feet long, and is divided into twelve wooden spans, resting on granite piers.

The bridge of Holy Trinity at Florence was built in 1569. It is 322 feet long, constructed of white marble, and stands unrivaled as a work of art.

The cantilever bridge, over the Niagara, is built almost entirely of steel. Its length is 810 feet, the total weight is 3,000 tons, and the cost was $900,000.

The Rialto, at Venice, is said to have been built from the designs of Michael Angelo. It is a single marble arch, 98½ feet long and was completed in 1591.

The Bridge of Sighs at Venice, over which condemned prisoners were transported from the hall of judgment to the place of execution, was built in 1589.

The bridge at Burton, over the Trent, was formerly the longest bridge in England, being 1,545 feet. It is now partly removed. Built in the twelfth century.

Tay Bridge, old bridge over the Tay at Dundee, destroyed December 28, 1879. New bridge about two miles long, has 85 piers; height above water 77 feet.

The Niagara suspension bridge was built by Roebling in 1852-55 at a cost of $100,000. It is 245 feet above the water, 821 feet long, and the strength is estimated at 1,200 tons.

The new London Bridge is constructed of granite, from the designs of L. Rennie. It was commenced in 1824 and completed in about seven years, at a cost of $7,290,000.

Clifton suspension bridge, at Bristol, has a span of 703 feet at a height of 245 feet above the water. The carriage way is 20 feet wide and the footway 5½ feet wide. Cost, $500,000.

The Britannia Bridge crosses the Menal Strait, Wales, at an elevation of 103 feet above high water. It is of wrought iron, 1,511 feet long, and was finished in 1850. Cost, $3,000,000.

The Whole Truth.

The stupidity of servants is a trial to the most even-tempered mistresses, but it sometimes serves to amuse the other members of the household, says the *Youth's Companion*. There was a girl who belonged in the familiar catogory of "children and fools."

"If any one should call this afternoon, Mary, say that I am not well," said a mistress to a newly-engaged servant. "I'm afraid I ate a little too much of that rich pudding for dinner, and it, or something else, has brought on a severe headache. I am going to lie down."

A few moments later the mistress, from her room near the head of the stairs, heard Mary say to two aristocratic ladies who called for the first time:

"You'm. Mrs. B——is to home, but

TIGHT CLOTHING.

A Remedy for Womankind by a Woman Physician.

A young lady a few weeks ago applied to a physician for treatment. She suffered from continual headache, and had done so for years, and she had other troubles. The physician examined her thoroughly, and satisfied herself (the physician was a woman) as to the causes of the patient's maladies.

"I cannot treat you," said the doctor, "unless you will follow my instructions implicitly. But if you promise to do so, I think your health will improve immediately, and will soon be entirely restored."

The patient promised entire compliance with the instructions of the physician.

"The first thing for you to do is to take off your corsets, or wear them so loosely that your vital organs will not be at all compressed even when you take a full breath. Then suspend all your clothing from your shoulders, and have nothing hang from your hips. Procure a pair of low-heeled shoes about two sizes larger than you wear now. Give up drinking tea or coffee, or take them very weak. At first you may miss the stimulus, but only for a few days. Eat nourishing food at regular intervals and go to bed early and get your sleep out. Walk to and from your place of business so as to get all the exercise possible for you in the open air."

A little medicine was given the patient for some local trouble, but treatment was relied on for the main difficulties. She did exactly as her physician told her. In a few days she was free from headache, and in a few weeks she was enjoying a degree of health up to that time entirely unknown to her. The heart was able without check from tight clothing to do its work; her lungs had full play, and could purify the blood without hindrance from corset laces; the abdominal organs no longer crowded down upon the delicate organs below them, performed their functions without interfering with any other organs of the body; elasticity gradually came back to the step of the young woman, color came to her face, light to her eye, and cheerfulness born of good health to her heart.

The physician from whose mouth this statement was received averred that the good results this patient enjoyed were directly from the treatment she received and gave herself, and not from the medicine.—*N. Y. Star.*

Clear the Way

Without loss of time when the intestinal canal is blocked up by reason of constipation, chronic or temporary. It should be borne in mind that this ailment is prone to become lasting and obstinate, and breed other and worse complaints. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the precise remedy to remove the obstruction effectually, but without drenching or weakening the blockaded bowels, a consequence always to be apprehended from the use of violent laxatives, which are among the most pernicious of the cheap nostrums swallowed by the credulous and misinformed. The fiat of experience, and of the medical profession, sanctions the claims of this standard aperient. Not only as a source of relief and permanent regularity to the bowels, liver and stomach, but as a means of remedying and preventing kidney and bladder troubles, and fever and ague, it is without a peer.

Small Grapes.

It is a mistake to suppose that the imported articles called currents, used in fruit cakes, mince pies, plum puddings, buns, and the like, are a fruit resembling our own black or red currents dried. In reality these dried fruits which we call currents are just as much raisins as anything that is offered under that specific name, being only a dried grape, although of an exceedingly small variety, each grape no bigger than a common pea, and each bunch but two or three inches long. These little grape bunches are picked and dried in the sun, and are so full of saccharine matter that the exuding sugar crystallizes them into a compact form of sufficient hardness to require considerable strength to open the mass and prepare the fruit for packing.

WHAT is sweeter than roses
That bloom in the beauty of June?
Or the stately and fragrant lilies
Whose bells ring a summer tune?
Ah, sweeter the roses blowing
On the cheeks of those we love,
And the lily of health that's glowing
The cheeks' red rose above.

But how soon the lily and the rose wither in the faces of our American women? Why is it? Simply because so many of them are victims of weaknesses, irregularities, and functional derangements incidental to the sex. If they would use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription all these beauty and health-destroying ailments might be warded off, and we would hear less about women "growing old before their time."

TO REGULATE the stomach, liver, and bowels, Dr. Pierce's Pellets excel. One a dose.

THE right hand thumb of a hotel waiter is most unfortunate. It is frequently in the soup.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

100 Ladies Wanted,

And 100 men to call daily on any druggist for a *free* trial package of Lane's Family Medicine, the great root and herb remedy, discovered by Dr. Silas Lane while in the Rocky Mountains. For diseases of the blood, liver, and kidneys it is a positive cure. For constipation and clearing up the complexion it does wonders. Children like it. Everyone praises it. Large size package, 50 cents. At all druggists.

THE expression "busy as a bee" is sophistry. That honey-making humbug lives in luxurious idleness nearly two-thirds of the year.

HAVE you ever *tried* Dobbins' Electric Soap? It don't cost much for you to get *one bar* of your grocer, and see for yourself why it is *praised* by *so many*, after 24 years' steady sale. Be sure to get no imitation. There are lots of them.

THE proper thing to do when you have a surfeit of dust and heat is to surf it.

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Mild, equable climate, certain and abundant crops. Best fruit, grain, grass and stock country in the world. Full information free. Address the Oregon Immigration Board, Portland, Oregon.

Hood's Sarsaparilla 100 Doses One Dollar

All Tired Out from the depressing effect of the changing season, or by hard work and worry—you need the toning, building up, nerve-strengthening effect of Hood's Sarsaparilla to give you a feeling of health and strength again. It purifies the blood, cures biliousness, dyspepsia, headache, etc. Sold by all druggists. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

THE WORST WRECK, PHYSICALLY

Of any Man This Country Ever Saw, Cured.

JACKSON, Mich., October, 1888.

Rheumatic Syrup Co.

GENTLEMEN: In November, 1884, I was cut in the wrist by a broken bottle, from which I suffered extreme pain. I called a doctor who pronounced it sciatic rheumatism. He gave me a morphine injection in my right shoulder, which resulted in paralyzing my right side. I was kept under the influence of morphine until last March. My right leg and arm had become badly withered and my joints were so stiff that there was but little action in them. About that time I discontinued the use of morphine. About six weeks ago I first heard of your Rheumatic Syrup and was advised to try it. And here let me impress this fact upon your mind, that my right arm and leg were shrunken, paralyzed, and withered so much that I could hardly walk or swing along, and that but little, and attended with great effort and pain. Since I have been taking your Syrup I have left off the use of crutches entirely, and only use a cane, and for the past few days I often forget it and walk without any aid. To say that I am happy, and that it has greatly benefited me, but poorly expresses my idea of your Rheumatic Syrup.

Yours truly, C. D. DENIO.

Dealer in General Groceries, corner Trail and Mechanic Streets.

Mr. C. D. Denio is a man well known in this community, and was probably the worst wreck, physically, of any man this country ever saw. He was paralyzed from rheumatic poison, and no one ever expected he would get well. He is well, and it is simply marvelous. The above statement made by him is true, and may be fully relied upon. I am truly yours.

FRANK L. SMITH,
Ex-member State Legislature, and Proprietor Hurd House, Jackson, Mich.

Rheumatism IS CURED BY St Jacobs Oil

BALTO. MD. THE CHAS. A. VOGELER CO.

S.S.S.

S.S.S. My little boy, 5 years old, was sick with a disease for which doctors had no name. The nails came off his fingers, and the fingers came off to the middle joint. For 3 years he suffered dreadfully; is now getting well, and I am satisfied Swift's Specific is the chief cause of his improvement.

JOHN DEIHL,
Jan. 12, 1889. Peru, Ind.

POISONED BY A CALF—My little boy broke out with sores and ulcers, the result of the saliva of a calf coming in contact with a cut finger. The ulcers were deep and painful and showed no inclination to heal. I gave him Swift's Specific, and he is now well.

Feb. 15, '89. JOHN F. HEARD, Auburn, Ala.

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After spending Ten Winters South, was Cured by Scott's Emulsion.

146 Centre St., New York,
June 25th, 1888.

The Winter after the great fire in Chicago I contracted Bronchial affections, and since then have been obliged to spend nearly every Winter South. Last November was advised to try Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites, and to my surprise was relieved at once, and by continuing its use three months was entirely cured, gained flesh and strength and was able to stand even the Blizzard and attend to business every day. C. T. CHURCHILL.

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Percherons and French Coachers,

RESERVED FOR SPRING TRADE,

TO BE PLACED

On Sale March 25, 1889.

These Stallions were Prize Winners at the three great Horse Shows of France, 1888.

I have found each year that a number of my customers could not conveniently buy until late in the season, and it was to accommodate these that I last Fall made a reserve of Twenty of my Best Stallions, Old enough for Service, which will be placed on sale March 25. In doing my determination to so control my importations that I can offer purchasers a first-class Horse any day in the year.

A Satisfactory Breeding Guarantee given with Each Animal Sold.

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Mention this paper. Springfield, Mass.

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$5 TO $10 A DAY. AGENTS WANTED! CIRCULARS FREE. 1,000 Brewster's Safety Rein Holders given away to introduce them. Every horse owner buys from 1 to 6. Lines never under horses' feet. Send 25 cents in stamps to pay postage and packing for Nickel-Plated Sample that sells for $5c. Brewster Mf'g. Co., Holly, Mich.

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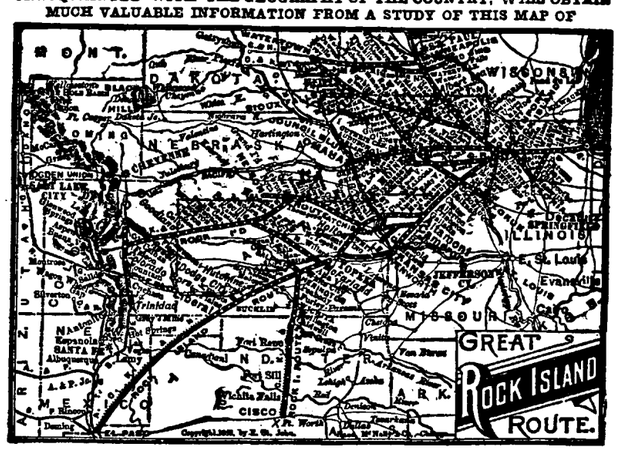
A MAN

UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF



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ONLY THE LORD'S MONEY.

A Saved Soul but a Lost Life—"Kiss Me, Farewell"—What One Mother Did.

A Saved Soul, but a Lost Life.

A well-known missioner was called, some time ago, to console a dying man. "You are not afraid to die?" asked the clergyman. "No," was the reply, "I am not afraid to die, but I am *ashamed* to die. The Lord has done great things for me, but I have done nothing for Him." His soul was saved, but His life was lost. There is nothing more pitiable than to see good men wasting time and talent in little, unworthy quarrels about pet dogmas, while their next door neighbor is going to the devil for the want of a strong arm of help, and a kind word of encouragement. It is not so much lost souls that Christ wants to rescue as lost lives. The man who boasts that his soul is saved and never feeds a poor body, or cheers a sad heart, is a living contradiction—an awful sham.—*The Young Man.*

The Lord's Money.

I have no propriety in the riches I possess. They are only lent me for a few years, to be dispensed and distributed as my great Lord and Master sees fit to appoint, viz., for the benefit of the poor and necessitous, which He has made His deputies to call for and receive His money at my hands. And this, indeed, is the best use I can put it to, for my own advantage, as well as theirs; for the money I bestow upon the poor I give to God to lay up for me, and I have His infallible word of promise for it, that it shall be paid to me again with unlimited interest out of His heavenly treasure, which is infinite, eternal, and inexhaustible. Hence it is that whensoever I see any fit object of charity, methinks I hear the Most High say to me: "Give this poor brother so much of my stock which thou hast in thy hand, and I will place it to thy account as given to myself.—*Bishop Beveridge.*

"Kiss Me,—Farewell."

More than thirty years ago, one lovely Sabbath morning, eight young men, students in a law school, were walking along the banks of a stream that flows into the Potomac River, not far from the city of Washington. They were going to a grove in a retired place to spend the hours of that holy day in playing cards. Each of them had a flask of wine in his pocket. They were the sons of praying mothers. As they were walking along amusing each other with idle jests, the bell of a church in a little village about two miles off began to ring. It sounded in the ears of those thoughtless young men as plainly as though it were only on the other side of the little stream along which they were walking.

Presently one of their number, whose name was George, stopped and said to his friend nearest to him, that he would go no further, but would return to the village and go to church. His friend called to their companions, who were a little ahead of him: "Boys, boys! come back here; George is getting religious. We must help him. Come on, and let us baptize him by immersion in the water."

In a moment they had formed a circle around him. They told him that the only way in which he could save himself from having a cold bath was by going with them. In a calm, quiet, but earnest way, he said:

"I know very well that you have power enough to put me in the water, and hold me there till I am drowned; and, if you choose, you can do so, and I will make no resistance; but listen to what I have to say, and then do as you think best.

"You all know that I am two hundred miles from home; but you do not know that my mother is a helpless, bedridden invalid. I never remember seeing her out of bed. I am her youngest child. My father could not afford to pay for my schooling; but our teacher is a warm friend of my father, and offered to take me without any charge. He was very anxious for me to come; but mother would not consent. The struggle almost cost her what little life was left to her. At length, after many prayers on the subject, she yielded and said I might go. The preparations for my leaving home were soon made. My mother never said a word to me on the subject until the morning when I came to leave. After I had eaten my breakfast she sent for me, and asked if everything was ready. I told her all was ready, and I was only waiting for the stage. At her request I kneeled beside her bed. With her loving hands upon my head she prayed for her youngest child. Many and many a night since then have I dreamed the whole scene over. It is the happiest recollection of my life. I believe that until the day of my death I shall be able to repeat every word of that prayer. Then she spoke to me thus:

"My precious boy, you do not know, you never can know, the agony of a mother's heart at parting, for the first time, from her youngest child. When you leave home you will have looked [illegible] the last time this side of the grave, [illegible] the face of her who loves you as no [illegible] mortal does or can. Your father [illegible] about the expense of your mak[illegible] for the two years you [illegible] I cannot possibly [illegible] Every Sabbath morning from 10 to 11 o'clock, I will spend the hour in praying for you. Wherever you may be during this sacred hour, when you hear the church bells ringing, let your thoughts come back to this chamber, where your dying mother will be agonizing in prayer for you. But I hear the stage coming. Kiss me—farewell!"

"Boys, I never expect to see my mother again on earth. But, by the help of God, I mean to meet her in Heaven."

As George ceased speaking the tears were streaming down his cheeks. He looked at his companions. Their eyes were all filled with tears.

In a moment the ring which they had formed about him was opened. He passed out and went to church. He had stood up for the right against great odds. They admired him for doing what they had not courage to do. They all followed him to church. On the way there, each of them quietly threw away his cards and his wine flask. Never again did any of these young men play cards on the Sabbath.

From that day they all became changed men. Six of them died Christians, and are now in Heaven. George is an able Christian lawyer in Iowa; and his friend, the eighth of the party, who wrote this account, has been for many years an earnest, active member of the church.

Here were eight men converted by the prayers of that good, Christian woman, and if we only knew all the results of their examples and their labors, we should have a good illustration of the influence of a mother's prayers.—*Bible Models.*

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

The Duke had a high opinion of the military genius of the first Napoleon. Of all his marshals he thought Massena the ablest, but even he was not comparable with his master. There was no soldier in whose presence it was so fatal to make a mistake as in that of Napoleon. His weakness was that he lacked the patience to fight a defensive campaign. It was to this defect mainly that the Duke attributed the ruinous failure of the Russian invasion. Napoleon here attempts to crowd into a single campaign the work of two or even three, and to a similar impatience the Duke assigns the success with which, after Leipzig, the allied armied baffled the efforts of Napoleon to defend Paris. None the less, the Duke was of opinion that Napoleon's military genius was never seen more brilliantly than in this unsuccessful campaign. "The study of it," he said, "has given me a greater idea of his genius than any other. Had he continued that system a little while longer, it is my opinion that he would have saved Paris. But he wanted patience—he did not see the necessity of adhering to defensive warfare—I have been obliged to do it for many months together—and he threw himself impudently in the rear of the allies. Then, of course, they marched to Paris.

This opinion was given in the presence of that high military authority, the omniscient Crocker, who took it upon himself to dispute the virdict of the Duke. In his valuable opinion, the strategy of the French Emperor exhibited a remarkable want of skill. "I can only say," replied the Duke "that my opinion of the campaign is what I have stated. In it Bonaparte beat the Austrains, Prussians, and Russians—different armies—always with the same troops; and I have had experience enough to know how very exact a man must be in his calculations, and how very skilful in his manœuvres, to be able to do that."—*New York Evening Post.*

IMPERIAL HOUSEHOLD DISCIPLINE

The London *Standard* tells how discipline is maintained in Germany's royal household: "The other day the Emperor, busied in his own room, heard a violent tumult in the nursery, and speedily made his way to the scene. When he entered the Crown Prince and Prince Eitel drew themselves up and saluted their father in the military fashion, as is their wont. 'What is all this noise about?' asked the Emperor. 'A slight dispute, sire,' said his eldest son, 'and I was obliged to let my brother know who is Crown Prince in this establishment.' 'Good,' said his majesty; 'I see what you mean, I think it will be as well if I let you know who is Emperor in this particular family,' and he forthwith administered a punishment which impressed itself on the mind and also on the body of the Crown Prince in a manner highly suggestive of the possibilities of the situation."

THEY WOULD BE SO NICE.

The ladies of —— Church were packing a box of clothing to send to the wife of a Western missionary.

Mrs. A.—My dear Mrs. B., what can you be thinking of to send off these lovely stockings of yours? The very newest color, too!

Mrs. B.—It does break my heart to part with them, and I shouldn't think of it if I hadn't just read something about the dye stuff they use to get this particular shade being liable to poison one frightfully.

Mrs. A.—Oh, horrors! Let's get them out of our hands quick! Here, there's room for them right down in this corner.—*Munsey's Weekly.*

THE BEST FIRE RESISTERS.

Investigations of fire ruins show that porous terra cotta bricks and blocks best resist fire, water, and frost; next to these in the order of fire resisting qualities being the [illegible] concretes, or some of them, and [illegible] clay work. In the best building [illegible] part is [illegible] file or brick work [illegible] construction; the [illegible] with vitreous tile, slate, [illegible]

NEED OF CLEANSING.

SUBJECT OF DR. TALMAGE'S TABERNACLE SERMON ON SUNDAY.

The Attempts of Poor Weak Humanity to Make Itself Clean Before God Are Not Successful—The Lord Himself Must See to the Cleansing.

Text.—"If I wash myself with snow water, and should I cleanse my hands in alkali, yet shalt thou plunge me in the ditch, and mine own clothes shall abhor me."—Job ix, 30, 31.

Albert Barnes—honored be his name on earth and in Heaven—went straight back to the original writing of my text, and translated it as I have now quoted it, giving substantial reasons for so doing. Although we know better, the ancients had an idea that in snow water there was a special power to cleanse, and that a garment washed and rinsed in it would be as clean as clean could be; but if the plain snow water failed to do its work, then they would take lye or alkali and mix it with oil, and under that preparation they felt that the last impurity would certainly be gone. Job, in my text, in most forceful figure sets forth the idea that all his attempts to make himself pure before God were a dead failure, and that, unless we are abluted by something better than earthly liquids and chemical preaprations, we are loathsome and in the ditch. "If I wash myself with snow water, and should I cleanse my hands in alkali, yet shalt thou plunge me in the ditch, and mine own clothes shall abhor me."

You are now sitting for your picture. I turn the camera obscura of God's word full upon you, and I pray that the sunshine falling through the skylight may enable me to take you just as you are. Shall it be a flattering picture, or shall it be a true one? You say: "Let it be a true one." The first profile that was ever taken was taken three hundred and thirty years before Christ, of Antigonus. He had a blind eye, and he compelled the artist to take his profile so as to hide the defect in his vision. But since that invention, three hundred and thirty years before Christ, there have been a great many profiles. Shall I to-day give you a one-sided view of yourselves, a profile, or shall it be a full length portrait, showing you just what you are? If God will help me by His almighty grace, I shall give you that last kind of a picture.

When I first entered the ministry I used to write my sermons all out and read them, and run my hand along the line lest I should loose my place. I have hundreds of those manuscripts. Shall I ever preach them? Never; for in those days I was somewhat over-mastered with the idea I heard talked all around about, of the dignity of human nature, and I adopted the idea, and I evolved it, and I illustrated it, and I argued it; but coming on in life, and having seen more of the world, and studied better my Bible, I find that that early teaching was faulty, and that there is no dignity in human nature, until it is reconstructed by the grace of God. Talk about vessels going to pieces on the Skerries, off Ireland! There never was such a shipwreck as in the Gihon and the Hiddekel, rivers of Eden, where our first parents foundered. Talk of a steamer going down with five hundred passengers on board! What is that to the shipwreck of fourteen hundred million souls? We are by nature a mass of uncleanness and putrefaction, from which it takes all the omnipotence and infinitude of God's grace to extricate us. "If I wash myself with snow water, and should I cleanse my hands in alkali, yet shalt thou plunge me in the ditch, and my own clothes shall abhor me."

I remark, in the first place, that some people try to cleanse their soul of sin in the snow water of fine apologies. Here is one man who says: "I am a sinner; I confess that; but I inherited this. My father was a sinner, my grandfather, my great-great-grandfather, and all the way back to Adam, and I couldn't help myself." My brother, have you not, every day in your life, added something to the original estate of sin that was bequeathed to you? Are you not brave enough to confess that you have sometimes surrendered to sin, which you ought to have conquered? I ask you whether it is fair play to put upon our ancestry things for which we ourselves are personally responsible? If your nature was askew when you got it, have you not sometimes given it an additional twist? Will all the tombstones of those who have preceded us make a barricade high enough for eternal defenses? I know a devout man who had blasphemous parentage. I know an honest man whose father was a thief. I know a pure man whose mother was a waif of the street. The hereditary tide may be very strong, but there is such a thing as stemming it. The fact that I have a corrupt nature is no reason why I should yield to it. The deep stains of our soul can never be washed out by the snow water of such insufficient apology.

Still further, says some one: "If I have gone into sin, it has been through my companions, my comrades and associates; they ruined me. They taught me to drink. They took me to the gambling hell. They plunged me into the house of sin. They ruined my soul." I do not believe it. God gave to no one the power to destroy you or me. If a man is destroyed he is self destroyed, and that is always so. Why did you not break away from them? If they had tried to steal your purse, you would have knocked them down; if they had tried to purloin your gold watch, you would have riddled them with shot; but when they tried to steal your immoral soul, you placidly submitted to it. Those bad fellows have a cup of fire to drink; do not pour your cup in it. In this matter of the soul, every man for himself. That those persons are not fully responsible for your sin, I prove by the fact that you still consort with them. You cannot get off by blaming them. Though you gather up all these apologies; though there were a great flood of them; though they should come down with the force of the melting snows from Lebanon, they could not wash out one stain of your immoral soul.

Still further, some persons apologize for their sins by saying: "We are a great deal better than some people. You see people all around about us that are a great deal worse than we." You stand up columnar in your integrity, and look down upon those who are postrate in their habits and crimes. What of that, my brother? If I failed through recklessness and wicked imprudence for ten thousand dollars, is the matter alleviated at all by the fact that somebody else has failed for one hundred thousand dollars, and somebody else for two hundred thousand dollars? Oh, no. If I have the neuralgia, shall I refuse medical attendance because my neighbor has virulent typhoid fever? The fact that his disease is worse than mine—does that cure mine? If I, through my foolhardiness, leap off into ruin, does it break the fall to know that others leap off a higher cliff into deeper darkness? When the Hudson river rail train went through the bridge at Spuyten Duyvil, did it alleviate the matter at all that instead of two or three people being hurt there were seventy-five mangled and crushed? Because others are depraved, is that any excuse for my depravity? Am I better than they? Perhaps they had worse temptations than I have had. Perhaps their surroundings in life were more overwhelming. Perhaps, O man, [illegible] under the same stress of [illegible] of sitting here to-[illegible] been looking [illegible] soul, in the [illegible] of despair. Ah, do not let us solace ourselves with the thought that other people are worse than we. Perhaps in the future, when our fortunes may change, unless God prevents it, we may be worse than they are. Many a man after thirty years, after forty years, after fifty years, after sixty years, has gone to pieces on the sand bars. Oh! instead of wasting our time in hypercriticism about others, let us ask ourselves the questions, Where do we stand? What are our sins? What are our deficits? What are our perils? What our hopes? Let each one say to himself: "Where will I be?" Shall I range in summery fields, or grind in the mills of a great night? Where? Where?"

Some winter morning you go out and see a snow bank in graceful drifts, as though by some heavenly compass it had been curved; and as the sun glints it the luster is almost insufferable, and it seems as if God had wrapped the earth in a shroud with white plaits woven in looms celestial. And you say: "Was there ever anything so pure as the snow, so beautiful as the snow?" But you brought a pail of that snow and put it upon the stove and melted it; and you found that there was a sediment at the bottom, and every drop of that snow water was riled; and you found that the snow bank had gathered up the impurity of the field and that after all it was not fit to wash in. And so I say it will be if you try to gather up these contrasts and comparisons with others, and with these apologies attempt to wash out the sins of your heart and life. It will be an unsuccessful ablution. Such snow water will never wash away a single stain of an immortal soul.

But I hear some one say: "I will try something better than that. I will try the force of a good resolution. That will be more pungent, more caustic, more extirpating, more cleansing. The snow water has failed, and now I will try the alkali of the good, strong resolution." My dear brother, have you any idea that a resolution about the future will liquidate the past? Suppose I owe you five thousand dollars and I should come to you to-morrow and say: "Sir, I will never run in debt to you again; if I should live thirty years, I will never run in debt to you again;" will you turn to me and say: "If you will not run in debt in the future, I will forgive you the five thousand dollars." Will you do that? No! Nor will God. We have been running up a long score of indebtedness with God. If for the future we should abstain from sin, that would be no defrayment of past indebtedness. Though you should live from this time forth pure as an archangel before the throne, that would not redeem the past. God in the Bible, distinctly declares that He "will require that which is past"—past opportunities, past neglects, past wicked words, past impure imaginations, past everything. The past is a great cemetery, and every day is buried in it. And here is a long row of three hundred and sixty-five graves. They are the dead days of 1888. Here is a long row of three hundred and sixty-five more graves, and they are the dead days of 1887. And here is a long row of three hundred and sixty-five more graves, and they are the dead days of 1886. It is a vast cemetery of the past. But God will rouse them all up with resurrectionary blast, and as the prisoner stands face to face with juror and judge, so you and I will have to come up and look upon those departed days face to face, exulting in their smile or cowering in their frown.

"Murder will out" is a proverb that stops too short. Every sin, however small, as well as great, will out. In hard times in England, years ago, it is authentically stated that a manufacturer was on the way, with a bag of money, to pay off his hands. A man infuriated with hunger met him on the road, and took a rail with a nail in it from a paling fence and struck him down, and the nail entering the skull instantly slew him. Thirty years after that the murderer went back to that place. He passed in the grave yard, where the sexton was digging a grave, and while he stood there the spade of the sexton turned up a skull, and, lo! the murderer saw a nail protruding from the back part of the skull; and as the sexton turned the skull, it seemed with hollow eyes to glare on the murderer; and he, first petrified with horror, stood in silence, but soon cried out, "Guilty! guilty! O God!" The mystery of the crime was over. The man was tried and executed. My friends, all the unpardoned sins of our lives, though we may think they are buried out of sight and gone into a mere skeleton of memory, will turn up in the cemetery of the past, and glower upon us with their misdoings. I say all our unpardoned sins. Oh, have you done the preposterous thing of supposing that good resolutions for the future will wipe out the past? Good resolutions, though they may be pungent and caustic as alkali, have no power to neutralize a sin, have no power to wash away a transgression. It wants something more than earthly chemistry to do this. Yea, yea, though "I wash myself with snow water, and should I cleanse my hands in alkali, yet shalt thou plunge me in a ditch, and mine own clothes shall abhor me."

You see from the last part of this text that Job's idea of sin was very different from that of Eugene Sue, or George Sand, or M. J. Michelt, or any of the hundreds of writers who have done up iniquity in mezzotint, and garlanded the winecup with eglantine and rosemary, and made the path of the libertine end in bowers of ease instead of on the hot flagging of eternal torture. You see that Job thinks that sin is not a flowery parterre; that it is not a tableland of fine prospects; that it is not music, dulcimer, violoncello, castanet and Pandean pipes, all making music togother. No. He says it is a ditch, long, deep, loathsome, stenchful, and we are all plunged into it, and there we wallow and sink and struggle, not able to get out. Our robes of propriety and robes of worldly profession are saturated in the slime and abomination, and our soul, covered over with transgression, hates its covering, and the covering hates the soul until we are plunged into the ditch, and our own clothes abhor us.

I know that some modern religionists caricature sorrow for sin, and they make out an easier path than the "pilgrim's progress" that John Bunyan dreamed of. The road they travel does not stop where John's did, at the city of Destruction, but at the gate of the university; and I am very certain that it will not come out where John's did, under the shining ramparts of the celestial city. No repentance, no pardon. If you do not, my brother, feel that you are down in the ditch, what do you want of Christ to lift you out? If you have no appreciation of the fact that you are astray, what do you want of him who came to seek and save that which was lost? Yonder is the City of Paris, the swiftest of the Inmans, coming across the Atlantic. The wind is abaft, so that she has not only her engines at work, but all sails up. I am on board the Umbria of the Cunard line. The boat davits are swung around. The boat is lowered. I get into it with a red flag, and cross over to where the City of Paris is coming, and I wave the flag. The Captain looks off from the bridge, and says: "What do you want?" I reply: "I come to take some of your passengers across to the other vessel; I think they will be safer and happier there." The Captain would look down with indignation and say: "Get out of the way, or I will run you down." And then I would back oars, amidst the jeering of two or three hundred people looking over the taffrail, [illegible] swain [illegible] command. The passengers run up and down the deck, and some pray, and all make a great outcry. The Captain says: "You have about fifteen minutes now to prepare for the next world." "No hope!" sounds from stem to stern and from the ratlines down to the cabin. I see the distress. I am let down by the side of the Umbria. I push off as fast as I can toward the sinking City of Paris. Before I come up people are leaping into the water in their anxiety to get to the boat, and when I have swung up under the side of the City of Paris, the frenzied passengers rush through the gangway until the officers, with ax and clubs and pistols, try to keep back the crowd, each waiting his turn to come next. There is but one life-boat, and they all want to get into it, and the cry is "Me next! me next!" You see the application before I make it. As long as a man going on in his sin feels that all is well, that he is coming out at a beautiful port, and has all sail set, he wants no Christ, he wants no help, he wants no rescue; but if under the flash of God's convicting spirit he shall see that by reason of sin he is dismasted and waterlogged, and going down into the trough of the sea where he cannot live, how soon he puts the sea glass to his eye and sweeps the horizon, and at the first sign of help cries out: "I want to be saved. I want to be saved now. I want to be saved forever." No sense of danger, no application for rescue.

Oh, that God's eternal spirit would flash upon us a sense of our sinfulness! The Bible tells the story in letters of fire, but we get used to it. We joke about sin. We make merry over it? What is sin? Is it a trifling thing? Sin is a vampire that is sucking out the life blood of your immortal nature. Sin? It is a Bastile that no earthly key ever unlocked. Sin? It is expatriation from God and Heaven. Sin? It is grand larceny against the Almighty, for the Bible ask s the question: "Will a man rob God?" answering it in the affirmative. This Gospel is a writ of replevin to recover property unlawfully detained from God.

In the Shetland Islands there is a man with leprosy. The hollow of the foot has swollen until it is flat on the ground. The joints begin to fall away. The ankle thickens until it looks like the foot of a wild beast. A stare unnatural comes to the eye. The nostril is constricted. The voice drops to an almost inaudible hoarseness. Tubercles blotch the whole body, and from them there comes an exudation that is unbearable to the beholder. That is leprosy, and we have all got it unless cleansed by the grace of God. See Leviticus. See II. Kings. See Mark. See Luke. See fifty Bible allusions and confirmations.

The Bible is not complimentary in its language. It does not speak mincingly about our sins. It does not talk apologetically. There is no vermillion in its style. It does not cover up our transgressions with blooming metaphor. It does not sing about them in weak falsetto; but if thunders out: "The imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth." "Every one has gone back. He has altogether become filthy. He is abominable and filthy, and drinketh in iniquity like water." And then the Lord Jesus Christ flings down at our feet this humiliating catalogue: "Out of the heart of men proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornication, murders, thefts, blasphemy." There is a text for your rationalists to preach from. Oh, the dignity of human nature! There is an element of your science of man that the anthropologist never has had the courage yet to touch; and the Bible, in all the ins and outs of the most forceful style, sets forth our natural pollution, and represents iniquity as a frightful thing, as an exhausting thing, as a loathsome thing. It is not a mere bemiring of the feet, it is not a more befouling of the hands; it is going down, head and ears under, in a ditch, until our clothes abhor us.

My brethren, shall we stay down where sin thrusts us? I shall not if you do. We cannot afford to. I have to-day to tell you that there is something purer than snow water, something more pungent than alkali, and that is the blood of Jesus Christ that cleanseth from all sin. Ay, the river of salvation, bright, crystalline and Heaven born, rushes through this audience with billowy tide strong enough to wash your sins completely and forever away. O Jesus, let the dam that holds it back now break, and the floods of salvation roll over us.

Let the water and the blood,
From thy side a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

Let us get down on both knees and bathe in that flood of mercy. Ay, strike out with both hands and try to swim to the other shore of this river of God's grace. To you is the word of this salvation sent. Take this largess of the divine bounty. Though you have gone down in the deepest ditch of libidinous desire and corrupt behavior, though you have sworn all blasphemies until there is not one sinful word left for you to speak, though you have been submerged by the transgressions of a lifetime, though you are so far down in your sin that no earthly help can touch your case—the Lord Jesus Christ bends over you to-day, and offers you his right hand, proposing to lift you up, first making you whiter than snow, and then raising you to glories that never die. "Billy," said a Christian boot-black to another, "when we come up to Heaven it won't make any difference that we've been boot-blacks here, for we shall get in, not somehow or other, but, Billy, we shall get straight through the gate." Oh, if you only knew how full and free and tender is the offer of Christ, this day you would all take him without one single exception; and if all the doors of this house were locked save one, and you were compelled to make egress by only one door, and I stood there and questioned you, and the Gospel of Christ had made the right impression upon your heart to-day, you would answer me as you went out, one and all: "Jesus is mine, and I am his!" Oh, that this might be the hour when you would receive him! It is not a Gospel merely for footpads and vagrants and buccaneers; it is for the highly polished and the educated and refined as well. "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." Whatever may be your associations, and whatever your worldly refinements, I must tell you, as before God I expect to answer in the last day, that if you are not changed by the grace of God, you are still down in the ditch of sin, in the ditch of sorrow, in the ditch of condemnation; a ditch that empties into a deeper ditch, the ditch of the lost. But blessed be God for the lifting, cleansing, lustrating power of His Gospel.

The voice of free grace cries, Escape to the mountain;
For all that believe, Christ has opened a fountain.
Hallelujah! to the Lamb who has brought us our pardon;
We'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan.

The Millennium's Coming.

The practice of going out between the acts is in a fair way of being effectually put an end to. A wife at one of the theaters the other evening when her husband made no move to go out between the acts said in surprise:

"Ain't you going out, dear?"

"Out where?"

"Why, out to see a man."

"No; those damned newspaper men have harped upon the thing so long that a man can't go out in the [illegible]

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

SERIOUS SUBJECTS CAREFULLY AND ABLY CONSIDERED.

A Scholarly Exposition of the Lesson—Thoughts Worthy of Calm Reflection—Half an Hour's Study of the Scriptures—Time Well Spent.

The lesson for Sunday, June 2, may be found in Mark 14: 55-65.

INTRODUCTORY.

We left Christ, in our last lesson, before Annas, the father-in-law of Caiaphas. There is a preliminary examination here, and it is while this is going on, it seems, that Peter first denies his Lord in the court without. Annas, John tells us, sends Christ "bound unto Caiaphas," the legal high priest, where the priests and scribes have come together for an informal council. It is this half legal trial that is presented to us in the lesson of to-day. Its irregularities and inclemencies are a sad commentary on the character of the Jewish rulers of the time. Their conclusion was a foregone one. They had already devoted Jesus to death.

WHAT THE LESSON SAYS.

The chief priests. The religious rulers of the Jews. There were twenty-four in all, one for each of the priestly orders.——*All the council.* It was composed also of scribes, who interpreted the law, and elders chosen from among the people, in all some three score and ten men.——*Sought.* Imperfect tense. *Kept seeking.* In the processes of their investigation.——*Witness* or *testimony* (*marturian*).——*To put him to death.* Literally, *unto his death* (*eis*), i. e., reaching to the death penalty, sufficient to condemn him to death. See variations.——*And found none.* The Greek is: *and they did not find.* They were seeking not for light but for an excuse for a deed already determined upon.

For. This word refers back to the *sought* rather than to the *found;* otherwise it seems misleading. They kept seeking witness against Jesus, for many were bearing false witness against him.——*False witness.* Perhaps telling absolute falsehoods. Such witnesses were often met with in the Oriental courts, and even among the Jews.——*Agreed not.* Literally, *The evidence was not consistent* (*isos*). The Mosaic law protected Christ, two independent testimonials being required, one agreeing with the other. A practical safeguard against deceit.

All the council sought for witnesses. It ought not to have been hard to find evidence as to the character of the accused. There were a great many in Jerusalem who knew him. There was the impotent man who had had an infirmity for thirty and eight years and lay at the Pool of Bethesda. He could testify about Jesus; yes, and now he could come when summoned, though so long a time unable to move hand or foot. There, too, was the man blind from birth. He was a native of Jerusalem and well known. He knows Jesus, and needeth not any longer that any one should lead him. Why not call him? Just outside the city there is little Bethany, wherein are Lazarus and Mary and Martha and Simon, the leper. Jesus *lived* with them. Why not send and get their testimony? There is the great multitude that heard him day after day, and were thrilled by his word and work. Why was it so difficult to get evidence? Ah, it was because of that little word "*against.*" Witness against Jesus there was none. Satan and the world have the same difficulty to-day. "Which of you convinceth me of sin?" A great *silence.*

Many bear false witness. Of false witnesses the world is full. Think of it, Christian, whether you testify *for* Christ or not, there are multitudes ready to bear false witness *against* him. No matter whether the testimony is according to fact or not, it is rendered, and unthinking, world-faring men are influenced by it. Many of us are not aware that the battle is on or that the question is being raised. But it is. There are thirty infidel clubs in East London alone. Dr. H. L. Hastings, speaking before the Chicago ministers' meeting, states that there are as many as a hundred such societies in England, sending out millions of false-witnessing publications every week. Miss Macpherson, whom some of us met in her late visit to America, says that there are whole streets in London that are infidel. But that is not the worst. On the continent they grow more and more God-defying. "I came here," said a French minister before the Presbyterian Assembly in Edinburgh, "to find you agitated over the question of singing hymns. In Paris we are discussing the question, 'Is there a God?'"

But neither so did their witnesses agree together. That is the difficulty with the adversaries. Their witnesses do not agree. Even when they speak of those things which are in some degree actual and true—as, for example, regarding biogenesis and evolution, their evidence is contradictory, save as it falls in line with God's eternal truth. As with the presumptuous architects of Babel, their tongues grow confused, and they destroy each other. Let the Christian apologist understand here his immense advantage under God. He has only to speak a testimony already given to him. The word of God is inherently true, thoroughly consistent with itself. The more we study it the more we find it agreeing with itself. "O, fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken!" "One jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass." Against the vagaries of men preach the Gospel of Christ. Send it broadcast, "that the world may *know* that thou hast sent me."

Answerest thou nothing? There is a time for silence, as surely as there are pearls as well as swine, and the proper place for each. When men are howling in futile rage; when they are gnashing their teeth in ineffectual wrath, we may let them alone. They are wounding themselves, destroying each the other. Why should Christ speak here when their witnesses agreed not together, and they were overwhelming themselves in humiliating defeat? But the time comes to break the silence. It is at the putting of the main question. There he speaks, and not indistinctly. Let the servant of the Lord know that there is a time to speak as well as a time to keep silent. Silence, then, would be disloyalty. Think of it. At the very time when the disciple was miserably denying his Lord, Jesus was with a divine courage acknowledging himself, and by that acknowledgment condemning himself to the tree.

And Jesus said I am. A book has been recently published upon the "*I Ams* of Christ." Study them. "I am the way." "I am the door." "I am the bread." "I am the vine." They are many and beautiful. They all go back to that grand, personal query, "Whom say ye that *I am?*" with its truthful answer, "Thou art the Christ." Yea, farther back still to that voice saying, "I am that I am." "Before Abraham was I am." It is the word of the Eternal. Whenever that voice speaks it is always with the calm, stately accents of Him who is from everlasting to everlasting. His Scripture is one great and gracious voice saying that *I am.* As some one says: "Every little while somebody starts up and upsets this book; and it is like upsetting a solid cube of granite. It is just as big one way as the other; and when you have upset it, it is right side up, and when you overturn it again, it is right side up still." It has one word of credential to the world, the word given to Moses. "Thus shalt thou say, '*I am* hath sent me."

What need we any further witnesses. No man ever claimed for Christ in power and divinity more than he claimed for himself. If he is on trial for declaring himself to be the Son of God, then it is from his own lips that the chief testimony shall be taken. Hear him: "I came forth from the Father and am come into the world, again I leave the world and go to the Father." Again: "Father, glorify thou me with thine own self, with the glory which I had with thee before the world was." There is never a moment's hesitancy. When asked as to his God-head he never falters, but declares openly the truth. "Art thou the Christ, the Son of the blessed?" The eyes of the council are upon him. "I am!" True, there is no further need of outside testimony. Let one go to Christ, and he hears it for himself—*I am.*

Next Lesson—"Jesus Before Pilate."—Mark 15: 1-20.

The Absent-Minded Minister.

A Hartford clergyman tells this anecdote: Early in life, while occupying another charge, he invited a clergyman whom the unregenerate would call conceited and dull to preach in his pulpit. During the sermon our Hartford preacher dosed away in the sweet old way till he was suddenly called on to conclude the service with prayer. Accustomed to regard himself as the humblest of his Creator's instruments, and forgetting that he had not delivered the sermon, he began with: "We be[illegible]

[illegible]

Career of the Great Afri[illegible] rer—How He Di[illegible]

It is curious that for a great[illegible] man of action Livingstone [illegible] seen so little of England and [illegible] so little of him. His life as a [illegible] been passed in Africa; as a boy [illegible] lived in Scotland. London he [illegible] the threshold of his life as a [illegible] again in the midst of his [illegible] when all the honors men could [illegible] were paid with enthusiasm. [illegible] last his remains were carried [illegible] England and reverently deposi[illegible] the centre of the nave of the We[illegible] ter Abbey, it was literally true th[illegible] only time Livingstone had ever [illegible] within those walls as a living [illegible] when as a young man in 1838 he [illegible] dered in with a sight-seeing com[illegible]. Another of the very singular facts [illegible] career of Livingstone is the methods identification of his remains in [illegible] arrival in London from Zanzibar. [illegible] in his African experience he had had an encounter with a lion. "He caught [illegible] by the shoulder," said Livingstone in telling the story, "and we both came to the ground together. Growling horribly, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat." Livingstone's arm was perma[illegible]nently damaged by this encounter. It thenceforth had a false joint. By this joint Sir William Fergusson identified his remains.

Mr. Hughes's narrative of the last scene in the life of Livingstone is admirably simple. A paragraph of it is commended to the reader:

"The last halt was for an hour in the gardens outside [outside Ilala.] While his men prepared the raised bed of sticks and grass inside, and banked the hut round, a curious crowd gathered round to gaze at the best friend Africa ever had, and was about to lose. Drizzling rain was falling, and a fire was lighted outside the door. The boy Majwara slept inside the tent. In the morning Chitambo came, but the dying man sent him away, telling him to come next day, when he hoped to be able to talk. * * *

"An hour later Susi again heard the boy's 'Bwana [master] wants you, Susi.' Susi went in; he was told to boil water and then to get the medicine chest and hold the candle, and he noticed that his master could hardly see. He selected the calomel with difficulty, and was told to put a cup with water and another empty by the bed. 'All right, you can go out now,' in a feeble voice were the last words he heard. About 4 a. m. Majwara came agaih. 'Come to Bwana, I am afraid. I don't know if he is alive.' Susi, Chumah, and four others were at the tent door in a moment. The doctor was kneeling by the bed, his face buried in his hands on the pillow, dead."

No student of the fitness of events could have chosen for Livingstone a more appropriate death than that. It was fit that he should die in the land where his greatness had been won; fit that his companions should be representrtives of the dark people for whose welfare he had given his best years and at last life itself; fit also that a man of his cast of mind and faith should die in communion with God. It is one of the noblest of English stories, this of the life and death of David Livingstone.—[New York Times.

Early Objection to Coal.

When coal was first introduced into London as a fuel, very serious objection was taken to its use. It appears that in the beginning of the fourteenth century, brewers and smiths of the city, finding the high price of wood pressing hard upon their returns, resolved to make some experiments with coal, but immediately an outcry was raised against them by persons living near the breweries and forges; the king was petitioned, and a law was passed prohibiting the burning of coal within the city. Those who tried it, however, found the new fuel to be so much superior to wood that they persisted in its use. But so determined was the government to suppress what was regarded as an intolerable nuisance, that a law was passed making the burning of coal in London a capital offense, and it is recorded that one man at least was executed under that law.

It would appear that the ladies were most bitterly opposed to the use of coal for domestic purposes. They considered the smoke to be ruinous to their complexions and would not attend parties at houses in which the objectionable fuel was used. Some persons went the length of refusing to eat food of any kind that had been cooked on a coal fire.—[Hardware Trade Journal.

The End of the Shakers.

The private sale by the South family of Shakers of their entire property in Enfield, N. H., consisting of 900 acres of land and all their buildings, is a matter of considerable importance. The purchasers are John M. Corse, postmaster of Boston, and Walter C. Hardman, of Warner, N. H., who represent a syndicate. The price paid is $30,000. The property is intended for an extensive stock farm, and is well adapted for that purpose. The South family will now unite with the First or Middle family, and, excepting two or three aged men, consists of women and children. This sale indicates the final extinction of the Shakers in New Hampshire at an early day. For many years they have gradually been losing ground, their numbers have been decreasing, and they have been unfortunate financially. Most of their farm work has been carried on by hired labor. A prominent Shaker recently expressed his opinion that, as all the societies in the country are much in the same position, unless they early remove to some new section, they will soon be annihilated. For many years the Shakers at Enfield and Canterbury conducted a large business, and their influence has been important in many directions.—[Boston Traveler.

Imagination in Disease.

A story has been told at times during the past ten years in this city of a resident who, imagining he was ill, went to bed, and when told by the physicians who had been summoned to attend him that nothing was the matter with him replied that he was sick, he knew he was sick, and would be dead in less than a week. He fulfilled his prediction by dying. Another case, somewhat similar, was told on Friday. A young man residing in the Ninth Ward has the measles, and "caught it by imagination." His home is in the country, where he went a fortnight ago. A brother at that time told him he had been exposed to measles over a week before, and of his luck in escaping contagion, and when the young man boards in the city, returned he told shopmates about his brother, and that he felt sure he would take the disease. Every day he brooded [illegible] notion, saying he knew he [illegible]

DID YOU EVER?

Look closely at the tie band of your Umbrella! If you find this simple name

PURITAN

On it you've got an Umbrella that's a good one. That's the Umbrella we've faith in.

Weigh Our Words.

The Puritan Silk Umbrella is the best Umbrella for the price in America.

$3.00, $3.50, $4.00, $4.50, $5.00,

And on up—the silk is the same in all—difference in price in the handles.

Novelty Ginghams

Lovely styles—choice colors.

At 9c. a Yard,

Our Store is the "HUB" of the

LADIES' GLOVE TRADE

Of the entire state. We sell the kind of Glove that brings you back when you want another pair.

KID GLOVES

In the New Light Tans,
In the New English Reds,
In the New Mousquetaires,
5-hook to 16-inch.

ROOT & COMPANY

JOS. M. CLARK. PERRY N. DeHAVEN.

Jos. M. Clark & Co.,

FASHIONABLE

Merchant Tailors

34 East Berry Street,

Largest assortment of Spring and Summer Suitings, embracing all the latest novelties. An early inspection is requested.

THEY WANT A DRAW.

The People of Plymouth Suing the Jenney Electric Light Works.

The people of Plymouth have appointed a committee to institute suit against the Fort Wayne Jenney Electric Light company looking to the recovery of the $17,000 subscribed by the citizens of that town in order to secure a branch of the works, that they longed for, but like the letter never came.

This is another feature of the bitter personal attack made on Mr. M. W. Simons by the Plymouth *Republican*.

Fill You Pockets For Sunday

With "Gruber's Best,' ten cent brand, or the "Frank's Choice," or "F. G.," five cent brands of cigars. You can then enjoy Sunday. These cigars have no equal in the state. All dealers sell them. 31-2t

Thanking the Fire Laddies.

The Pape & Roehm Furniture company desire to thank the fire department for their judicious handling of the recent fire. But for the careful management of the fire laddies the company would have sustained a severe loss.

Sweet and Delicious.

Those Strawberries, for 8c quart, at
COVERDALE & ARCHER'S,
31-2t 24 Harrison Street.

Do not forget Wednesday, June 26, the day the Crow club go to Rome City. Concert both afternoon and evening. 18-sat-3t

Notice to the Public.

The Chicago Bakery on Broadway and Washington streets, will be closed on Sunday hereafter.
31 2t W. F. GELLER.

"Gruber's Best," ten cent and "Frank's Choice" and "F. G.," five cent hand cigars for a Sunday smoke. For sale by all dealers. 31-2t

[illegible] & Niemann have placed a new [illegible] are now offering bargains in [illegible] Gent's Furnishing Goods. [illegible] me them, and you will find [illegible] you are after. 31 2t

Grand Picnic.

[illegible] Wayne Saengerbund will [illegible] picnic at Tivoli Garden, [illegible] June 19, 1889. The [illegible] Band will furnish music. A good [illegible]

The Daily Sentinel.

SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1889.

LOCAL NEWS.

The uniform rank, Catholic Legion, drilled last night.

Mr. H. C. Hanna is at Terre Haute on legal business.

Mr. M. M. Slattery returned from eastern trip last evening.

Miss Minnie Beck, of Huntington, is visiting her sister, Mrs. H. Geye in this city.

Victorin Demong has been accepted for treatment at the state insane asylum.

John Durbin was fined by Esquire Ryan to-day, for assault on Howard Brown.

Mrs. W. B. Elder, of Lima, Ohio, is visiting Mrs. E. G. Crosby, of 130 Madison street.

The township trustees met at the office of County Auditor Neizer to-day to fix the tax levy.

Harry Rogers was arraigned before Esquire Ryan to-day for provoking Frank Glazier.

Louis Kuttnauer sues James L. Bush et al., for $500 on a note. Bell & Morris are attorneys.

Chris Newcomer has sold his salcon, known as the "White Elephant," to Paul Laible and Charles Muhlfeith.

Dr. McIntyre's lecture in the Y. M. C. A. building last evening, was very fine and the audience was well pleased.

The suit of Chas. B. Howe vs. the Nickel Plate road has been appealed from Justice Tuteson by Bell & Morris.

Judge L. M. Ninde has filed with the county officers a plat of his new addition in South Wayne. It includes eight lots.

Miss May Perrin leaves next week for Caddy's Bluffs, in the Indian Territory, to be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Cromwell.

Mr. T. J. Clark, traveling passenger agent for the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific railroad, passed through the city west bound last evening.

John Holzworth, of Nebraska, sold intoxicants last Sunday and was fined by Esquire Ryan yesterday. Justice pursueth her even course.

Mr. Nicholas Robertson to-day qualified as a notary public. The young man will remain in the city to practice law with his father, Col. R. S. Robertson.

John Toomey was on a spree yesterday and annoyed people on Berry street. He promised good behavior for all time to come and the mayor let him go free.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Beegan and son, Master Ralph, of Rock Run, Ala., are in the city. Mr. Beegan comes home to see his mother, who has long been very ill.

Isaac Van Horn attempted to drown himself in the river, near the jail, yesterday. The man was on a prolonged spree and the sheriff and his men fished him out.

T. J. Driscoll, Indianapolis, Ind.; S. Baker, Waterloo, Ind.; E. A. Stewart, Hamilton, Ohio; L. A. Watson, Chicago; R. B. Stothail, Cincinnati, O., are at the Brunswick.

John Moore, a brakeman employed by the Nickel Plate railroad company, was yesterday fined $1 and costs, amounting to $10.54 by Esquire France for assault and battery upon August Fritz.

There was a pleasant surprise party at the home of C. R. Jenne Wednesday night, in celebration of his birthday; the guests assembling while he was at prayer meeting. Ice cream, cake and fruit was served.

Invitations have been issued by Miss Kittie Remmert for a reception to be given in honor of Mr. A. P. Waibel, of Kansas City. Mr. Waibel will, on the following Wednesday, be united in marriage to Miss Remmert.

The Indiana State Sunday School convention, which holds its twenty-fifty annual session at Indianapolis, June 4, 5 and 6, has arranged a very interesting and instructive program for the advancement of Sunday school work.

Myron Downing, traveling salesman for Louis Fox & Bro., reports that his firm shipped a bunch of bananas to Sitter & Biddle, at Lagrange, Ind., a few days ago and upon unpacking them they found an anaconda entwined around the stem. It was killed and measured four and a half feet in length.

The fair and festival to be given by the St. Paul M. E. church in their temporary building on Walton avenue, will certainly prove a grand success. The committees have been appointed to the different booths, and every effort will be made to make it one of the successful events of the season. The fair will begin June 18.

Sheriff Viberg sent to Freemont, Ind., to-day, after Jennie McCarthy, the "chair girl," who was arrested there on her flight, charged with the theft of $40 from her father. The McCarthys repair chairs and such, and are familiar figures in the justice courts. In fact, the joint earnings of the family generally go in fines and costs.

The standard time went into effect to-day, by virtue of an ordinance which is published with other important laws on another page. The saloon men were [illegible] their clocks back twenty minutes, for the next few will let them open their doors and count [illegible] at 7 o'clock.

Judge Chapin held court to-day and heard issues.

A portion of the sewer on South Calhoun street caved in this morning.

J. E. Maxwell, Upper Sandusky; J. W. Everett, Indianapolis, are at the Aveline.

Judge O'Rourke passed sentence on John Schulz to-day. He gets one year in prison.

Col. C. A. Zollinger arrived in the city last night and returned to Indianapolis this afternoon.

Frank McMahon and Flora McDonald, Frederick Peters and Ida Coyle have been licensed to wed.

H. G. Ransbury, Evansville; H. N. Coffinbury, Garrett; Wm. A. Patterson, Waterloo, are at the Wayne.

Mrs. Schlotterbeck, of Terre Haute, Ind., is visiting in this city as a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Gruber, of 198 Broadway.

The Trades and Labor council did not hold its regular meeting last night. There was not a quorum present to transact business.

The Hendricks club will meet Monday evening at its parlors. All democrats are invited to come to the meeting and a genuine welcome is always in store.

The handsome linden trees that stood in front of the residence of Dr. J. A. Stutz, corner of Harrison and Washington streets, have fallen victims to the woodman's axe.

The cases of the State vs. Erastus Shuman; the State vs. Fred Limecooly, jr.; the State vs. Balyard, and the State vs. Webber, are set for trial in the circuit court June 11.

Mike Hargenrider, who some time ago stabbed Joe Davis with a pocket knife, was arraigned in the circuit court to-day, and pleaded guilty. The fellow has a wife and six small children, begged for mercy, and the judge made the sentence thirty days in jail with a fine of $25.

Judge Chapin concluded the suit of Mrs. Pete St. Mary vs. C. C. Cain at Albion yesterday, decreeing the woman $300 damages. Cain choked her severely last summer and left permanent injuries. Judge Morris and W. P. Denny, of this city, were interested in the case. Dr. M. F. Porter testified.

The new opera, "Said Pasha," was heard last night for the first time, and it is rare that an audience so brilliant assembles at the Temple. The opera abounds in very sweet music, admits of fine scenery and gives full sway to comedy. The performance is fascinating and charms one for the evening. The chorus was crude, but the soloists made up for these defects.

Constable Mercer and Editor Alliger came up from Monroeville to-day with a man named Young, who has been neglecting his sick wife, at Convoy, Ohio, to pay court to a frail damsel at Monroeville. The fellow got away from the constable at Monroeville, but Editor Alliger captured the fugitive, after an exciting chase. The man will board out, in jail, a fine of $24.

Mr. R. T. McDonald returned from New York city last evening, and he and Mr. Slattery just missed the flood blockade at Johnstown. "Have I any news? Well, yes," said the great electric light manager. "We are moving into our new building on Broadway, and besides our office, we will at once erect another shop building, 50x150, adjoining the big works." The electric light works promise to eclipse any other institution in the city.

Yesterday Pondmaster Wœhnker found seven cows out on the east side pasture and drove them in. The bovines escaped the herding care of Henry Kruse and that gentleman, after learning the facts, secured from Justice Ryan a writ of replevin for the stock. Constable Skelley waited on Mr. Wœhnker, but that gentleman refused to recognize his authority and would not liberate the herd. Mr. Skelley at once proceeded to the pound and with his little hatchet liberated the cattle. The case will come up Tuesday for final solution.

STREET WALKERS!

A Severe Dose to Four Offenders This Morning.

Officer Fred Wahrenberg, "the dandy copper of the Broadway squad," is not going to have any trifling on his beat.

Last night he found Rose and Sadie Walters, scarlet women, cohorting on Fairfield avenue, with Freeman Johnson and Dick Harrington.

The officer says he has repeatedly warned them off the streets, but they greeted him with "rats," "go bury yourself," "look at the style of him," and "Oh! my, isn't he cute."

This the peace guardian would stand no longer, and on the strength of his offended dignity, sent for the patrol wagon, sending the quartet to the cooler.

They bowed to His Honor this morning, and Mr. Harding very promptly assessed a fine of $15.00 and costs, making $24.50 in each case.

The people did not have a cent, and had to go to jail to board out the fine on a twenty-five day schedule.

"I am going to stop this business," said the mayor, as he touched Sergeant Wahrenberg on the shoulder and remarked, "well done, Mr. Officer."

[illegible] 25c Harvest on Wheat.
[illegible] Reduction in Rhubarb on Potatoes.
[illegible] to Prevent the Spread of [illegible]
[illegible] Fruit Crop.

At Least It Is So as Far as News and Gossip Around the Many Centers is Concerned.

This is bad weather for excursions on the railroads.

Wabash Baggage Master Sunderland sent in his monthly report to-day.

The "Said Pasha" company went to Danville, Ill., this morning on the Wabash.

A turn table is being put in at the entrance to the machine shops of the Bass works.

Homer Smith, of the Nickel Pate train dispatcher's office, will leave Monday for a southern trip.

The car wheel department of the Bass works resumed operations to-day, after being closed down for two days.

The accident on the Lafayette street crossing of the Pittsburg railroad is mentioned in our local columns.

Edgerton is the name of a new town that is being laid out along the line of the Nickel Plate railroad, in Jackson township.

A new brand of cigars is named "The Wabash." Our reporter sampled one in Passenger Agent Thompson's office this morning.

Henry Zauner, machinist at the Bass works, has been kept from duty for the last few days on account of an attack of fever and ague.

John Boylan has taken employment at the carpenter shops of the east Pittsburg yards and will take his new position Monday morning.

The excursions which were to have left this city this morning for Rome City and Warsaw, were abandoned on account of the bad weather.

The new head for the big steam hammer at the Pittsburg blacksmith shops has arrived, and it will be put in operation again next Monday morning.

A. Haverly, of the Pittsburg blacksmith shops, has been off duty for a few days. R. Hardendorf is running the steam hammer during his absence.

Passenger Agent Ross, of the Pittsburg, was so busy on his monthly reports this morning that he did not have time to say "good morning" to reporters.

The Wabash Western will never climb the grades between Logansport and Peru or Wabash, with additional heavier grades, while it can come to the main line in this city on a level track with from five to ten cars more to the train.

F. B. Sargent, grand master of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, will go south next week, to work up new organizations in the southern states. At nearly every prominent railroad center in the north and west flourishing divisions are already established.

N. H. Helfrich, James Hanley and David Judy, of the Pennsylvania company, leave to-night for Galion, Ohio, to remain over Sunday. Mr. Helfrich will return with his wife, who has been visiting her parents at that place for some time. Hanley and Judy will attend church at Galion with their best girls.

General Agent Smith, in charge of the work of organizing the Railroad Men's Relief association on the Pennsylvania lines west of Pittsburg, is in the city today to put the work in motion here. The men through the shops are furnished with circulars explaining the object of the association. It is undoubtedly a grand thing and most of the employes will become members of it.

The rains of the last few days have seriously affected the railroads passing through the city in regard to through travel, but not so much locally. The big floods in the east have interfered with the travel from that quarter. The streams along the Pittsburg, Nickel Plate, Wabash and all the roads are rapidly rising and threaten the bridges in some localities. An inquiry at the ticket offices this morning found all the trains about up to their time schedule, however, and the agents do not anticipate any serious washouts on their roads.

SOME FIRES.

A Few of Them That Are Costly.

At 1 o'clock, last night, the general store and meat market occupied by Geary & Woehnker, on East Washington street, was discovered on fire, and before the department could interfere, the place was gutted. The building frame was saved. The loss will reach $1,500, with as much insurance.

The general store is owned by Fred. Woenker, and the meat market by Chas. Geary, while J. Pfeifferer owns the building.

At a later hour, 3:30, two frame barns belonging to Wm. Keil, at No. 395 and 397 Hanna street, caught fire and were entirely devoured. The loss is $500.

HAVE LOCAL EFFECT.

The Pennsylvania Floods Annul the Limited Express on the Fort Wayne Road.

The greatest possible interest is manifested in the awful Pennsylvania floods.

Many people hereabouts hail from the regions inundated and await tidings from their old homes with great anxiety.

The floods, too, have washed away miles of the Pennsylvania railroad track and there was no west-bound limited express over the Fort Wayne road to Chicago this morning. Nor is there likely to be one for two or three days.

All trains for the west are made up at Pittsburg and come west on their usual [illegible] over the Pennsylvania [illegible]

Remember the Sabbath Day to Keep It Holy—The Church Services Announced.

Simpson M. E. Church—Preaching at 10:30, a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 2:30. Rev. G. B. M. Rogers, pastor.

Trinity Lutheran church—Services at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2 p. m. Pastor's bible class at the same hour.

St. Paul's M. E. church. Preaching by the pastor, Rev. M. C. Cooper, [at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sabbath school at 2:30 p. m.

The Sixth Commandment, or "Murder in Fort Wayne," is the subject of Pastor Northrop's sermon, to-morrow evening, at 8 o'clock.

Free Methodist church, East Creighton avenue—Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. Rev. Hardin, pastor.

Regular services to-morrow morning and evening, in the First Presbyterian church by Rev. Dr. Moffat. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. All welcome.

Preaching at the Third Presbyterain church, next Sabbath, at 10:30 a. m. and 8:00 p. m. by the pastor, Rev. J. M. Boggs. Sunday School at 2 o'clock.

Trinity Episcopal church, corner Berry and Fulton streets. Rev. A. W. Seabreeze, rector. The rector will preach in the evening. Sunday school, at 9:30 a. m.

Rev. A. K. Zartman will conduct the services at the Y. M. C. A. to-morrow afternoon, at 4:10 o'clock, standard time. Everybody invited. Good singing. Come.

Remember the regular meeting of the Loyal Temperance Legion at W. C. T. U. headquarters on Harrison street. Be there promptly at 3:30 o'clock and bring your children.

Berry street M. E. church, corner West Berry and Harrison streets. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m., by Rev. W. M. Van Slyke, pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.

Services at the Evangelical church, corner Clinton and Holman streets, to-morrow at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. All are welcome. D. D. Speicher, pastor.

Grace Reformed church invites you to attend their services to-morrow, at 10:30 a. m., and 8 p. m. Sabbath school at 9:30. Rev. A. K. Zartman, pastor. Morning sermon: "The Ascension."

To-morrow general class at Wayne street M. E. church, corner Broadway and Wayne street. Preaching by pastor at 10:30 a. m. Sunday school at 2 p. m. Young people's meeting at 7:30 p. m.

The graduating class of the High school will attend the Baptist chuch in a body to-morrow morning at 10:30, to listen to an address delivered by Pastor Northrop. The other youths of the city are invited.

Trinity M. E. church. Services at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 2:30 p. m. Rev. N. D. Shackelford, pastor. Mrs. James will not be with us as was expected, on account of sickness in her family.

Elder E. H. Baker, for several years a member of the London, England, open air mission, will preach at the Church of God, corner Hoagland avenue and De-Wald street, to-morrow morning and evening.

Rev. G. W. Carder will preach at the Nebraska Mission church, Sabbath morning at 10:30.; Rev. James Trythall will conduct a Sunday school service at 8 p. m. All are invited to attend the prayer meeting Thursday evening.

Song and praise service at the Y. M. C. A. hall, 105 and 107 Calhoun street, at 4:30 city time. Short talks, short prayers, and good singing. Commercial men in the city especially invited. Make arrangements to meet your friend there.

Congregational church, corner of Washington and Fulton streets. Services at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m. Preaching morning and evening by Rev. N. A. Hyde, D. D., of Indianapolis, to which all are cordially invited. Sunday school at 12 o'clock.

The services of the Second Presbyterian church will be held in the chapel of the City Y. M. C. A. building, at the usual hours, 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. by Rev. J. L. Leeper, the pastor. Sabbath school immediately after the morning service.

The railroad department of the Y. M. C. A. welcome you to their regular Sunday services for men only at 3 o'clock, standard time. Short talks, short prayers and good singing. Railroad, shop and factory men are especially invited. Come and bring a friend. The delegates to the international convention at Philadelphia will give a report of that meeting.

Christian church, corner Griffith and Jefferson streets. Services at 10:30 a. m. and 8:00 p. m. Sunday school at 9:15 a. m. Song service at 7:30 p. m. A special service will be held to-morrow at 10:30 a. m., at which all the the membership is urgently requested to be present. Evening lesson, 8 p. m., "The Agreement of Genesis with Science," with illustrations.

On next Sabbath Children's Day will be celebrated at the First United Brethern church, corner of Harmer and East Lewis streets. Rev. J. W. Lower, the pastor, will preach to the children at 10:30 a. m. Parents come and bring your children. In the evening Chil[illegible]

DUE DAMAGE.

Another Heavy Damage Suit Against the Pennsylvania Company.

This morning, in the circuit court, Judge L. M. Ninde, who has a corner in railroad cases, filed suit for John W. Mulligan, seeking to recover $15,000 from the Pennsylvania railroad company for injuries sustained June 29, 1887.

Mulligan was a freight brakeman then and at Plymouth was engaged to sidetrack a car. In the work he was terribly injured and attributes the misfortune to Engineer Sidney Craig, whom, he says, is ill-tempered and unsafe.

The doctor sent to amputate his limb did not do good surgery, he says, and for these reasons he has claims.

A NEW DEAL.

The County Commissioners Will Refuse Liquor Licences to Unfit Persons.

The county commissioners will meet Monday and their first work will be to grant liquor licenses.

"People complain and criticise us," said County Commissioner Bullerman, this morning, "because we grant liquor licenses to improper persons. We meet Monday and I wish you would say that parties are invited to submit remonstrances to the board against parties unfit to conduct saloons, and I assure you we will refuse a license wherever we can find a valid excuse for action. The trouble is that people say nothing about the matter until it is too late to remedy the trouble."

$1,000 Reward.

One thousand dollars will be paid to any chemist who will find on analysis of S. S. S. (Swift's Specific) one particle of mercury, iodide of potash, or any poisonous substance.

In 1873 I contracted blood poison, which soon developed into its severest secondary form, with blotches and ugly sores all over my body, which totally disabled me for more than a year. The doctor treated me all the time without benefit. The disease steadily grew worse and worse, I was unable to work for more than a year; finally was persuaded to take Swift's Specific. After taking seven bottles I was sound and well, and have not felt a symptom of the disease since. This was sixteen years ago.
JOE VAUGHN.
Forsyth, Ga., Jan. 23, 1889.

I have taken Swift's Specific for secondary blood poison, and derived great benefit. It acts much better that potash, or any other remedy than I have ever used. B. F. WINGFIELD,
Richmond, Va.

Treaties on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

Strawberries 8c quart, at
COVERDALE & ARCHER'S,
31-2t 24 Harrison street.

PEOPLE'S STORE,

EAST BERRY STREET.
Pixley & Long Block.

We are now showing a large and attractive line of

Summer Wash Goods,

Comprising many novelties in

DOMESTIC AND FRENCH SATINES.

PLAIN AND FANCY BATISTES, absolutely fast colors.

We invite your inspection to our large and attractive stock of

Parasols and Sun Umbrellas

Many very neat features in ARTISTIC HANDLES and DESIGNS, FINE GLORIA and PURITAN SILK. Elegant Gold and Oxydized Silver mountings. These are bought direct from leading manufacturers. The prices will be found very low.

A Handsome Line of

LACE CURTAINS!

At Popular Prices.

An Elegant Line of

Beaded Wraps and Shoulder Capes.

We shall sell them at the Popular and Low Price of $3.00. They are Worth $4.50 and $5.00.

Inspection Solicited!
One Price To All!
Popular Goods! - Popular Prices!

THE PEOPLE'S STORE,
Dozois, Beadell & Co.

Lowest Prices —ON— RECORD.

LOUIS WOLF AND COMPANY.

Best Values —YET— SHOWN.

ON MONDAY AND DURING THE WEEK

FOR CASH ONLY.

THE GREATEST BARGAINS EVER OFFERED.

ENUMERATION OF SO VAST AN AMOUNT AS WE SHALL OFFER IS IMPOSSIBLE. WE SPECIALIZE A FEW FOR YOUR BENEFIT.

The Prices are Closer than the Bark on a Sycamore Tree.

Spring Wraps
Every Garment or Wrap in our Store will be sold at half-price—only this week. No longer.

STRIPED MOHAIRS.
ALL THE RAGE.
83c., Worth $1.10.
Your Choice.

MILLINERY!
Every Trimmed Hat Bonnet and Turban will be sold at
1-2 PRICE.

French Sateens.
Select Designs, Tasteful Colorings, Finest Quality, Superior Fabrics, worth from 35 to 40c. In this sale
ONLY 25c.

CHINA SILKS
Cheney Bros. Best, Dollar Silk 79c.
OUR CHINA SILK 65c. 49c.

UMBRELLAS!
ZURICH SILK,
$1.35.
GENUINE PURITANS
GEMS AT
$3.00.

Only Fast Black Hose We Are Sole Agents.

PARASOLS
One Hundred Colored Satin Parasols, Worth $2.75,
For $1.50.

Black and Colored silk Mits, Remarkable Quality,
15c. Up.
Our Best Dollar Kids, 73 CENTS.

SEEKERS of BARGAINS
IN BLACK DRESS GOODS
Must not fail to visit us next week. The Choicest productions of the BEST MAKERS will be on sale at
Reduced Prices!

SATEENS!
Exquisite Patterns, Novelty Colors. Bargains at 18 cents. In this sale
12 1-2c.

BLACK LISLE Thread HOSE
Another Lot Just in,
35c. Worth 50.

AN IMMENSE VARIETY of New Designs —IN— American Satines.
Take Them At
6 1-4cts.

Our Carpet and Curtain Departments
Have been the pride of our City for years. We have no old remnants or shop-worn goods to sell;
BUT THE VERY BEST MOOD[illegible]

The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833. SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1889. PRICE FIVE CENTS

A DEEP CUT!

To Reduce Our Stock we will Offer on

SATURDAY,

JUNE 1st.,

100 + PIECES

OF THE BEST

American Satines!

12½ CENT GOODS FOR

6 1-4 CENTS

PER YARD.

At Retail Only.

GEORGE -I- DEWALD

—AND—

COMPANY,

Calhoun and Columbia Sts

EIGHT DEATHS.

Recorded by the Undertakers for This Week.

The following deaths have been reported by the city undertakers for the week ending June 1:

Mary A. Gilham, 74 years, bronchitis.

Mary S. Metcalf, 22 years, consumption.

Claude Smith, 3 years, croup.

Joseph Davis, 2 years, inflammation of the bowels.

Sister Matrona, 54 years, consumption.

Josephine Carter, 3 years, bronchitis.

Edmund Rauner, 5 years, typhoid fever.

Elisabeth Ehinger, 1 month, whooping cough.

Doing Business as Usual.

The Pape & Roehm Furniture company are doing business as usual, notwithstanding the late fire, and have, as usual, one of the finest furniture stocks in Fort Wayne.

Reduction in Limburg Cheese 4c.

Best Quality Limburg Cheese, 10c pound.

Fruit Notice.

Large, Delicious Strawberries, 8c quart.

COVERDALE & ARCHER,
31-2t 24 Harrison Street.

You can't buy cigars on Sunday, but you can lay in a supply before hand. Remember "Gruber's Best," ten cent and "Frank's Choice," and "F. G.," five cent brands, for a good smoke. All dealers sell them. 31-2t

See those native "Four-in-Hand" Summer Ties at

MEYER & NIEMANN'S,
31-2t 142 Calhoun Street.

Go with the Crow club to Rome City on June 26, and enjoy yourself. 18-25-1

WANTED—A dining room girl at the ERIE House.

FOR RENT—A well furnished front room with extra large closet. Suitable for one or two gentlemen. With or without board. 309 Harrison street, corner of Brackenridge street.

All the Rage!

We Have Them!

Ladies' Tan Colored Oxford Ties Hand Sewed, Elegant Goods, Regular Price, $1.25,

OUR PRICE,

97 cts.

Gent's Sewed Dress Shoes, perfect fitters, good Wearers,

$1.50.

Massachusetts Shoe Co.

HORRIBLE FLOOD!

Twelve Hundred Men, Women and Children Swept Away.

Thousands of Houses Carried Off and Thousands Without Homes, Shelter and Food.

Johnstown and Cambia City Almost Entirely Annihilated.

Full Accounts of the Floods and Disasters in the East, and the Terrible Suffering.

Quick Aid for the Sufferers.

JOHNSTOWN, Pa., June 1.—The waters which overwhelmed this town yesterday, carrying death to hundreds and misery to thousands, are subsiding rapidly, but as yet it is impossible to obtain anything like exact information concerning the extent of the disaster that has visited this city and the district surrounding. It is no exaggeration to say that there are mourners in every family. Thousands are missing.

It is certain that hundreds have been lost and while many of those who are now missing and who are mourned as dead, have doubtless been saved, the finale death role will beyond doubt be of appalling length.

THE RESERVOIR BROKE.

The great reservoir above Johnstown, which was flooded with water, broke about 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon and came down carrying death and destruction in their wake.

DESCRIPTION OF THE RESERVOIR.

In order to understand the nature of this calamity, it is necessary to describe the respective locations of the reservoir and Johnstown. The reservoir lies about two-and-a-half miles northeast of Johnstown, and is the site of the old reservoir, which was one of the feeders of the Pennsylvania canal. It is the property of a number of wealthy gentlemen in Pittsburg, who formed themselves into a corporation, the title of which is the "South Fork Fishing and Hunting club." This sheet of water was formerly known as Conemaugh lake. It is from 200 to 300 feet above Johnstown, being in the mountains. It is about three and one-half miles long and from a mile to one and one-quarter miles in width and in some places it is 100 feet in depth. It holds more water than any other reservoir, natural or artificial, in the United States. The lake has been quadrupled in size by artificial means and was held by a dam from 700 to 1,000 feet wide. It is ninety feet in thickness at the base and the height is 110. The top has a breadth of twenty-feet.

A MIGHTY RUSH OF WATERS.

It is impossible to describe briefly the suddenness with which the disaster came. A warning sound was heard at Conemaugh, a few minutes before the rush of waters came, but it was attributed to some meteorological disturbance, and no trouble was borrowed because of the thing unseen.

As the low rumbling noise increased in volume, however, and came nearer a suspicion of danger began to force itself upon even the bravest which was increased to a certainty a few minutes later, when with a rush the mighty stream spread out in width and then there was no time to save themselves. Many of the unfortunates were whirled into the midst of the stream before they could turn around. Men, women and children were struggling in the stream and it is thought that many of them never reached Johnstown only a mile or two below.

At Johnstown a similar scene was enacted, only on a much larger scale, as the population is greater and the sweeping whirlpool rushed into a denser mass of humanity. The imagination of the reader can better depict the apocteale than the pen of the writer can give it. It was a twilight of terror and the gathering shade of evening closed in on a panorama of horrors that has few parallels in the history of casualties.

Rescue! even the thought of such a thing was madness, and the agony of the struggling, drowning victims found its response in the bosoms of those who stood wringing their hands in helpless horror in view of their friends. Now and then the waters would wash against one side of the mountain and then to the other side, carrying with them their human freight, and this diversion enabled those on the banks to rescue many. It will be found that on this account many will be returned to their homes and friends who are now accounted lost. The list of dead is, therefore, a number of conjectural and will not be definite [illegible] before [illegible]

Searchers are out everywhere from Johnstown to Blairsville.

The fugitives are returning to the place where a few hours ago they were happy and prosperous, but where all is now desolation, and in a few hours more the work of systematically searching for the victims of the flood will begin. The water is still too high to even attempt to estimate the extent of the disaster, but the city is a complete wreck and it is certain the loss of life will be immense.

AT PITTSBURG.

PITTSBURG, June 1.—The Times' 8 o'clock extra says: "At this hour the Allegheny river is filled with debris and is still rising. The streets fronting on the river and the bridges are thronged with watchers, but no bodies have been seen. No serious trouble from high water is anticipated here. Extra precautions are being taken, however, to prevent any loss of life or property."

SCENES AT SANG HOLLOW.

SANG HOLLOW, Pa., June 1.—The current in the Conemaugh is always rough, but, with the waters of yesterday added, it was transformed into a violent whirlpool. It was at this point that a number of people met their fate. Up to 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon the operator in the tower had counted eighty-seven persons floating by in the flood. Their appeals for help were frightful to hear and the operator stood it as long as he could. Superintendent Pitcavc, of the Pennsylvania railroad, stayed there for a few hours in the afternoon and reports having counted 105 persons before it got dark. How many passed after dark, no one can tell. Of the above number, only forty-seven were seen passing New Florence, and some of these never reached Lockport and Bolivar. The conjecture is more than probable that fifty-nine people were drowned between Sang Hollow and New Florence. At Sang Hollow, up to 8 o'clock in the afternoon, according to the latest reliable reports, twenty-one dead bodies were taken out on the railroad side, and on the other side of the river six more bodies were caught. Six hundred oil tanks rushed past about 5 o'clock. The water at this point was thirty-five feet deep, actual measurement. A heavy fall of rocks has blocked the track here but it is expected that Johnstown can be reached this afternoon. Several heavy washouts are reported and a number of trains have been caught between them, the passengers having to skirmish for shelter in the neighborhood.

HOUSES WRECKED.

NINIVEH, Pa., June 1.—At this hour (7 a. m.) the Pennsylvania railroad track is clear and all right up to here. There were forty-seven bodies seen passing in the river from 8 to 7:30 in the afternoon, and yesterday the loss of life above must have been appalling. Here some fifteen houses were wrecked and a number of the inmates, in the agricultural districts, were injured. The loss here is not so heavy as at other places.

HORRIBLE SIGHT.

LOCKPORT, Pa., June 1, 7 a. m.—Large parties of men are scouring the banks of the river to find bodies washed ashore, but very few have been found, owing to the terrible strength of the current, which defies resistance. Among other horrible sights was a man whose head was crushed, probably by a falling building, and his clothing still saturated with clotted blood.

A TRUE HERO.

BOLIVAR, Pa., June 1, 7:30 a. m.—A bit of heroism is related by one of the telegraph operators at Bolivar. He says: "I was standing on the river bank about 7:30 o'clock last evening, when a raft swept into view. It must have been the floor of a dismantled house. Upon it were a group—two women and a man. They were evidently his mother and sister for both clung to him as though stupified with fear. As they were whirled under the bridge here, the man could have saved himself if he had wished by simply reaching up his hand and catching the timbers of the structure. He appeared to see this himself and the temptation must have been strong for him to do so, but in a second more he was seen to resolutely shake his head and clasp the women tighter around the waists. Ropes were thrown out from the tree tops but they were unable to catch them, though they grasped for the lines eagerly enough. Then a tree caught in their raft and dragged after, and in this way they were swept out of view." Information, just reached here over the railroad lines, says that the wrecking train, which left at 10 o'clock last night, reached New Florence six miles east of here two hours later. They can not get farther, although the plucky engineer telegraphed that if Robert Pitcairn wants him to, he will make an attempt to push through the submerged track to Ninivch. That is where the block station tower is reported to have been washed away.

SAVING LIVES.

NEW FLORENCE, Pa., June 1, 7:30 a. m.—C. W. Heffenstatt, of East Pittsburg, was caught at New Florence last night and while there was able to save a woman and child by swimming out into the river after them. Through him and the assertions of others ten floaters were rescued. Mr. Heffenstatt says that two of these seen in the river were dead, but that many of them were children. Toward morning a stable floated past Sang Hollow full of women and children. Little is known what became of them. Mr. Heffenstatt states that the loss of life at Cambria, Johnstown and Conemaugh is placed at 500, with points in the mountains to hear from.

SEARCHING FOR BODIES.

PITTSBURG, June 1.—The Times' 10 o'clock extra edition has the following dispatch from Bolivar, sent out at 9 a. m.: "At New Florence this morning seven bodies were taken from the water and debris on on the banks. One body has also been taken from the river at this point, that of a young girl. None of them have been identified. The whole face of the country between here and New Florence is under water and houses, bridges and buildings fill the fields and are even upon the hill sides. All the way to Johnstown the banks of the river are lined with people who are looking as well for body as for bodies. Much valuable property has been carried away in the houses, as well as from houses not washed away. The river has fallen again into the channel and nothing in the stream itself, except its red angry color, shows the plunging of last night. It has fallen fully twenty feet since midnight and by night it will have attained its normal depth. At all points from Gruensburg to Sang Hollow, the limits of the present trouble, scores of people throng the stations, pleading with the conductors of even gravel trains to take them aboard, as they are almost frenzied with anxiety and apprehension in regard to their friends who live at or near Johnstown. Strong men are as tearful as the women, who join in the request."

Pitiable sights and scenes multiply more rapidly than cross ties. The Conemaugh is one great valley of mourning. Those who have not lost friends have lost their homes or their substance, and apparently the grief for the one is as poignant as for the others.

Albert Harney, who left Conemaugh Lake, last evening, has just arrived, having tramped through hills and mountains. He says the great volume of water struck Johnstown about 3:30 o'clock in the afternoon. It did not find the people unprepared, as they had notice from South Park that the dam was breaking. Many however disregarded the notice and remained in their houses in the lower part of the city and were caught before they could get out, once the water was on them.

Superintendent Petcairn, who has spent the entire night in assisting those afflicted by the flood, came home about 9 o'clock this morning. Before he left he issued an order to all Pennsylvania railroad employes to keep a sharp lookout for bodies in the river and in the bushes and to return them to their friends.

Assistant Superintendent Trump is still on the ground, near Sang Hollow, directing the movements of gravel and construction trains, which are arriving as fast as they can be filled up and started out. The road beds of both the Pennsylvania and West Pennsylvania railroads are badly damaged and it will cost the latter, especially from Bolivar junction and Saltzburg, many thousands of dollars to repair injuries to embankments alone.

Harry Fisher, a telegraph operator at Bolivar, says: We know nothing of the disaster until we noticed the river slowly rising. Then, however, the water in the river rose at least twenty feet. Shortly before 6 o'clock, ruins of houses, beds, household utensils, barrels, and logs came floating past the bridge. At 8 o'clock, the water was within six feet of the roadbed of the bridge. The wreckage floated past without stopping for at least two hours. Then it began to lessen and, night coming suddenly upon us, all could see no more. The wreckage floated by for a long time before the first living persons passed. Fifteen people that I saw were carried down by the river. One of these, a boy, was saved, and three of them were drowned just directly below the town. It was an awful night—one that I will not soon forget.

THE AWFUL CALAMITY.

NEW FLORENCE, Pa., June 1.—The United Press correspondent arrived at this place late last night. The details of the awful calamity are limited. Every one seems to be dazed, the disaster seeming to overwhelm the natives. Between this place and Bolivar the track is washed in many places and wrecking crews are busy at work repairing the most dangerous portions.

At this point reports substantiate the wildest rumors that have gone out. The last man from Johnstown brings the information that scarcely a house remains in the city. The upper portion above the railroad bridge has been completely submerged. The water is dammed up against the viaduct, the wreckage and debris finishing the work that the torrent had failed to accomplish. The bridge of Johnstown, which is a heavy piece of masonry, proved too staunch for the fury of the torrent. Some of the top stones were, however, displaced.

A story reaches here that a family consisting of father, mother and nine children were washed away in a creek at Lockport. The mother managed to reach the shore, but the husband and children were carried out into the river to drown. The woman is crazed over the terrible event. After night settled down the havoc of the scenes was increased. Above the roar of the waters could be heard the piteous appeals from the unfortunates who were carried by.

To add to the appalling scene a brilliant illumination lit up the sky. A dispatch received last night from Sang Hollow states that this light came from a hundred burning wrecks of houses that are piled upon the Johnstown bridge. A supervisor from up the road brings the information that the wreckage at Johnstown is piled up forty feet above the bridge.

THREATENING YORK.

YORK, Pa., June 1.—Thursday evening rain began falling, and since then there has been a succession of heavy and long showers. All the streams in the country are swollen, and fields, roads, and house are flooded. At Bentzett's Mill on the Little Conewago, the water reached a height of sixteen feet above low water mark.

The mill was flooded. The dam contained a large amount of saw logs which were washed away.

At Spring Grove, on the west brauch of Codorous, southwest of here, the stream has overflowed almost everything. Great excitement prevails there, everyone expecting the large dam to burst, which would cause great damage. Part of P. P. Gladfelter's large hopper mill is gone.

It is raining hard yet and the water is rising at the rate of ten inches an hour. On the south branch the stream is rapidly rising. All this immense body of water must pass the city and it cannot be estimated as to what damage will occur. The police have notified the people living in the lower section of the city to prepare for the worst.

The Codorous in this city is about six feet above low water mark and rapidly rising. Should the situation become serious the fire alarm bells will be rung.

YORK, Pa., June 1.—12 m—A general alarm has just been sounded on the bells of the city.

SUFFERING OF THE VICTIMS.

PITTSBURG, Pa., June 1.—Supt. Robt. Pitcairn arrived at the Union station at 6 o'clock this morning. He had been up all night, but at once went to his desk and continued at work. He could not attempt to describe the harrowing scenes along the flooded river. He said:

"I sent the dispatch to the newspapers, suggesting a public meeting for the relief of the sufferers, because I felt that aid should be rendered at once. Relief cannot be sent soon enough to avoid suffering.

"There are no houses for the people to sleep in and no place where they can buy food as I understand the situation. The stores are washed out as well as the homes of the people. I do not wish to appear as attempting to tell anybody else his duty, but I consider it mine to let this community know the necessity of the situation." Train Master Edward Pitcairn telegraphed from Ninaveh to the superintendent at 6:30 o'clock, that there have been thirty or forty men, women and children rescued alive, and we took out about forty bodies at this place.

Another dispatch to Superintendent Pitcairn states that as the waters are receding the bodies of victims of the flood can be seen lodged in trees and with arms and logs protruding from the debris.

VIVID DESCRIPTIONS.

PITTSBURG, June 1.—A telegram to the *Leader* from Allegheny Junction, on the West Pennsylvania railroad, says:

"The bridge at Leesburg, five miles east of this place, was carried away during last night and no trains can pass that point. At 5 o'clock this morning a woman and two children were seen floating down the Kiskiminekes river on a part of a house roof. A gallant effort was made to rescue them, but it could not be accomplished. They must have drowned, as they were not seen to pass out into the Allegheny river at this place. A number of dead bodies were also seen floating past Leesburg this morning, but they must have sunk, as they were not seen here. The Pittsburg newspapers joined this morning in hauling two cars with provisions for the sufferers at Johnstown. They were forwarded at once and will be rushed to their destination with all possible speed. The Pennsylvania railroad has sidetracked a number of cars on Liberty street, to be loaded with contributions from citizens of clothing, provisions, etc., for the victims of the disaster.

At 11:30 o'clock the *Times* subscription fund had swelled to $862.20. Kaufman & Bros., clothiers, give $1,000 worth of hats, caps, shoes, clothing, &c. Mrs. Gusky contributes $2,000 worth of clothing, &c., from her clothing store on Market street. Twelve Pullman cars with passengers east bound, have been side tracked at the union station in this city. They will be retained here until after the tracks are closed.

Three bodies have been recovered at Matrounia, twenty miles from here on the Allegheny river.

Further investigation proves that but one lady has been found here: That of a man is reported in the first bulletin.

A *Leader* special from Derry, Pa., says: "The first train from Ninoveh, the farthest point east accessible during the flood, passed this place at 8:15 o'clock, this morning, in charge of Capt. A. J. Pitcairn. He reports that the only casualties he heard of between these points were the seven at Florence and one at Bolivar. It will be very late in the day before travel is resumed all along the line."

NINEVEH, Pa., June 1.—The Pennsylvania railroad track is clear, and all right up to here, but nothing can go east of here. There were forty-seven bodies seen passing here in the river from 3 to 7:30, p. m., and yesterday the loss of life above must have been appalling. Here some fifteen houses are wrecked, and a number of inmates from the agricultural districts injured. The loss here is not so heavy as at other places.

AT BETHLEHEM.

NEW BETHLEHEM, Pa., June 1.—3:00 p. m.—The heavy rains of Thursday night in Jefferson, Elk and Clairfield counties, particularly, are causing incalculable damage along the Sandy Lick, North Fork and Red Bank. Dubois dam was swept out yesterday and the deluge of water was terrible. This morning Wainwright & Bryant's dam and boom, at Brookville, gave way. Their loss will reach $200,000. Every public building from Dubois to Bethlehem has been carried away.

At Reynoldsville the water is higher than at any previous flood, and mail communication is shut off. The lumbermen are almost frantic.

BODIES TAKEN OUT.

PITTSBURG, June 1.—3 p. m.—A telegram from Ninivch says that up to noon 175 bodies have been taken from the river at that point.

BRIDGES SWEPT AWAY.

PITTSBURG, Pa., June 1.—4:15 p. m.—All the West Pennsylvania railroad bridges above Blairsville, were swept away. They were nearly all new ones. The structure at Bolivar made the best struggle against the water, but finally succumbed. The houses on Layton Island and low lying points opposite Blairsville, were swept away.

BASE BALLISTS TIED UP.

PITTSBURG, June 1.—The Allegheny and Indianapolis base ball teams are tied up at Harrisburg and will not be able to reach their destinations for games to-day.

PITTSBURG GIVES $65,000.

PITTSBURG, June 1.—8:30 p. m.—In less than an hour $65,000 was raised here for the flood sufferers.

TWELVE HUNDRED LIVES LOST.

NEW FLORENCE, Pa., June 1.—8 p. m.—W. H. Hayes has just returned from Johnstown. He says the place is annihilated. Conemaugh is wrecked and Cambria City swept away. Fully 1,200 lives have been lost. One hundred bodies have been recovered at Ninivch. Seventy persons are reported to have been burned to death in a fire at Johnstown bridge.

FREEPORT, Pa., June 1.—Fourteen million feet of lumber has broken away from the booms and gone down Red Bank creek.

The head of the flood is expected to reach here at 7 o'clock.

GREENSBURG, Pa., June 1.—This morning, one hundred bodies of victims of the flood are lying at O'Neiveh station awaiting identification.

Only two hundred houses remain standing in the city of Johnstown, and the water, at this writing, is is thirty feet deep on the main streets.

THE VERY LATEST.

NEW FLORENCE, Pa., June 1.—4:20 p. m.—The morning light did not lessen the terrors of the night. This place is fourteen miles from the scene of the devastation, at Johnstown. Early this morning the newspaper men, although without food or rest since yesterday afternoon, were actively at work. Seven bodies have been found on the shore near this town, two of them in a tree, where the tide had carried them.

It is said to be almost impossible to reach Johnstown proper to-day in any manner except by row boat. The roads are very bad and even the countrymen refuse to attempt to travel over them. The only hope is to get within three miles of Johnstown by special train or hand car.

The waters are now receding here as rapidly as they rose last night, and as the banks come to view the dead are lying about. Nine bodies were picked up within the limits of the borrough shortly after daylight. Five of the unfortunates were women. One dead woman, aged twenty-five years, had clasped in her arms a baby about six months old.

The banks on both sides of the river here are crowded with anxious watchers and with horrifying frequency their vigils were rewarded by the discovery of dead bodies.

Four boys have just come from above here. They report that on the opposite side a number of bodies can be seen lying in the mud.

The most intense excitement prevails. The air is filled with thrilling and almost incredible stories.

Hundreds of people from Johnstown and up river towns are here in search of their friends and relatives who were swept away.

WOODRUFF WEAKENS.

He May Tell All He Knows About the Cronin Murder.

CHICAGO, June 1.—Woodruff, the horse thief under indictment for complicity in the murder of Dr. Cronin, has weakened. He said this morning that he might conclude to tell all he knows about the Cronin case.

"I have not decided just what to do. If I thought it would do me any good, I would tell everything, but I am not sure about that; it might not do me any good, and it might get me out of this fix. I am not worrying much still, come to think of it, I believe I would go up and plead guilty in that horse case if they would let me off on the Cronin business. I used to say I would rather hang for murder than go to prison for theft, but now I think differently. I am rather in a fix, I admit, for it looks as though they were going to hang somebody."

The police are hunting high and low for Tom Whalan, a cousin of Sullivan, the ice man, and brother of the suspended detective. There is a strong suspicion that he is the man who drove the white horse.

Dr. Cronin's clothes were found on the lake shore between Fifty-ninth street and Lawrence avenue. They were discovered through the instrumentality of Louis Hamburger, who told the police to the place, and after wandering around with a stick in the sand unearthed them.

PROFESSOR DIETRICH.

He Is to Get a Foreign Consulate From The President.

This special telegram from Washington, in the Indianapolis *Journal* this morning, will be read with interest:

"Professor Dietrich, who is at the head of the Lutheran college at Fort Wayne, and who was mentioned in connection with a position on the civil service commission, is to be provided for in the way of a federal office. His name has been presented for a consulship and President Harrison is very kindly inclined towards him. It is likely that one of the first appointments of Indiana to an outside position will be that of Professor Dietrich, who is an old personal friend of the president, an able man in every way, an ardent republican and a representative German."

NEW QUARTERS.

Wing & Maburin, the Architects, Secure a Handsome Suite of Rooms in the Pixley & Long Block.

Messrs. Wing & Maburin, the architects, flung their sign to the breeze eight years ago at their Calhoun street quarters. A gentleman who is well acquainted with both members of the firm took the elevator in the Pixley & Long block this morning and was whirled to the fourth floor, where Wing & Maburin have secured new quarters, and was reminded of the prosperity of these enterprising business men.

The new quarters are large, convenient and elegant. There is a suite of four rooms, consisting of a reception room, office, work room and consultation room, all well lighted.

Wing & Maburin have furnished plans for many of our finest residences and business blocks. They, too, have drawn the plans entire for the large insane asylum for the feeble-minded, built by the state, northeast of the city, at a cost of $125,000. They have plans prepared for twenty new residences in this city. The reader is invited to call and see the handsome new quarters of these well known architects. Take elevator.

Mr. C. D. Tillo goes to New York city this evening.

Dr. J. H. Adams, the dentist, at 104 Calhoun street, is prepared to extract teeth painlessly, by the use of nitrous oxide gas, which is harmless.

The Weather.

WASHINGTON, June 1.—Indiana—Fair; no decided change in temperature; northwesterly winds.

Do not forget that when you buy Furniture of us you get home-made goods, guaranteed in every particular.

The Pape & Roehm Furniture Company.

CHICAGO MARKETS.

CHICAGO, June 1.—Wheat: July, 75¼@75½; August, 73¾; September, 73½. Corn: July, 34; August, 34¼; September, 35. Oats: July, 23¾; September, 22¾@23¾. Pork: July, $11.85; August, $11.92½; September, $12.00. Lard: July, $6.70@6.72½; August, $6.75@6.77½; September, $6.82½. Short ribs: July, $5.72½; August, $5.80; September, $5.82½.

Strawberries Down 2c Quart.

Choice Wilson Strawberries, received this afternoon, 8c quart.

Choice Pine Apples, 20c each.

Fruit House.

The Pape & Roehm Furniture Company are still in the lead with their immense stock of Furniture, at rock bottom prices. Go and see them at No. 15 and 17 Court street.

BALLADE OF THE PUG-DOG.

BY NELLIE BOOTH SIMMONS.

DIGNIFIED pug on the cushioned seat
Of Mrs. Du Pichon-orie's grand coupe
Just chanced to observe in the crowded street
A poor little dusky girl one day;
And he looked his eyes in a scornful way
From the perfumed depths of his braided rug.
And she almost fancied she heard him say:
"Ah, ha! don't you wish you were born a pug?

"I'm stuffed," he continued, "with things to eat,
And coddled and pampered the livelong day,
And I'm bathed and combed by a maid so neat,
Who brushes my coat in the nicest way;
And when I'm too weary to walk or play
My mistress is ready her pet to lug—
She's always so frightened lest I should stray—
Ah, ha! don't you wish you were born a pug?

"You wander about with your naked feet,
And pick up a morsel just where you may,
And I am regaled on the whitest meat,
And daintily wrapped in a blanket gay;
And, while no one questions where you can stay,
My bed is downy and soft and snug—
They never neglect us, you know, not they—
Ah, ha! don't you wish you were born a pug?

ENVOI.

"Yes, if you could only, without delay,
Turn into a dog with a crumpled mug,
You'd soon comprehend why I laugh and say:
Ah, ha! don't you wish you were born a pug?

A TALE OF TWO WOMEN

"Come to me. I am dying. JUNE."

Don Eastern's brow was knit, and he muttered a very lugubrious imprecation under his breath as he stood studying the telegram which had just been put in his hand.

"I thought that was all over and done with. Must we go through with it again, I wonder?"

And then he took up a time-table and studied it attentively for a moment.

"Of course a thousand miles in this beastly cold is a mere nothing for a busy man! That's understood. A woman's caprice must be gratified at all hazards. My arch enchantress isn't letting me rest more than I am, but I suppose I must go."

Glancing hurriedly through the mail on his desk, he then picked up, from the midst of commonplace, practical, business-like looking letters, a slim, satin envelope of palest pink, with a faint perfume clinging to it. His whole face softened, and his hand shook for a moment as he eagerly opened and read the few lines.

"My little Mignon!" he said, gently.

But his little Mignon did not keep him from taking a journey of a thousand miles to see Jane Heatherton, to whom he had been engaged a year ago; with whom he had quarrelled fiercely over some palpable flirtation on her part; from whom he had parted in bitterness and pain, and yet with a half-relieved feeling in a corner of his heart.

Six months he had been reckless, as a man sometimes will when a woman has been false and untrue in any particular, and then she had written him, proudly, tenderly, saying that, as she had sinned, so she must be the supplicant—in her anger she had said she did not love him, but now she knew better; she would never love any one else — would he not come back to her?

But this he had declined, politely and firmly, now that it was all over, he knew that to find never loved her, and that it was a most fortunate thing he had found it out in time.

Her grace, her beauty, her wonderful fascination, had thrilled his blood with a rapture that he thought then was love, but it was only her false twin sister. Love had come to him, indeed, but it was a later guest, and then a sweet face turned to him through the shadows, and its purity and tenderness bloomed out the warm summer bounty of June Heatherton from before his vision.

Yes, a week later he was in her presence. "She evidently still lives!" he murmured, seriously, as he entered the magnificent hall of Heatherton, *pater*, in which no signs of mourning fluttered.

A moment later June entered the drawing-room, where he waited.

In his perplexity (men are such stupids) he went to Mignon.

He told her Mrs. Langdon was in town; that she had written to him to call. Should he do so? And then to her questions: Mignon was not happy, and she had not yet learned to love her husband, whom she had married in one of her freaks. But in time, perhaps—

And here little Mignon, with a very sore heart and a calm face, told him to go if he wished. It would only be courtesy.

She had seen June's picture, and the beautiful sorceress face was something to remember—the large, startling eyes, the languid, dark eyes, the pearl softness and fairness. Often, when she was nestled in her lover's arms, the thought would steal to her that that beautiful head and hair where hers was now; that his kisses had been pressed upon other, redder lips, and she felt a little pang, as a loving, jealous heart will, for these little love in this world that God walks hand in hand with jealousy. It is all very well to talk about a perfect trust, a noble confidence, but this is the nineteenth century, and sweet as love is, and argument, and self-sufficient indeed, when no doubt ever creeps in of one's own power and fascination when pitted against another's.

June Langdon was wealth, beauty, and passion. Mignon had twice her intellect, and tenderness, and capacity for pain, and self-sacrifice and love. June was a magnificent cactus-blossom, scarlet and gold, and sweet as honey, Mignon was a fair day-lily, pallid and fragrant and pensive.

And men have such an unfortunate weakness for tropical flowers, they cannot pass them by successfully — especially, even though they have already plucked the lily and had the fragrance over their hearts. The white flower brought out all the beauty of Don Eastern's soul, its chivalry and tenderness, its belief in the good and true, its higher impulses and aspirations; but he could not ignore the brilliant cactus-bud: it caused his blood to flow feverishly, it gave a new zest to living—for an hour.

Mignon was his saint, his sun, his good angel, and he loved her truly, with all the high love a man of the world can ever know. He reverenced her for her unswerving goodness and truth; he trusted her as he never supposed he could trust any one. She rested him and soothed him unspeakably.

And little Mignon loved him with a strange power and intensity that was the very breath of her life to her.

But he went to see Mrs. Langdon all the same.

She came to him more royally beautiful than ever, with eyes more lustrous and filled with a sturtler dusk, with redder lips and a deeper flush on her delicate cheeks; her garments clung about her lissom form, a fetish, mystic perfume rose from her laces —*Circe*, indeed.

He stood up silently and gravely, but she held her head on his shoulder and drew his face down to hers. She had once been delicately reserved, and high and proud, but a mad, unthinking love had changed her strangely. And, married though she was, the man, Don Eastern, held all her soul in his keeping, and, with a tropical nature like hers, love is everything.

She would have preferred heaven and the "lilies and languors of virtue"; debarred from that, she would take hell and the "roppure and rosee" of a love to which she had no shadow of right. By-and-by she said:

"Don, you love some one."

He bowed, with a deep look into her face.

"Not me—you do not love me!" she said, impatiently. "It is some one else, some one I don't know—tell me about her."

"My dear June, could a man ever find room for two women in his heart, when one of them was you?"

"Tell me about her," she said, steadily. "I have not loved you all these years, Don Eastern, without learning every phase of your mood. Does she live here?"

No, but she is visiting here at present."

"Is she beautiful?"

"No."

"Brilliant?"

"No."

"Wealthy?"

"No."

"What is she, then?"

"An angel, whose garments it is a profanation to touch."

She looked at him wonderingly and sighed heavily.

"Can I see her?"

"I am sure I do not know. You may possibly meet her at some party or something."

"Are you going to hear Modjeska to-morrow night?"

"Yes."

"With her?"

"I believe so."

"Then I shall see her— Oh, my God!" She caught her breath sharply, and fell down at his feet in all her exquisite beauty.

"Can you never, never love me again, Don? Only give me, my soul, it is all yours! Can you not give me a little love in return?

He lifted her up gently.

"It is too late to ask that now, June. Try and forget you ever loved any one but your husband. Believe me, you will be happier. No one can more bitterly regret than I the misery of our past. Let us begin anew."

But she thrust him away from her wildly, and told him to go, if he did not wish her to fall dead at his feet.

So he went away sadly.

* * * * * * *

Mignon was visiting a school friend. Mrs. Langdon arrived the next night, but all not listening to the heart-breaking story of "Camille"—Mrs. Barrymore piquant and gypsy-like; Mr. Barrymore blonde and languid, but very devoted to his pretty, dashing wife; Mignon and Don Eastern.

Mignon was listening earnestly to Modjeska, who interpreted so well a passionate, loving, erring, noble woman's heart. The night was a success; the subtlety of the acting, the naturalness of this actress, held her in thrall, and she never took her eyes from the stage; but, as the curtain went down on the second act, Mignon was at last and slowly conned the house. Suddenly she paused with a heart that throbbed strangely. Directly across from her sat a woman whom surely she had seen somewhere—a woman with great dusky eyes and golden hair, and a brilliant scarlet on her lips, and a fitful flush on her cheeks—a woman in gold satin that fell away from the snowy neck and arms on which a pearl gleamed curiously, with a knot of crimson in her hand.

"Don," she said, tremulously, "is not that an old friend of yours in the box opposite?"

He lifted his glass.

"You recognize her from her picture, I see. She is looking remarkably well, is she not?" nonchalantly.

"She is glorious!" but the tender heart contracted.

The dusky eyes across were looking in her direction with a restless, smoldering fire that Mignon had never seen before.

June Langdon had glanced over with hungry intensity that seemed to search her. She passed over Mrs. Barrymore's bright, dark beauty, and settled directly on Mignon's face, studying it intently. The dark eyes, the wistful mouth, the dreaming, calm sweet face.

"Not beautiful? No; but a face that any man would sacrifice his heart and love for, so much more than mere mould of form and coloring," she murmured. "Yet she dresses like an actress. There is not another woman in the house like her. She is cold as a picture. She is like a strain to Mozart, a spray of lilies, a cool pool in the heart of a desert. My God! how he looks at her—he never looked at me like that! He respects her, he worships her—"

She sank back, breathless with misery, and yet again and again she found herself studying intently at Mignon.

In a long, black velvet gown, cut after the fashion of an old picture, with rare lace at the throat and elbow, with long black gloves and a black fan, and a large bouquet of creamy, scarce-blown jasmine in her hand, she was a contrast indeed to most women there.

Mrs. Barrymore was more of a gypsy than ever in pale amber and dark ruby, all glowing and glittering, and gloss and shimmer, but from the rich darkness, Mignon's clear pallor, like the leaf of one of her jasmine buds, the sweet red lips, the dreaming eyes, fascinated and troubled a thousand eyes. She was like a picture of repose. She was like the twilight, tender and pensive, after the hot, tumultuous day. And Don Eastern, looking across at her, with unfeigned enchantment in her cold-satin draperies without a thrill, knew that for one touch of the small gloved hand at his side he would brave death.

As Canova was parting with Armand after her interview with his father, looking so sadly changed from the light-hearted, joyous girl, in her pretty pink dress and garden hat, from an hour before, laughing and babbling in her airy, kissing him in despairing, sobbing love, smiling in a grand self-renunciation, weeping over her dead and broken hopes altogether, June Langdon, pitiless, fascinating, in the splendid blossom-face that grew strangely white, and that Don Eastern was leaning her anxiously, and that he had drawn a mass of black, Spanish drapery about her slim form.

She saw Mignon look up with unspoken thanks, lifting her eyes with such devotion and love and faith in them; she saw him look down with eager, swift trust, tenderest love and anxiety; and then she watched no longer, but rose impatiently, with rage at a hatred in her heart.

She paused for one last look.

Mrs. Barrymore had leaned forward to speak to Mignon, and as June's eyes fell on her lace she started.

"Why, it is Blythe Hart! I knew she had married, but did not know what had become of her. Ah, everything is easy now."

The next day Mrs. Langdon's carriage dashed up to the Barrymore mansion, and a moment afterward Mrs. Langdon was announced.

Mrs. Barrymore and Mignon were seated together in the drawing-room. Mignon reclined in a great chair before the grate, Mrs. Barrymore lying luxuriously on a low Turkish divan.

Mrs. Barrymore stood up with a very faint surprise in her face, that changed to delight as she recognized an almost forgotten friend.

"Why, June, are you Mrs. Langdon? Three years in Europe leave me quite out of the pale of all my old friends. This is my dear friend, Mignon Trevor. Little Mignon, you have often heard me speak of June Heatherton?"

And Mignon, with a faint color in her cheeks, bowed quietly, but did not speak, and relapsed into her reverie, gazing with dark, dreaming eyes into the flames.

How did it happen that Circe stood knew. But after that these two were often together.

"Such a lovely morning, little Mignon. You must come for a drive with me." Or, "I shall be engaged to-day; you must come and make the hours bright for me."

And although Mignon felt a vague dread and dislike, it was so intangible, and the beautiful voice and face and manner so enchanting, that she could not resist, and felt ashamed of her distrust and fears.

The days had flown swiftly, and they had been days of rapture for Mignon; thoughtful and kind and loyal were quite new to her. Every day Don was with her, morning and evening; he watched over her with a jealous care and loving devotion that were a marvel to himself. He took her for drives, and accompanied her to the opera; he sent her rare flowers from his own green-houses; he brought her his favorite books and music, and late in the evenings he lingered beside her, petting them into drowsiness, and thinking of her every moment he was away from her. He realized that this pure, gentle, loving girl was the one supreme love of his life—her white hand could lead him unscathed over every sin and temptation, her sweet, dark eyes draw him to the uttermost ends of the earth. He was proud of her lofty and brilliant beauty, he worshipped her for her innocence and trust, and for the first time in his life the restless, cynical man of the world was happy.

June Langdon was less than nothing to him. He had never been near her since that day. He had never even thought of her.

But to-day he held an ivory sheet of paper in his hand, with a monogram emblazoned in violet and gold upon it. And a line in the elegant running hand he knew so well.

"I am going away to-morrow. Come just once more, for the sake of the old days, when no other woman was dearer than I. I am going to Paris to live, and may never see you again.

And he went. Reluctantly and distastefully—but he went. He was ushered into a dainty little boudoir, malva and poppy, musk-scented and flower-filled.

Mrs. Langdon came forward from the library to meet him, in a creamy, clinging robe, with a scarlet poppy on her bosom that gleamed out white and sultry from the yellow gauze shrouding lace.

She did not give him unasked kisses this time; she did not even offer him her hand, but threw herself down in a great chair, with a sad languor that would have touched any heart but his. They talked little indifferently, and then he arose to go.

"Good-by, Mrs. Langdon. I hope you will enjoy Paris, and not quite forget all your old friends."

"*Must* we part like this? Oh, my God! I cannot bear it! Have you no mercy, no pity?"

The tears streamed down her cheeks, and she held out her hand imploringly.

With the deepest pity and sympathy, he took her hand in his.

"June, you will forget. Believe me, you will forget all this in a very little while. What good would my love do you now? It could bring you nothing but sorrow. We must never meet again. I hope—I *know* you will be very happy yet. Good-by. God be with you, dear."

He bent down and touched the trembling hands with his lips, feeling wretchedly sorry for this beautiful, undisciplined woman in her misery.

But she flung her arms about his throat, and clung to him in a very abandonment of grief, sobbing hysterically, with low, sharp moans that cut him to the heart.

"June, dear child, do not weep so. You will be ill. It is torture to hear you."

She faltered and shivered, and he put his arms around her, and kissed her on the fair brow, neck, lips.

Her arms were about him, and the beautiful, quivering, wet face pressed close against him.

A deep sigh startled him. He lifted his head. Standing in the door, pallid as a ghost, with frightened, wotful eyes and despair in every feature, stood Mignon.

With a low exclamation, with rage and impatience and disgust, he shook the exquisite form from his bosom and strode across the room.

But the portiere had fallen back into its place and Mignon had vanished.

He called a servant and gave him a message for Miss Trevor, but the man returned with word that she had just gone out.

He left the house without one look at the woman who had brought that despairing look into his sweet love's face, and rushed to Mrs. Barrymore's. But the servant, with no suspicion of evil, well-trained and very expensive, informed him that the ladies were not at home.

Perforce he was obliged to wait until night, and then found himself once more at the Barrymore mansion.

Mrs. Barrymore received him coldly. Mignon had gone home; she would write to him from there, probably.

He waited two days, and then the little rosy missive reached him. He kissed it passionately again and again before he opened it.

"I never wish to see you again. My one prayer now is that I may forget you utterly. Good-by for all time. MIGNON."

With a mad and bitter wrath he cursed June Langdon—cursed her fiercely and coarsely—and then he started for Mignon's home, only to find it closed and deserted. And then despair overtook him, too.

Everything, every one was repulsive to him. He went to California, and from one end of the Pacific coast to the other. He speculated wildly. He was insanely reckless.

One day, six months after he had first seen through the Golden Gate, he saw a notice in a paper that made June Langdon a widow. He tore the paper in two, and trampled upon it.

* * * * * * *

A year went by, and then he grew calm. He would go home and seek Mignon. He would make her believe in him; life was not worth the living without her. For one touch of her cool hand, one glance of the calm, dark eyes, one smile of her pale, wistful lips, he would barter wealth and fame, and all the world had to offer—aye, life itself!

He never paused after he had started, nor night nor day, until he had reached the pretty little rustic town that held his pearl of price, his snow-white lily, his dove of peace.

And then a great fear fell upon him, undefined and foreboding. He wandered up the wide, irregular street with a beating heart and feverish pulses. In a few minutes she would be beside him, gentle, loving, forgiving. The tears came into his eyes, and he muttered a wordless prayer, sneering, cold man of the world that he was.

He drew his hat over his eyes, and wandered off across a wide, dusted field that opened from the street until he had shaken off his unwonted emotion.

The little graveyard nestled close beside the field; it looked cool, and shady and restful, and unconsciously he stepped into it.

Suddenly, with a great cry, he stood still before a fair, slender marble shaft.

MIGNON. AGED 20.
"Blessed are the pure in heart."

There was only one Mignon in the world. He fell down with his face upon her grave. She had died in Rome of the fever.

Two years later June Langdon was Mrs. Don Eastern.

NUMEROUS conger eels, killed by the frost, have been washed up on the southern coast of England. Some of them weighed seventy pounds, being seven feet long and twenty-four inches in circumference, miniature sea-serpents, in fact. No similar occurrence has been known since the Crimean war.

AN AMERICAN PALACE.

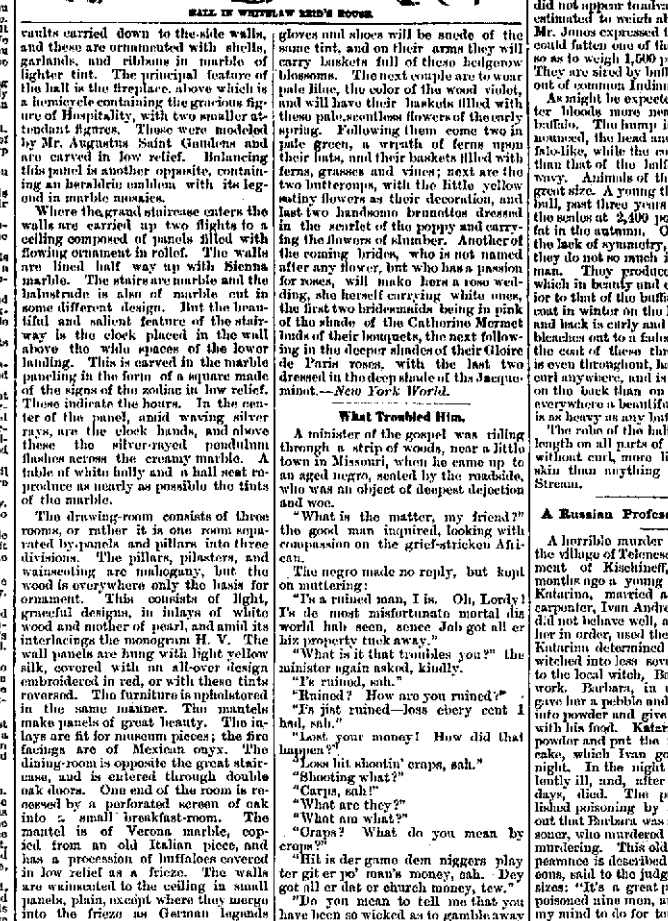
THE MAGNIFICENT HOME OF A NEW YORK EDITOR.

Description of the Villard House, Now the Home of Whitelaw Reid. The Marble Hall. Grand Stairway, and Breakfast-Room of This Palatial House.

THE house which Henry Villard built in New York when he was in the zenith of his financial prosperity is one of the finest private residences in America. It is now the home of Whitelaw Reid. It is built in the Renaissance style of architecture. A correspondent of the Chicago *Inter Ocean* thus describes this splendid American palace: The entrance is through the court. The vestibule is large and lofty, and gives the note of the house. It is lined with Sienna marble with a deep frieze of marble mosaic in upright slender floral forms. A crystal lamp hangs from the vault, and broad marble steps lead up to glittering glass doors that open into the main hall.

The hall runs at right angles and into the central room of the drawing-room suite, and into the music-room at the other. Here it broadens and receives the wide sweep of the marble stairway.

The hall has superb proportions, and it is floored, lined and ceiled with marble. The marble is Sienna, the soft, warm, creamy tint of which is so agreeable. The side walls are paneled and the panels are separated by narrow strips of lighter tinted marble. The ceiling consists of a series of shallow



HALL IN WHITELAW REID'S HOUSE.

vaults carried down to the side walls, and these are ornamented with shells, garlands, and ribbons in marble of lighter tint. The principal feature of the hall is the fireplace, above which is a hemicycle containing the gracious figure of Hospitality, with two smaller attendant figures. These were modeled by Mr. Augustus Saint Gaudens and are carved in low relief. Balancing this panel is another opposite, containing an heraldric emblem with its legend in marble mosaics.

Where the grand staircase enters the walls are carried up two flights to a ceiling composed of panels filled with flowing ornament in relief. The walls are lined half way up with Sienna marble. The stairs are marble and the balustrade is also of marble cut in some different design. But the beautiful and salient feature of the stairway is the clock placed in the wall above the wide spaces of the lower landing. This is carved in the marble paneling in the form of a square made of the signs of the zodiac in low relief. These indicate the hours. In the center of the panel, amid waving silver rays, are the clock hands, and above these the silver-rayed pendulum flashes across the creamy marble. A table of white bully and a hall seat reproduce as nearly as possible the tints of the marble.

The drawing-room consists of three rooms, or rather it is one room separated by panels and pillars into three divisions. The pillars, pilasters, and wainscoting are mahogany, but the wood is everywhere only the basis for ornament. This consists of light, graceful designs, in inlays of white wood and mother of pearl, and amid its interlacings the monogram H. V. The wall panels are hung with light yellow silk, covered with an all-over design embroidered in red, or with these tints reversed. The furniture is upholstered in the same manner. The mantels make panels of great beauty. The inlays are fit for museum pieces; the fire facings are of Mexican onyx. The dining-room is opposite the great staircase, and is entered through double oak doors. One end of the room is recessed by a perforated screen of oak into a small breakfast-room. The mantel is of Verona marble, copied from an old Italian piece, and has a procession of buffaloes covered in low relief as a frieze. The walls are wainscoted to the ceiling in small panels, plain, except where they merge into the frieze as German legends written in inlays. The ceiling is spanned by cross-beams, and within these are color decorations of garlands and women's faces. The end of the room is paneled to the ceiling in Sienna marble. Above the mantel there are three figures—"Joy," "Hospitality," and "Moderation." The peculiarity of these figures is that they are full length, but seated, the arms clasping the knees; in this manner they form bold medallions that are connected by broad ribbons. On each side of the mantel are niches lined with marble, which has been carved to represent dolphins plunging downward beneath rippling water.

A pretty feature is the elevator, which belongs to a small concealed hall. This hall may be entered from the vestibule, and is intended to be used on gala occasions that guests may reach the dressing-rooms unobserved.

Within this inclosure, which is lined with small squares of mahogany, is a winding stairway with a light, gay balustrade. Above is a gilded dome and lantern.

These complete the state apartments, but the house thoughout, with the exception of a small boudoir, which is French, is carried out with the same careful attention to consistency in the detail.

The Flower Idea at Weddings.

There are to be half a dozen swell weddings immediately after Easter, and in honor of the vernal season most of them are to be flower weddings, for which, as it happens, the names of the prospective brides give the cue. One of these young women is known to her friends as Lily, and the lace of her beautiful gown and veil is made in patterns of wreaths of lily of the valley. She will carry in her hand a great nosegay of the little white odorous blossoms tied with long floating white satin ribbons. The six bridesmaids will be all in green and white, the first one wearing green of the delicate tint of the lime leaves, and each one after her wearing a slightly darker shade, so that the dress of the last will be of the clear dark lily-leaf green. The dresses will be made with underskirts of green silk over which falls a straight full skirt of white lace, the green muire Directoire coats opening over lace waistcoats and trimmed with big silver buttons; the hats are of white Leghorn with green feathers, and the gloves and slippers are of white suede; there will not be a touch of color about the whole party except white and shades of green, and all of them will carry lilies of the valley set in their own green foliage. Another one of these brides is named Margaret, more commonly known by the diminutive Daisy, and hers is to be a wedding of field flowers. All the floral decorations at the house and church are to be of daisies, and she herself will wear diamonds made in this form and carry the real blossoms in her hand. Her bridesmaids number ten and will go in couples as to dress, the first two wearing Josephine gowns of the palest pink Chinn crepe, with huge sashes tied under their arms, and on their heads wide hats wrenthed with wild roses, their gloves and shoes will be suede of the same tint, and on their arms they will carry baskets full of these bridgerow blossoms. The next couple are to wear pale lilac, the color of the sweet violet, and will have their baskets filled with these pale, scentless flowers of the early spring. Following them come two in pale green, a wreath of ferns upon their hats, and their baskets filled with ferns, grasses and vines; next are the two buttercups, with the little yellow satiny flowers as their decoration, and last two handsome brunettes dressed in the scarlet of the poppy and carrying the flowers of slumber. Another of the coming brides, who is not named after any flower, but who has a passion for roses, will make hers a rose wedding, she herself carrying white ones, the first two bridesmaids being in pink of the shade of the Catherine Mermet buds of their bouquets, the next following in the deeper shades of their Gloire de Paris roses, with the last two dressed in the deep shade of the Jacqueminot.—*New York World.*

What Troubled Him.

A minister of the gospel was riding through a strip of woods, near a little town in Missouri, when he came up to an aged negro, seated by the roadside, who was an object of deepest dejection and woe.

"What is the matter, my friend?" the good man inquired, looking with compassion on the grief-stricken African.

The negro made no reply, but kept on muttering:

"I's a ruined man, I is. Oh, Lordy! Is de most misfortunate mortal dis world hab seen, sence Job got all he biz property tuck away."

"What is it that troubles you?" the minister again asked, kindly.

"I's ruined, sah."

"Ruined? How are you ruined?"

"I's jist ruined—loss every cent I had, sah."

"Lost your money! How did that happen?"

"Loss hit shootin' craps, sah."

"Shooting what?"

"Craps, sah!"

"What are they?"

"What am what?"

"Craps? What do you mean by craps?"

"Hit is der game dem niggers play tur git er po' man's money, sah. Dey got all er dat er church money, dew."

"Do you mean to tell me that you have been so wicked as to gamble away money that belonged to the church?"

"I guesso, sah."

"This is very wicked, sir; but as you are honest about it, and feel so downcast and repentant, perhaps the members of your church will forgive you."

"For what, sah?"

"For losing the money that belonged to your church."

"That ain't what's pesterin' me, sah."

"Ah! I see, my good man. It is because you know that you have committed a great sin against the Lord, that makes you so unhappy."

"No, sah; hit's not that—hit's $2 o' my own dat dem niggers got is what's pesterin' me."

And he broke forth again into doleful lamentations.—*Yankee Blade.*

The Cook's Fault.

Hungry Guest—"Whose fault is it that I am kept waiting so long for my order?"

Waiter—"The cook's, sah. The cook don't like me this mo'ning."

"He don't, eh?"

"No, sah. You see, I didn't hab no quarter to gub him. Thanks, sah. I'll go win his affections, sah."—*New York Weekly.*

Voracious Chicken Snakes.

As the spring opens in the Hudson Highlands, a species of black snake that the farmers call "chicken snakes," often profusely spotted with yellow dots appear in great numbers. They seem to be bolder and more voracious than ever this year. Few of the hen roosts have escaped their ravages. Ordinarily they have been satisfied with sucking the eggs and occasionally killing and eating the young chickens, but this season they have enlarged their sphere of action, and many full-grown hens have been slaughtered by them. One farmer, whose holding is on the northern slope of Storm King Mountain, a short distance above Cornwall, lost a valuable game rooster a few nights ago.

The bird was kept along in the loft of the stable, and how the snake succeeded in reaching it is a mystery, for it always roosted on a beam ten feet above the floor. But that the champion of a score of battles had succumbed at last to a reptile was evident, for the heavy dust on the beam bore plain imprints of the serpent's passage along and around it. The rooster had not fallen when it died. It was found still clinging to the roost, with a small opening in its throat and every drop of blood sucked from its body.

Farmer Kelly, of Meadow Brook, in the upper part of Orange County, also has a rooster that was attacked by a snake and severely wounded, but escaped death, either through his own courtious, or by the valorous assistance of his best hen—big, old-fashioned Plymouth Rock, of great egg-laying capacity. The hen always roosts close to the male bird at night and seemed devoted to him. He repaid her faithful affection whenever he scratched up a worm by calling her to watch him eat it.

Just before daylight on Monday morning Farmer Kelly heard a commotion in his hen-house, and going there with a lantern, he found the rooster lying on his side on the floor, with the blood trickling from a nasty cut in his neck. The old hen was on her feet near him, and a spotted snake with both eyes peeled out and a badly damaged head was trying to make its escape, while the female bird was beating it down with her beak and seemed likely to kill it. She was unhurt, and as soon as the farmer had crushed out the snake's life with the heel of his boot, she manifested her sympathy for the prostrate rooster by walking around him and clucking anxiously, until he was able to stand up and crow feebly; but whether he was crowing in honor of his own triumph, or in recognition of the hen's victory, Farmer Kelly is unable to say. The circumstantial evidence, when he arrived, was in favor of the hen; but he is willing to credit each bird with having extricated an eye from the snake's head.—[New York Tribune.

A New Breed of Cattle.

Besides the pure buffalo, of which Mr. Jones, of Kansas, has nearly 120, he has a number of the crossbred stock, and it is these which to the reader of cattle are by far the most interesting. Among these last are four half-breed cows. These cows are all alike in size, and convey the impression of more bulk than large work oxen. When seen in March they were rather thin in flesh and were shedding their coats, so they did not appear to advantage. They were estimated to weigh about 1,400 pounds. Mr. Jones expressed the opinion that he could fatten one of them in the autumn so as to weigh 1,500 pounds live weight. They are sired by buffalo bulls and are out of common Indian cows.

As might be expected, the three-quarter bloods more nearly resemble the buffalo. The hump is much more pronounced, the head and horns more buffalo-like, while the coat is much longer than that of the half-breeds and more wavy. Animals of this breed attain a great size. A young three-quarter-breed bull, past three years old, pulled down the scales at 2,400 pounds when grass fat in the autumn. Owing, however, to the lack of symmetry, due to the hump, they do not so much impress the unlike man.

They produce robe, however, which in beauty and evenness is superior to that of the buffalo. The buffalo's coat in winter on the hump, upper sides and back is curly and matted, and soon bleaches out to a faded tan color, while the coat of these three-quarter bloods is even throughout, having little or no curl anywhere, and is but little lighter on the back than on the belly. It is everywhere a beautiful rich brown, and is as heavy as any buffalo robe.

The robe of the half-breed is even in length on all parts of the body and is without curl, more like a heavy bear skin than anything else.—Forest and Stream.

A Russian Professional Poisoner.

A horrible murder is reported from the village of Telemeschu, in the government of Kischineff, Russia. Some months ago a young farm girl, named Katarina, married a young workman carpenter, Ivan Averovich. Katarina did not believe well, and Ivan, to keep her in order, used the domestic knout. Katarina determined to have him bewitched into less severity, and applied to the local witch, Barbara, to do the work. Barbara, in exchange for $4, gave her a pebble and bade her grind it into powder and give it to her husband with his food. Katarina made it into powder and put the most of it into a cake, which Ivan got for supper that night. In the night he was taken violently ill, and, after suffering for two days, died. The post-mortem established poisoning by arsenic. It came out that Barbara was a professional poisoner, who murdered for the pleasure of murdering. This old woman, whose appearance is described as resemblingly hideous, said to the judge at Kischineff assizes: "It's a great pity. I have only poisoned nine men, and I had made up my mind to do for ten." By her confession it came to light that she had poisoned her two husbands and six children.—Times-Democrat.

Determined Pigeons.

Wild pigeons have been scarce in the upper Lehigh and Pocono country, of Pennsylvania, since the summer of 1885. While Farmer Solomon Titsworth was sowing grain in Tunkhannock township on a cloudy afternoon last month, a flock of 200 or 300 pigeons alighted in the ploughed lot behind him and began to gobble up his grain at a rate that he didn't like at all. Farmer Titsworth tried it's best to scare them away, but he couldn't. As fast as he drove them from one part of the lot they flew to another and picked up his grain as if they hadn't had any food for two or three days. Then the farmer got a hoe, gad and set to beating the hungry birds, but they were too many for him, even though he killed a dozen or so. The hunger of the pigeons overcame their fear, and they stayed in the field until they had filled their crops, when they rose in a body and sailed away toward the north. Farmer Titsworth had to sow a portion of the lot over again.

UTILIZING THE LASSO.

PROTECTION AFFORDED PEOPLE AGAINST MANY MISHAPS.

An Enterprise That Is Destined to Work Wonders in All the Great Cities. What the Metropolitan Lasso Company Proposes to Accomplish.

IN metropolitan life there are certain mishaps, which come upon man so suddenly that for the moment he is paralyzed; and, by the time he regains his self-possession, the harm has been done past remedy. The Metropolitan Lasso Company of Chicago has secured a force of native lassoists (picked from Southern and Western ranches), who will be stationed at various parts of the city; and their duty will be to avert (at a moderate charge) the class of accidents referred to above. In the first place, all hats blown from the head to the ground, and thence to and along the gutter, at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour, will be promptly captured by the swift and unerring lasso of one of our men, at the following rates:

Derby	2 cents	Opera, silk	6 cents
Straw	3 cents	Stove-pipe	7 cent
Opera, open	5 cents	Crush, soft	15 cents

At the cry of "Stop thief!" one of our men will promptly encircle the fleeing purloiner, at the following rates:

Snack-thief	10 cents	Umbrella thief	½ cent
Pocket's thief	10 cents	Shoplifter	7 cents

Mad dogs will be immediately attended to by our lassoists, at slightly increased rates, owing to the high price of a first-class cabin passage to Paris. Our schedule for this branch of work will be:

Cats	$10.00	Pup	$ .50
Black-and-tan	1.00	Bull dog	250.00
Poodle	.50	Mastiff	67.00

For fast driving on public streets our men will be found an effective preventive; and they will always be ready to lasso any style of conveyance at the following tariff:

Trotters	$1.50	Runaways	$12.75
Grocery & butch'r.	1.50	Dray (Irish driver)	21.00

By the foregoing it will be seen that we contract to stop such fleeting objects as cannot be arrested by policemen,

THE WAITER.

yelling or other ordinary means; those who have seen the effectiveness of the lasso in skilled hands will readily believe that we can accomplish our peculiar line of work. The lasso can also be made a factor in metropolitan life in other ways than those already described.

Any one desiring prompt service in our public dining-rooms, and unable to secure a waiter, can call in one of our men, who will promptly capture any negro he may designate. Car conductors, who often have a deep-seated antipathy to stopping for passengers, can, with one of our lassoists on the

FOR THE CAR CONDUCTOR.

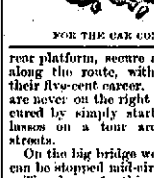
rear platform, secure any or all fares along the route, without pausing in their flow-cent career. Policemen who are never on the right spot can be secured by simply starting one of our lassos on a tour around the back streets.

On the big bridges would-be suicides can be stopped mid-air.

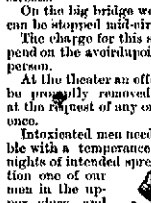
The charge for this service will depend on the avoirdupois of the rescued person.

At the theater an offensive actor can be promptly removed from the stage, at the request of any one in the audience.

Intoxicated men need not again fumble with a temperance key-hole. On nights of intended sprees they can station one of our men in the upper story, and on coming home will only be obliged to remain passive on the street below, while they are lassoed and afterwards drawn in through the upper window. We could go on enumerating modern instances where our lasso would be the right thing in the right place, but modesty forbids further mention. Having amply proved



AFTER THE SPREE.



COLLARING A DOG.

our utility we pause content. Our men, dressed in Mexican costume and wearing ornamental license badges, will be picturesque objects on the public thoroughfares.

WIFE—My new bonnet came home this afternoon, Charlie; won't you take me to see Mrs. Baker to-night? Husband—Do you want to see Mrs. Baker or do you want her to see you?

MISS WABASH—How delightfully your sister plays! Miss Waldo—Why, my dear, that's the man in the back parlor tuning the piano.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE smallest horse in the world made its appearance at Racine, Wis., lately. It is a Shetland pony and weighs 42 pounds. It is 2 feet 6 inches high, and 2 feet 3 inches long, and resembles a dog more than a horse.

IT is stated that M. Pasteur's plan of exterminating the rabbits by inoculation with transmittable virus has proved to be a failure in Australia. The reward of $100,000 offered by the N. S. W. government for an effective mode of destroying the rodents is as yet unclaimed.

PARIS is to have a beauty show, where the first prize will be $6,000, and the public will be invited to make bets upon the different contestants. Leghorn recently had such a show, but the exhibits were so unsatisfactory that the audience broke up the affair by hissing them off the stage.

THE government constables at Corea have killed a rich man named Bokn because he paid the entire tax levy of his poor town out of his own pocket. They thought that was proof enough that he wanted to clutch the throne. This will probably destroy the crop of philanthrophy in Corea.

AMONG the eight points to be submitted to the International Conference of next October one is "the adoption of a common silver coin to be issued by each Government, the same to be legal tender in all commercial transactions between the citizens of all the American States."

KING MATAZEE, of the Western Ashantees, ridicules Kaiser William's plan of marking his favorite slaves with stars and ribbons that might get lost by accident, and informed a German traveler that his own courtiers are distinguished for life by a tatoo etched in by means of a scraping iron and the acrid juice of a species of euphorbia, leaving an indelible pale spot on a background of black hide.

A FEW months ago the agent of an English syndicate effected the purchase of the auriferous rock known as Douglas Island, Oregon, where pieces of gold-bearing quartz have often been picked up at the surface, and crop out in every deeper ravine. An expert, who has since diamond-drilled the island from end to end, now reports that the rocks contain gold quartz enough to keep a thousand miners busy for a hundred years.

THE Nebraska Supreme Court has just decided a question of interest to money loaners. Growing corn had been mortgaged, and after coming to maturity it was harvested and sold to grain dealers. The owners of the mortgage sued them for the value of the corn. The court decided that growing corn is not the corn after it has been cribbed and sold; in other words, that the mortgage will not hold and the plaintiff cannot recover.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad is making experiments to mitigate the horrors of burning trains. It is proposed to place on the engines a connection with the steam-pump, by which a hose can be attached and used to quench fire. A trial was made the other day in West Philadelphia, and the pump threw a stream over the highest buildings. If further experiments prove successful, a number of passenger engines will be equipped, and the train crews exercised in the fire drill.

TEXAS is said to be a crisis just now in the false hair trade. The great hairdressers of London, Paris and Vienna have placed orders for hair which it will take the supplies of five years to satisfy, and the amount of fair hair brought into the market is beginning to fall short. When the hair was worn in a small coil on the nape of the neck, as was the fashion a few years back, little false hair was used, and the complaints of the hairdressers were loud and deep. Since ladies, however, have taken to pile their tresses on the top of their head, an addition is required by those to whom nature has not been bountiful in the matter of locks, and hence an increased demand, which the introduction of the catogan has only served to stimulate.

SECRETARY RUSK, of the Agricultural Department, is deeply interested in the establishment of short winter courses of lectures to young men on farms upon topics related to the successful conduct of their labors. These have been established under his influence in Wisconsin, and Vermont has followed her example. Farmers' institutes for the general diffusion of knowledge on agricultural subjects are also among Secretary Rusk's favorite educational schemes. They are now in regularly organized operation in twenty-two States, and in the last session of Congress Senator Spooner introduced a bill to extend them all over the country under the auspices of the Agricultural Department. This effort will be heartily indorsed by Secretary Rusk.

THE United States cruiser Yantic is out looking up derelicts. She was ordered to provide herself with charts of floating wrecks from the Hydrographic Office and proceed to destroy them. Her orders directed though that derelicts found within the marine league of the coast should not be touched. The customary way to destroy these obstructions is by placing torpedoes under them and blowing them in pieces. Last winter, when the cruisers Boston and Atlanta were in West India waters, they experimented, destroying every derelict they ran across by firing heavy projectiles into them from the six-inch and eight-inch guns. It may have been a little more expensive way of destroying the wrecks than if torpedoes had been used, but it afforded, however, a good opportunity for target practice and a chance to note the destructive effects of the heavy shells.

A question of much delicacy and interest is whether the increase of the number of deaf mutes is due to the intermarriage of personsso afflicted. It is, of course, no secret that in the wealthiest and most refined circles in Washington society are to be found some charming persons who are deprived of both speech and hearing. This perhaps adds additional interest to the question, which it is proposed to investigate with thoroughness and scientific care in connection with the next census. Dr. Gallaudet, president of the National Deaf Dumb College, at Kendall Green, near Washington, D. C., was sent abroad by President Cleveland two years ago, to attend an international convention of persons interested in this subject, and the result of his researches on that point will be [illegible]

RICHMOND'S BREAD RIOT.

Jefferson Davis Describes a War-Time Incident.

On the day of the riot (April 2, 1863), Mr. Davis said, he received word while in his office in Richmond that a serious disturbance, which the Mayor and Governor Letcher with the State forces under his command were entirely unable to suppress, was in progress on the streets. He quickly proceeded to the scene of trouble in the lower portion of the city, whither the venerable Mayor had preceded him. He found a large crowd on Main street, although the mass of the rioters were congregated on one of the side streets leading into that thoroughfare. They were headed by a tall, daring, Amazonian-looking woman, who had a white feather standing erect from her hat, and who was evidently directing the movements of the plunderers. The main avenue was blocked by a dray from which the horses had been taken, and which had been hauled across the street, and it was particularly noticeable that though the mob chained that they were starving and wanted bread they had not confined their operations to food supplies, but had passed by, without any effort to attack, several provision stores and bakeries, while they had completely gutted one jewelry store and had also "looted" some millinery and clothing shops in the vicinity.

At the Confederate Armory in Richmond were engaged a number of armorers and artisans enrolled by General Gorgas, Chief of Ordnance, to work especially for the Government. These men had been organized into a military company under the command of a captain, whose bearing was that of a trained, sturdy soldier, accustomed to obey orders, and ready to do his duty unflinchingly, no matter what it might be. This company had been promptly ordered to the scene of riot, and arrived shortly after Mr. Davis.

Mr. Davis mounted the dray mentioned and made a brief address to the formidable crowd of both sexes, urging them to abstain from their lawless acts. He reminded them of how they had taken jewelry and finery instead of supplying themselves with the bread, for the lack of which they claimed they were suffering. He concluded by saying: "You say you are hungry and have no money. Here is all I have; it is not much, but take it." He then, emptying his pockets, threw all the money they contained among the mob, after which he took out his watch and said: "We do not desire to injure any one, but this lawlessness must stop. I will give you five minutes' time to disperse, otherwise you will be fired on." The order was given the company to prepare for firing, and the grim, resolute old captain—who, Mr. Davis said, was an old resident of Richmond, but whose name he does not recall—gave his men the command, "Load!" The muskets were then loaded with buck and ball cartridges, with strict observance of military usage, and every one could see that when their stern commander received orders to fire he intended to shoot to kill. The mob evidently fully realized this fact, and began to disperse, and before the five minutes had expired the trouble was over and the famous misnamed bread riot was at an end.—[Richmond (Va.) Dispatch.

Unique Feature of the Paris Exposition.

Perhaps after the Eiffel Tower, one of the most unique features of the exhibition is the "History of human habitations," which has been organized by Charles Garnier, the eminent architect of the famous Grand Opera House in Paris. This is an exceedingly curious exhibition, and, as I fancy, must ever have the germ of novelty. It runs parallel with the Champ de Mars, and the fac-similes of habitations of mankind which it exhibits date from the remotest periods, when men lived in holes and caves, to the elegant marbles of the Renaissance. In order to arrange his history more clearly Garnier has divided it into two parts—the prehistoric and the historic. In the first division are included the subterranean dwellers and the savages who lived in caves, while the second division includes every form of architecture known to history. In the valuable collection Garnier knows the progress of men from the dim periods of the stone and metal ages to the frail shelter of the South Sea Islanders, the snow huts of the Esquimaux, the straw hut frail of the African, the gloomy villa of the Arab, the gaudy palaces of Peru and Mexico, the Oriental, Grecian, and Roman forms of architecture, the Tudor mansions, and so on up to the modern houses. All of these specimens of habitations have been built with the greatest care, are absolutely faithful to the original models, and represent, so far as human knowledge can tell it, the entire development and evolution of the human race, as far as its habitations are concerned. It is of course impossible to go into the details of such a superb scheme as this in the space of a short newspaper article.

Henry Clay and the Tough.

Henry Clay once invaded the blue grass region of Tennessee to make a speech. When he arrived at his destination a tough looking specimen, evidently in the last stages of whiskeyism, stepped from the throng, slapped the great orator on the back, and said:

"Howdy, Mr. Clay?"

The great man shook his head and replied, "Be kind enough to turn your head that I may see your profile."

The man averted his face while the flickering torchlights enabled the observer to study him closely for several seconds.

"Twenty years ago," said Mr. Clay, "you had not begun to grow that long beard and was smooth faced—eh?"

"That's right."

"You were not then a cyclops, but had two whole eyes—eh?"

"That's right, I reckon."

"Ah! Then you sat on a jury before which I pleaded a case, and your name is ——. Am I not right?"

"I reckon you are, sarh."

"Yes, yes; I remember you perfectly, and," continued Mr. Clay, "you had one other characteristic, which I now recall—you were then a gentleman."—[New York Herald.

Plants in Tin Cans.

Not long since we called on a farmer whose wife was passionately fond of flowers and had the finest geraniums we ever saw outside of a greenhouse. When asked the secret of her success, she replied: "It is because I grow my plants in tin cans, and in these they do not dry up as they do in porous pots; in the tins I only water two or three times a week, while in pots they must be watered twice a day, and no plant will thrive it under water half the time." —[American Agriculturist.

BILL NYE IN NEBRASKA.

THE GREAT HUMORIST DOING THE WESTWARD HO! ACT.

Nebraska Is a Rich State, With Resources on Every Hand Which as Yet Have Hardly Been Tried or Fairly Started—Something About the Early Settlers.

[WEST OF THE MISSOURI, AND STILL DOING THE WESTWARD HO! ACT.]

THERE are two palmettoes in the State of Nebraska, but there are other flora, such as corn, beans, succotash, wood, cordwood, and live stock in great profusion. The first palmetto I ever saw was at Columbia, S. C., in November last. It was situated near the State House and filled me with wonder and admiration. The odd endogenous trunk, with its deep scars, and then, above and crowning all, the delicate fluted dark green leaves, through which the gentle breezes were almost constantly engaged in soughing.

I looked at it a long time in silence and wrapped in profound admiration. Then I went away and got a friend to come and assist me in admiring the delicate beauty and subtle perfume of the tree.

"How wonderful," I said, "are the works of the Creator. Who could fashion the fronded palm or paint the delicate fringe of foliage that crowns the graceful palmetto? Man may strive to do it, but he will never succeed. How beautiful, how wonderful, are the works of the Maker."

"Yes," said a low voice which emanated from a full set of rank whiskers near by, "but you are mistaken about the name of the maker of that tree. It was made by the Columbia Iron Works of this place."

I now decided to abandon the tree and admire something else.

The Platte River is a queer stream. It has a large circulation, but little influence. It covers a good deal of ground, but it is not deep. In some places it is a mile wide and three-quarters of an inch deep. It has a bed of quicksand which assists it in drowning people. The Platte makes little fuss about it, but succeeds in being quite fatal. You might cross the river without even getting your hose wet, and then again you might find that in crossing the stream you had struck an entirely new country from whose bourne no traveler returns.

Nebraska is bounded on the north by Dakota, on the east by Iowa, on the south by Kansas, and on the west by

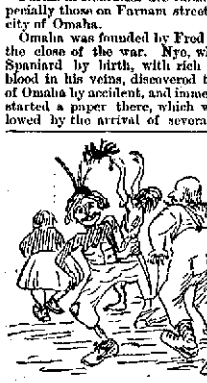
NYE ADMIRING THE PALMETTO.

Colorado and Wyoming. The chief productions are fruits, including orange, orange, and Lima bean. Cereals of all kinds abound here, including maize or Indian corn in great profusion, broomcorn, sorghum, and Percheron horses. The chief industries include agriculture, running for the Legislature, and shipbuilding.

Nebraska is a rich State with resources on every hand which as yet have hardly been tried or fairly started. Coal infests the bowels of the earth. Boundless areas of rich farming lands await only the agricultural humorist, who is supposed to tickle them with the hoe (the westward ho) in order to make them laugh forth heartily with abundant harvests. The air is pure and whisky is abundant. Hostile Indians are now quite scarce, it being almost impossible to get enough for a mess. Wild geese, water cress, pizen weed, politicians, and the Salvation Army thrive well here.

Farms in Nebraska are valuable, especially those on Farnam street in the city of Omaha.

Omaha was founded by Fred Nye at the close of the war. Nye, who is a Spaniard by birth, with rich Castile blood in his veins, discovered the site of Omaha by accident, and immediately started a paper there, which was followed by the arrival of several thou-



TRIPPING THE LIGHT ROMDASTIC TOE.

sand people who came there to subscribe for the paper.

In 1803 Messrs. Lewis & Clarke, who were doing a general discovery business, camped at what is now Council Bluffs. They held a treaty with hostile Indians at this point, under the provisions of which the Indians were firmly bound by those presents to avoid killing the Messrs. Lewis & Clarke. They also decided a few counties to the white man in consideration of twenty cents' worth of beads and a fine-tooth comb, to them in hand paid.

It is thought that Nebraska was discovered by Coronado in 1541 at a point which is between Gage and Furnas Counties.

The Omaha Indians now number about 1,000 souls, I was about to say, but they have associated with the white man so much that I will just say there are 1,000 head of them. Some of them at times fly in the face of industry. The Indian by nature seems to reluctantly part with his perspiration.

Lucien Fontanelle, born in New Orleans about the year 1800, went to the West in 1824, where he soon began to move in the best Omaha Indian society circles. He was always invited to attend the best and most recherche scalp dances, where he would trip the light fantastic toe till "the wee sma' hours ayont the twa," as I read in a paper once. It was not long, then, until Mr. Fontanelle won the heart of a young Indian squaw. It was but the work of a moment to make her his wife. She did not play on the piano at all and so made him a good wife. She was a remarkable woman in many respects, and as she walked through the spacious halls of her home her footfalls sounded like a game of beanbag at a quiet social.

She dressed plainly in an army blanket, and, in addition to her housework, used to catch muskrats during the winter. She became the mother of five half-breed children. Her husband died in 1840 as a result of his efforts to combine business with delirium tremens. Whisky at that time in Omaha was often attended with fatal results. It would remove warts, corns, and bunions. Mr. Fontanelle used it frequently in order to afford exhilaration. Finally it began to afford not only board and lodging, but also spectacular entertainments, during one of which he suddenly expired, leaving four sons and one daughter. Logan was finally killed by the Sioux, after having made a good many experiments with the demon rum. Albert was a blacksmith up to his death, since which little is known of him. He was thrown from a mule in a vertical direction, and when he struck the town his soul had fled. The mule's injuries were slight. Tecumseh was killed by his brother-in-law in a drunken frolic. He was a lovely character except when drunk. When he was drunk he frequently said things which he afterward bitterly regretted.

Mrs. Fontanelle had the ill-fortune to see one of her little sons coming home from school with a spear inserted in him one day, from which he died. She found out that the deed was done by an Iowa Indian.

She concealed an ax under her blanket, and, telling him to look at the beautiful sunlight which bathed the entire landscape and flooded it with glory, she spat on her hands, and, swinging the ax about with great vigor, buried it in the center of the low, coarse brute. Wiping the ax carefully with her pocket-handkerchief, she returned to her home and wrote up the occurrence for the local papers, laying blame mostly on the deceased for the unfortunate affair.

Omaha is situated in the eastern part of the State, her feet being bathed by the waters of the Missouri. The Missouri carries quite a quantity of Nebraska down to Louisiana every year, but replaces the loss by leaving large deposits of Dakota in the meantime. The Missouri is quite a wet stream, however, compared with the Platte. In August street-sprinklers have to run up and down over the parched bosom of the Platte.—*Bill Nye, in St. Louis Post.*

Clergymen on Stage Morals.

The theater is a very bad place, according to the opinions of T. DeWitt Talmage and Drs. Cuyler and Crosby, which they express in a series of newspaper articles on the "Morals of the Stage." Mr. Talmage thinks there are scenes of brazen indecency enacted every night in our play-houses, where the actresses appear with a Sodomite lack of robe. Dr. Cuyler compares theater-going to wine drinking, and says that no good woman ever wants her sons and daughters in such a place. Dr. Crosby goes perhaps even further, and says that the stamp of the theater is impurity.

These reverend gentlemen speak of the character of the theater so positively that it would be interesting to know just what their qualifications as censors are. Mr. Talmage admits frankly that he was never in a theater to witness a play but three times in his life, and that was when a boy of 10. Drs. Cuyler and Crosby do not give their experience; but as their criticisms of the drama are based upon what they have read in the newspapers and upon play bords, it is probably about as extensive as that of Mr. Talmage.

The opinions of these distinguished gentlemen about the morals of the stage may be interesting as literary productions, but they are not half the value of those of the average man of intelligence who has visited theaters occasionally and who knows what he is talking about. If the newspapers, the literature and the men and women of to-day are bad, the theaters are bad. But neither the newspapers nor men or women are thoroughly good or thoroughly bad. Their virtues and vices are inextricably mixed, and the same is true of theaters. They reflect pretty accurately the tastes of their patrons, and if they are not as good as they ought to be, the ministers, whose duty it is to educate the masses, are perhaps the most to blame.—*New York Star.*

A Correct Diagnosis.

George—Eh? You got engaged last night? Gus, my old, my dear friend, tell me how you did it.

Gus—Really, I hardly know myself. Couldn't help it. Just like falling down stairs. I was on the edge of a proposal, she gave me a push, and there I was engaged.

"Well, I haven't had any such experience. Every time I try to start, my knees knock together, and my teeth chatter, and my tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth. I've tried a dozen times to pop the question to Miss De Pink, and stumped every time.

"And did she let you stump?"

"Yes."

"You are courting the wrong girl."—*New York Weekly.*

OFFICIAL DEPRAVITY IN RUSSIA.

Stepniak, the Distinguished Nihilist, Declares Bribery to Be a National Institution.

THE reputation of the Russian Chinovniks, or officials, for bribery and corruption is so well established that it would be a mere waste of time to try to prove it again by some isolated illustrations, writes S. Stepniak, in the Chicago *Inter Ocean*. Private dishonesty is as strongly condemned by public opinion in Russia as anywhere else. But official dishonesty and peculation is indeed viewed by the mass of Russians with a great deal too much equanimity and tolerance.

The delinquents themselves, the bribe-takers and depredators of public funds, are certainly the first to encourage these lenient views. They all consider such transgressions as trivial offenses, sometimes as nonfeasance at all.

Our great historian, N. Kostomarov, in his "Origin of Autocracy in Russia," has clearly shown how official corruption grew in Old Muscovy with the gradual decay of the ancient popular franchises. When all traces of popular and provincial independence were swept away, when local self-government was no more, the Muscovite tzars found themselves in the position of private owners, to whom the whole country—land, men, and riches—belonged.

In the beginning, the citizens became utterly indifferent to the cheating of the state. It was the Tzar's business, they said, not their own.

The Tzars in their turn viewed the matter in much the same light, though from an opposite point of view. Administrative offices were conferred, not as a charge but as a sinecure—"for food" to use the official expression of the epoch—pretty much as nowadays leases on the dominial estates are given on to retired officers or their widows. If an official fulfilled well his duty toward the Tzar, and used some discretion in committing what is now called by the ugly names of extortion, venality, bribery—he was in no danger of dismissal. The Central Government stepped in, however, when the depredations assumed such proportions as to endanger the future resources of the province.

Peter the Great was the first to introduce to the Russian mind the altogether different Western conception of the state as a Res-Publica, the common weal; of which the sovereign was the trusted manager, with the officials as his faithful assistants. Since then bribery and peculation have been pronounced state offenses, quite independently of the material harm they might or might not involve. During the two centuries that the St. Petersburg monarchy has existed, the Central Government has never ceased for an instant its war on bribery and official corruption; the attack has varied only in intensity.

The Destruction of the Grizzlies and the Black Bears.

In Western America there are two bears, that claim the sportsman's attention—the grizzly and the black. The former, hunters have endowed with many aliases, such as "silver-tip," "brown," "cinnamon," "bald-face," and "range" bear. These names do not mean anything; for the grizzly, like the dog, is of many colors. But while hunters may vary in their nomenclature, they one and all agree that the full-grown grizzly is the gamest animal in the world, and the one to be most dreaded.

Never do these bears stand on their hind legs and pursue the hunter with terrible howls and roars, as is the orthodox way of describing their conflicts with human beings in the ghastly literature of the country. When not hit in the brain or spine, they put their head down, and, with a swinging gallop, rush upon the hunter. They usually receive their death wound without demonstration, sinking down and dying mute. The majority of grizzlies shot by our famous Eastern sportsmen are those that have first been trapped. They are killed when in this crippled condition, after dragging for miles a large steel-trap with a lingo trailing log attached.

The grizzly is found west of the Missouri River, and very rarely, if ever, east or it. A dozen years ago they could be seen almost anywhere in the mountain ranges, but since their destruction has been compassed by baiting and traps they have become shy, and difficult to approach near enough for a certain killing shot. Bears are the most wary animals of all the big game in America. They go singly, and usually see the hunter before he catches a glimpse of them. They then cunningly skip away, and are difficult to trail. At this time they are fairly abundant in the mountains of Montana, a area died being in Crazy Women's Mountain, north of the Northern Pacific Railroad. There is also a goodly number of bears distributed over the mountains of Idaho and Wyoming, some in Southern California, scattered in the Sierre Madres and on the junction waters of the Santa Maria River in San Luis Obispo County. They are also numerous in the Rocky Mountains and Sierra Nevadas.

The black bear has a far wider range than the grizzly, but in the West it is confined mostly to the mountains, and rarely comes out on the prairies. It is well distributed, however, and is especially abundant in the timbered country, moving about to where the mast and berries are most plentiful. Black bears are very numerous in Northern Montana. On the Pacific coast they outnumber the grizzlies, where both species feed on the salmon. The destruction of the grizzlies has been much greater than that of the black. Bears, though still abundant, are very difficult animals to hunt and kill in a sportsmanlike way.—*Franklin Satterthwaite, in Harper's Magazine.*

Progress in Photography.

The art of photography has been reduced to a fine point. Prof. Auschutz has succeeded in photographing a rifle ball traveling at the rate of 1,340 feet a second, the plate was exposed only 0,000076 part of a second. New applications of photography are being made every day. The reporters on many of the New York newspapers now carry cameras with them, and, should an incident be of special interest, a negative accompanies the description of it.

IT is the little boy with the squeaky voice whose bark is on the high C.

HUMOROUS AND BRIGHT.

IN modern parlance, when a man puts up his umbrella he doesn't put it up.

CHARGED with electricity—The subscribers to the Bell telephone.

DENTISTS make more money on "draw" games than anybody we know of.

IT is the experience of all conductors that strange things come to pass on railroads.

THE original Jacobs. "Brown is a collector, isn't he?" "Yes. He is the original dun Brown."

Stop kill the snail a fearful wheel—
I meant to say, she cried;
She lost her thumb with armies,
And then sat down and cried.

PARTIAL payments seem hard enough to the schoolboy, but he finds them harder still when he grows up.

THE goat has great faith in the conjunction. This is shown in the frequency with which he employs a butt.

RUSSIAN fashion note: "The Czar has returned to St. Petersburg and changed his winter suit of boiler iron for a light spring suit of cast steel.

TEACHER—You should take a lesson from your sisters, you naughty boy. Girls don't fight. Little Johnnie—They does when they gets as old as me.

JUDGE—At first you stole $60, and afterwards $40. Are you never going to do better? Criminal—Why, your Honor, I did better that time by $20.

"I LIKE Italian music." "I don't. Every Dago with a hand-organ grinds it on the streets." "Well, don't that make it fine music?"—*Chicago Ledger.*

A SCIENTIST tells us that the world is gradually wearing out—that it is being used up by mankind. It is a fact that a great many writers and politicians are making the world tired.

RUSKIN says that in this world "the men who look for the straight will see the straight." A poker-player would give anything to discover that Mr. Ruskin knew what he was talking about.

MRS. N. PECK—So you thought I was an angel once, did you? Mr. N. Peck—Yep. Mrs. N. Peck—And you don't think so now, eh? Mr. N. Peck—Nope. I still live in hopes that you may be, though.

"MY dear madam, you are perfectly alarming to-night." "O, you are a deceiver; I don't believe you." "I assure you I am speaking the truth. Why, when I first saw you, positively I did not recognize you."

SHE—Do you love music? I am passionately fond of it. He (just introduced)—I knew you were. I watched you the other night at the opera, and the way your jaws kept time to the music was a—— She—Sir?

IT will take three weeks to count the $200,000,000 in the sub-Treasury at New York City. This is one of the disadvantages of having lots of money. We couldn't afford to devote three weeks to counting our wealth.

"WE don't have dinner in the middle of the day at our boarding-house any more." "You have lunch, I suppose?" "No; luncheon." "Well, that's the same thing." "Oh, no; it isn't! Lunch is a light dinner, and luncheon is a light lunch."

CHUMLEY—I say Barker, thought you said this watch was waterproof? How the works are ruined the first time I get wet. Barker—My dear boy, I had that watch in "soak" for six months before I sold it to you and it didn't hurt it a bit.

SALESMAN (in clothing store)—The gentleman who ordered the cheek suit this morning has sent it back. Proprietor—What's the matter? Salesman—Says he doesn't know the house and prefers not to take so large a check unless it is certified.

"WHAT is so rare as a day in June," suddenly inquired young Mr. Jobbles at the dinner table. "It can't be this steak," muttered Wobbles, with low-toned sarcasm. "Perhaps it is pay-day with some people," said the landlady, returning the startled look of Wobbles with a stony glare.

"LET me extend my sympathy, Mrs. James, in the loss of your little girl." "Thank you Mrs. Williams, it was a severe blow to me, and then, to make my burden all the heavier, poor Fido contracted the same disease and died two days later. But we all have our griefs, you know."

MARY—George, I have heard you spoken of frequently as a successful business man. "I am that. Why?" "Well, considering the fact that you have been visiting me for three years, I think you should maintain your reputation and talk 'business.'" He maintained his reputation.

"O, LOOK George, they are hanging out an ice-cream sign across the street!" The words were few and softly spoken, and yet they took all the brightness out of the spring sunshine, all the music from the song-birds' notes, all the melody from the vernal zephyr, and all the change out of George's pocket.

THE DIFFERENCE.

In Brooklyn a polygamist—
Of bumptious he has thrice;
Each one owns one-third his heart,
Three-thirds his heart's own lie.

In Utah same town lives a man—
A monogamist thro' life,
Who now wears crape for that he has
Just buried his third wife.

Now, what's the difference 'twixt the two?
It may thus be expressed;
One drove his three wives tandem
And the other drives them abreast.

Animal Locomotion.

Since 1872 instantaneous photography has given more accurate ideas of animal locomotion than were held previously. In a lecture on this subject at the Royal Institution, London, Mr. E. Muybridge illustrated by moving pictures the interesting fact that all quadrupeds except the camel walk in the same manner. They support themselves first on two feet and then on three. The two may be either both on the same side or one on each side. When the former, the legs are widely extended, the fore-foot being thrown forward and the hind-foot stretched backward; and when the latter, the legs are both under the belly of the animal, the fore-foot being in a backward position and the hind-foot thrown forward.

A GEORGIA paper amuses its readers by a story about the domestic habits of the owl family. It says that in the early spring the old hen owl lays an egg, and immediately sets on it till it is hatched, and then hovers the little fellow till it becomes full-fledged. When this is done she lays another egg, and the young owlet assumes the maternal responsibility to hatch out that egg and rear the younger owl. By that time the owlet number one is able to fly away, and number two takes his place and hatches out the next egg. This operation continues as long as the season lasts.

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BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—Boarding house No. 251 Calhoun Street. Lot 20 by 150 feet. Inquire at 66 W. Jefferson street. 31-6t

FOR SALE—A fresh cow, good milker, half P. blood Jersey, at Linting's feed yard on Pearl street. 34-1f

FOUND.

FOUND—A gents' pin in form of an Elk's head. Owner can have same by calling at this office and paying for this advertisement. 28-1f

WANTED.

WANTED—A good Catholic girl to do general housework. German preferred. Railroad fare advanced. Address, V. Brunner, Minnewaka, Ind. 30-3t

WANTED—Three or four stone cutters to work on bridge work. Apply to Robert W. Tapp, 146 Maumee avenue. 31-3t

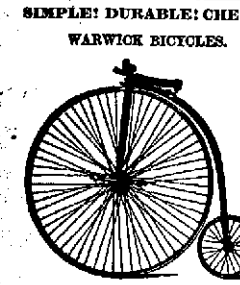
ANNOUNCEMENT.

To the Editor of the Sentinel.

Please announce the name of C. P. Gordon as a candidate for councilman in the Seventh ward, subject to the decision of the democratic primary. MANY DEMOCRATS.

SIMPLE! DURABLE! CHEAP!

WARWICK BICYCLES.



Before you buy a wheel examine the "Warwick" and the "Springfield Roadster" or "Volant Safety" (low pattern)—as good a wheel for $115 as you will get of other makes for $125. Fully as durable and an easy rolling. See the line of them at MORGAN & BEACHLER'S, 228-230 Calhoun st. aug-1m FRED BACON, Jr., Agent.

$500 Reward!

We will pay the above reward for any case of Liver complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation or Costiveness we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely Vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. Sugar Coated. Large boxes, containing 40 Pills, 25 cents. For sale by all druggists. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., "The Pill Makers," 162 W. Madison St., Chicago. Free trial package sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of a 3 cent stamp. Sold by Taleon & Gross, Druggists, 94 Calhoun street, corner of Wayne, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Delightful and most satisfactory to lovers of a GOOD CIGAR

The Spreader

Wide-awake Dealers for agency apply to

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New Process! New Process!

Ever Reliable, Saves Time, Labor, Fuel and Wear and Tear of Clothing.

Breaks Hard Water, Renders Washing Easy and Just Fits the Hand.

There are a great many soaps which claim to be as good as the Globe; it is false, they are not.

GLOBE SOAP

Has no equal. Sells for 5 cents per bar. Ask your grocer for Globe Soap. Take no other.

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

E. A. E. HACKETT, Editor and Proprietor.

SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1889.

The Indiana coal miners have had their wages reduced 20 per cent. and the schedule is below that prevailing in England. The republican newspapers are not shrieking "British Free Trade" in that region.

At a recent meeting of the Mormons rock commission, at Indianapolis, it was decided to go ahead with the work, and the civil engineer was accordingly instructed to prepare the plans for draining the vast Kankakee region.

Notwithstanding the weather, Governor Hovey yesterday appointed John Worrell, of Clayton, state statistician to succeed W. A. Peelle, who has held the office for four years and was re-elected by the last legislature. In this matter his excellency also vetoes the supreme court.

Orth H. Stein, of Lafayette, Ind., is serving a term in the Florida penitentiary for forgery. Stein was one of the brilliant newspapers writers of the country and could have won an enviable place in the profession, but for his rascality. He is wanted in a dozen states to answer crooked charges.

There is an odd complication growing out of the Macy postoffice prize. On the 12th inst. M. L. Enyart, editor of the Macy *Monitor*, received the appointment and his bond was duly forwarded to Washington. Yesterday George Wilkinson was also commissioned for the same place, and, of course, harmony is for sale down there.

The Indiana state board of health has adopted the rules of the National Association of General Baggage Agents relative to the shipment of remains of persons who have died from contagious or infectious diseases. The secretary has also been instructed to direct the local health boards to enforce the new laws providing for the inspection of livestock before being slaughtered for the market, and for the condemnation of adulterated vinegar. The board is also to make a sanitary survey of all the school houses in the state. It is to be systematic, covering heating, location, ventilation, and water supply. Wherever defects are found, the trustees will be ordered to remedy them. An investigation is also to be made of the sanitary conditions surrounding the jails and poor houses.

DREADFUL FLOOD DISASTERS.

People read of the ravages of the floods in the mountain regions of Pennsylvania this morning, and stood aghast at the horrors. In this level country we can not realize the terrors of plunging mountain streams, or of the bursting dams and reservoirs liberating their floods on a helpless community without a moments warning. Plagues and wars have their horrors, but more dreadful and appalling is death when it rushes from ambush and hurls 1,500 souls into eternity in a single night, leaving thousands of others homeless and penniless, in sorrow and misery. This is the picture in the Pennsylvania valleys this morning, and to the sufferers and mourners the sympathy of the nation goes in all fervor, to be accompanied by substantial tokens of kindly feeling from communities that know their immediate wants.

The telegraphic columns to day are laden with the sad particulars of the awful havoc wrought by the rushing waters.

OUR BUILDING ASSOCIATIONS.

The Building associations of the state present an interesting study, for they indicate the thrift and saving capacity of the people.

The last report of the state statistician in his annual review of the statistics of building and loan associations show their great benefits in building up the material interests of the state. These statistics are interesting, showing that these institutions have largely taken the place of savings banks, and become an important factor in society.

Although many well-to-do and very rich persons are stockholders in them, they are largely supported by wage earners and workingmen and women, who are able by these means to become owners of homes.

There are 385 such institutions in the state, with a total of 525,000 incorporated shares and estimated assets of $10,000,000. One hundred and thirty-one associations report an organized capital of $38,954,300, capital stock of $2,841,050, and loans of mortages of $2,499,540. These figures indicate a large business, and show how important a part building and loan associations are playing in the development of the state.

The statement that the associations have taken the place of savings banks is only necessary to recall that in 1887 the old state banks showed deposits amounting to $3,304,801, and these deposits correspond very nearly to the assets of the association, as each shareholder in the latter is in one sense a depositor. The banks at the same time reported loans and discounts amounting to $3,741,645, while the amount of loans by building and loan associations in 1888, where less than one-third is reported, aggregated $2,499,540.

As the state requires direct and painstaking supervision of the banks the query naturally suggests itself, why should there not be some state supervision over building and loan associations?

The success of the building and loan system depends on the honesty of its management. Once let rascality creep in and the whole fabric of organization is destroyed.

This point the association, can well consider and arrange for at future legislative sessions.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

Some of the Coming Commencements and Their Participants—Programs.

Fort Wayne prides in her colleges and schools and each year they divide honors with the flowers of spring time.

The public schools are first in the hearts of the people, and to the annual high school commencement attention ever turns.

The management of the free schools is so admirable and complete, from trustee to teacher, that praise falls on idle ears and Superintendent Irwin cares nothing for it, since he attends alone to do his duty and agrees that the graduates of his schools shall tell the tales of their training in the triumphs of life.

The high school commencement this year occurs next Friday evening, June 7, at the Temple opera house.

Hon. J. M. Barrett is to be the orator of the occasion and much is expected of him, for he is always brilliant and eloquent.

Dr. J. S. Irwin and Professor Lane will do honors to the class, while Miss Mamie Lincoln will deliver its salutatory and Miss Margaret Carver its valedictory.

There are twenty-four graduates in the class this year, and weare permitted to name them as follows:

The Misses Daisy Carver, Margaret Carver, Cora Douty, Florence Fulton, Lilian Fisk, Maud Graham, Bertie Hunsaker, Mamie Lincoln, Stella Miner, Mabel Robertson, Ellie Bishop, Hattie Rosenthal, Stella Stringer, Sarah Schaaff, Stella Sterheim, Minnie Strauss, and Minnie Kael, and the Messrs. Edwin Knox, John Ferguson, Charles Olds and Hugh G. Keegan.

The class will give a reception at Standard hall after the graduating exercises close and Sidel will do the honors at the banquet.

THE M. E. COLLEGE.

The commencement exercises of the Fort Wayne college will take place on the evening of June 20, in the chapel hall of their building. A class of ten young ladies and gentlemen will have completed their course of study and will be awarded their diplomas.

The college, under its new president, Rev. H. N. Herrick, has enjoyed a pleasant and profitable year. Established in 1846 by the ministers of the North Indiana conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, it has become an institution that offers superior advantages to the young ladies and gentlemen of the west in the way of acquiring a thorough education, and it is becoming more efficient and popular in this respect every year of its existence.

The buildings at the west end of Wayne street are commodious and beautifully located. Spacious grounds surround them and everything about the institution presents a cheerful and inviting air.

The faculty of the institution, which is an able and efficient one, is composed as follows: President, Rev. H. N. Herrick; Professor of Latin and Greek, Rev. George B. M. Rogers; Professor of Natural Sciences, Thomas Jackson; Normal Department, Miss Kate Aull; Music Department, Miss Carrie B. Schrader; Art Department, Miss M. Tibbalds; Bookkeeping and Stenography, H. U. Hamilton.

Mrs. Herrick, the pleasant wife of the president, is the matron of the college, and under her care the young ladies are in good hands. She is a noble Christian lady and is well fitted for the responsible duties devolving upon her.

The spirit of the college is not denominational, but is distinctly Christian, and in the instruction of the students a moral training is given that serves as a safe guard to the many students attending the institution outside of the city, and leads to good results in after life.

A hasty visit at the college building last evening by a Sentinel reporter failed in obtaining the full program for the commencement week, but the class graduating will be as follows:

Messrs. G. S. Housh, E. B. Johns, Paul Wilkie, J. F. Bower, C. M. Barber, M. E. Little, C. E. Smith, P. W. Ashcraft, and the Misses Julia Alexander and Minnie Hedrick.

The exercises will be interesting and will draw to the city a large number of the friends of the institution from different parts of the state. The city is proud of her M. E. college, and well she may be, for, under its present management, it is a grand educational institution.

WESTMINSTER SEMINARY.

It will be a source of disappointment to the many friends of this institution to learn that the Westminster Seminary will have no public exercises this year, for its program is always one of the most delightful of the commencement season. None of the sixty young lady students in attendance at the present time complete their course of study with the expiration of the school year, which occurs on June 13th, and hence it has no closing exercises of a public character.

While this is the case we cannot refrain, in this connection, from saying a few words about the institution. It was established in 1883 by Miss C. B. Sharp and Mrs. D. B. Wells, who are its principals at the present time. Judge Lowry was about to leave for Washington to take his seat in Congress and his beautiful and commodious residence property on West Main street, was purchased for the school. Improvements were made about the building and grounds and the property is most admirably adapted for the purpose for which it is used. No pleasanter spot could have been chosen. It is in fact a home with home surroundings.

The course of study is comprehensive and valuable and embraces just what every young lady should know, and the student is sent from its halls with a mind well stored and a Christian character developed with the instructions received.

The faculty embraces a competent and thorough corps of instructors, fully alive to present educational requirements, and is composed as follows: Miss C. B. Sharp, Mathematics; Mrs. D. B. Wells, Latin and General Literature; Miss Addie L. Bleakman, Natural Sciences and History; Miss Anna M. Philley, Elocution, Reading, and Gymnastics; Miss Pauline Thieme, Modern Languages; Miss Jennie S. Bogar, Drawing and Painting; Mrs. Elizabeth Mayer, Instrumental and Vocal Music; Miss Kate F. Bateman, Primary Department. Each of them return as instructors for the coming year, with the exception of Miss Bleakman, who retires on account of her marriage this summer. Her place is taken by Miss Helen Millsbaugh, of Romeo, Mich.

The institution is in a flourishing condition, and will commence its new year as one of the most valuable schools for young ladies in the west.

THE CONCORDIA COLLEGE.

The closing exercises in connection with the great Concordia college will take place the latter part of this month and a large class will leave the institution. Many of them are prepared to enter the active duties of life, with the training received at the institution and they will go out into active life and commence its battles at once. Others are fitting themselves for the ministry and they will go to the St. Louis university to complete their theological studies.

The great educational institution and its semi-centennial, which is to be observed this month, has already received lengthy mention in these columns and we will not repeat it now.

THE BROTHERS SCHOOL.

This renowned institution finds its graduates in all the successful walks of life, and last night gave its class entertainment at Library hall to a fine audience. We could not particularize for all the boys did their parts in admirable form and gave a most enjoyable amateur performance. The chorus, the solo, and the drama were well received and the closing voice sent every one away feeling good.

UNDER THE WIRE.

Local News Nuts Picked Up By Our Jockey While Scoring for News.

Somewhat weary with the humdrum of street sight seeing, your reporter sought a new field of news. It cost me just five cents to ride on the street cars to the race track at Sweeney park, and I was greeted with a hello! you are late this morning. The speaker was that veteran trainer John Clark. You all know John, and if you don't it is safe to say your horse can't trot a mile in five minutes. We were just shown that beautiful horse, Wayne Wilkes, with a mark of 2.18½, and will soon be put in training for this season's campaign. Nine horses in as many spacious stalls are receiving training, and Clark says some of them will get a very decent mark before the snow flies. Ed Orff was there with his three-year-old Wilk's filley and drove a quarter alongside of Jerome Studer's mare, Spy Run. Forty-four for the quarter is what the watch said.

A. D. Cressler has three good ones in training that are very promising.

The Gentlivre's have six horses, pacers and trotters, that are moving in a smooth, nice way.

Dr. Shrycok was there with his pacer and gave an exhibition of a half in 1:22.

Lost—"I don t now where I can't, tell whon, I don't see how—something of great value to me, and for the return of which I shall be truly thankful, viz: a good appetite."

Found—"Health and strength, pure blood, an appetite like that of a wolf, regular digestion, all by taking that popular and peculiar medicine, Hood's Sarsaparilla. I want everybody to try it this season." It is sold by all druggists. One hundred doses one dollar.

Many English army officers are studying Russian.

NOTICE

Of Meeting of Board of Equalization.

Notice is hereby given that the county board of equalization, will meet in the room of the county commissioners, at the court house in the city of Fort Wayne, on

MONDAY, JUNE 17th, 1889,

for the purpose of equalizing the valuation of property and taxables, made subsequent to April 1st, 1889, and to correct any list or valuation as they may deem proper. Also, to add and assess omitted property and increase the valuation placed upon property that has been listed for taxation by adding such sums as to said board, or a majority thereof, shall appear just and equitable.

The board will hear complaints of owners of personal property, except capital stock, franchises and rolling stock of railroads.

J. B. NIEZER, Auditor,
Allen County, Ind.

d&wlt

Ice Cream Soda Water with fruit juices and Rock Candy Syrup, 5 cents, at Mordhurst's Drug Store, 74 Calhoun street. Sign of Revolving Wheel in Window. tf

Ask for Baker's Famous Headache Specific. It never fails to give relief. Sold and guaranteed by Thieme & Gross.

Wabash Railway Notes at Andrews.

Switchman J. H. Larkins has quit the service.

Fireman Coleman is sick; his engine is in the shop.

Fireman O. M. Leedy is off for general repairs. Getz is his supply on 1136.

Extra Brakeman Sherman Fetters has been working in the yard for several days.

Brakeman Needham, with Morgan on accommodation, is sick. Houtz is his supply.

Fireman Brumbaugh is visiting at North Manchester. Everhart handles the scoop on the 1332.

Engineer Hartman is sick at his home in Toledo. Connell has charge of the 1071 in Hartman's absence.

Conductor Brinsley and Brakeman Whitely went fishing to Warsaw last Saturday. Keyes has charge of Brinsley's car.

Conductors Riley and Cutter arrived from the conductor's convention held at Denver, Colorado, a few days ago, and report having had a splendid time, and that the order is in a flourishing condition.

William Lee, son of Junas H. Lee, has been employed as switchman, or yard brakeman, and has been working several days in the absence of J. J. Long, who has gone to visit at his home in Kentucky.

On account of ill health, Conductor Adams went to the hospital at Peru last Saturday. Trowl took charge of his run on the accommodation, and brakeman Hurton took Trowl's place on the same run. Adams has resumed work, although he has not regained his usual good health.

A Providence.

Human endurance under misfortune is sometimes inexplicable, and the escape therefrom is equally surprising. What men have endured and can endure; how they have been providentially rescued from a continuance of torture, is well illustrated in the following: "Paragon, Ind., July 30, 1888. The Charles A. Vogeler Co., Baltimore, Md., Gentlemen—I suffered steadily with pains in my head for 22 years, resulting from sunstroke. I was cured by St. Jacobs Oil, and has remained so without return of pain for four years."

General Schofield, the head of the army, gets $13,000 a year.

A Woman's Confession.

"Do you know, Mary, I once actually contemplated suicide!" "You hurrify me, Mrs. R. Tell me about it." "I was suffering from chronic weakness. I believed myself the most unhappy woman in the world. I looked ten years older than I really was, and I felt twenty. Life seemed to have nothing in it worth living for." "I have experienced all those symptoms myself. Well!" "Well, I was saved at the eleventh hour from the commission of a deed which I shudder to think of. A friend advised me to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I did so. In an incredibly short time I felt like a new being. The 'Prescription' cured me, and I owe Dr. Pierce a debt of gratitude which I can never repay."

Only 750 buffaloes are said to be now alive, and of these 243 are domesticated.

Forced to Leave Home.

Over 60 people were forced to leave their homes yesterday to call for a free trial package of Lane's Family Medicine. If your blood is bad, your liver and kidneys out of order, if you are constipated and have headache and an unsightly complexion, don't fail to call on any druggist to-day for a free sample o this grand remedy. The ladies praise it. Everyone likes it. Large size package 50 cents.

The manuscript of Anthony Trollope's "Orley Farm" is for sale at $150.

Catarrh No More.

Mrs. E. Kirkup, of this city, has secured the agency for *Dr. W. H. Hoss's "Systematic Catarrhal Treatment,"* local and constitutional combined. The only positive cure. For particulars call at her residence corner Pine and Taylor streets, or address Dr. Ross, Grand Rapids, Mich. 18-sat-1f

Loose's Red Clover Pill Remedy, is a positive specific for all forms of the disease. Blind, Bleeding, Itching, Ulcerated and Protruding Piles—Price 50c. For sale by Dreier Bros.

If you do not receive your Sentinel regularly, please notify us immediately, either in person or by postal card, that we may remedy the fault.

Take Hood's Sarsaparilla 100 Doses One Dollar

The Chief Reason for the marvellous successes of Hood's Sarsaparilla is found in the fact that this medicine actually accomplishes all that is claimed for it. Its real merit has won **Merit Wins** a popularity and sale greater than that of any other blood purifier. It cures Scrofula, all Humors, Dyspepsia, etc. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

For ♦ Bargains ♦ in ♦ Footwear

—Go to—

UNION SHOE STORE,

LAFAYETTE AND LEWIS STS.

Repairing neatly done on short notice.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

IF YOU are BILIOUS Take Hoptonic.

For sale at Thieme & Gross' Drug Store, Corner Calhoun and Wayne.

STANDARD MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE For the Treatment of All Diseases.

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS:

DR. J. W. YOUNGE, DR. E. H. HAAS, DR. J. S. BLENKER, DR. W. L. SCHULTZE, DR. N. B. SMITH.

No. 210 CALHOUN STREET. - FORT WAYNE, IND.

New Advertisements.

BONANZA! AGENTS SAMPLED FREE

A BUSINESS EDUCATION AT HOME. For Circulars, address CLARK'S COLLEGE, Erie, Pa.

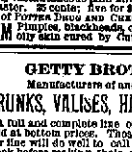
PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents Dandruff and Hair Falling. 50c. and $1, at Druggists.

HINDERCORNS. The only sure Cure for Corns. Stops all Pain. Ensures comfort to the feet. 15c. at Druggists. HISCOX & Co., N. Y.

ASTHMA CONSUMPTIVE

Speedy Cure Coughs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Indigestion & Dyspepsia. PARKER'S GINGER TONIC. It has cured the worst cases and in last recovery of over all other remedies. Takes no time. 50c. and $1.00.



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UNTOLD MISERIES

Resulting from the Errors of Youth, Folly, Vice, Ignorance, &c., may be cured at home without fail or exposure. Infallible and Confidential. Large Treatise, 300 pages, only $1.00; well sealed, postpaid. Small book, with endorsements of the press, free. Send now. Address the Peabody Medical Institute, or Dr. W. H. Parker, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass.

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Mrs. Hires' Improved

ROOT BEER

IN LIQUID PREPARING EASILY MADE. THE PACKAGE MAKES FIVE GALLONS

MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFACTORY

ROOT BEER

The most APPETIZING and WHOLESOME TEMPERANCE DRINK in the world. TRY IT.

Ask your Druggist or Grocer for it.

C. E. HIRES, PHILADELPHIA.

HIMROD'S CURE for ASTHMA

Catarrh, Hay Fever, Diphtheria, Wheezing Cough, Croup and Common Colds.

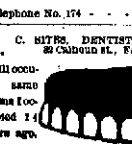
Recommended by Physicians and sold by Druggists throughout the world. Send for Free Sample.

HIMROD MANUF'G CO., SOLE PROPRIETORS, 191 FULTON ST., NEW YORK.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH

PENNYROYAL PILLS

RED CROSS DIAMOND BRAND.



Original, Best, Only Genuine and Reliable. Ask for Chichester's English Diamond Brand in red and gold metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. Refuse dangerous imitations and substitutions. At Druggists, or send 4c. (stamps) for particulars, testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Name this paper. Sold by all Local Druggists everywhere. LADIES ask for Chichester's English Diamond Brand Pennyroyal Pills, and take no other. Chichester Chemical Co., Madison Sq., Phila., Pa.

ACHING Sides and Back

Aching Sides and Back, Hip, Kidney and Uterine Pains, Rheumatic, Sciatic, Sharp and Weakening Pains, relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only instantaneous pain killing, strengthening plaster. 25 cents; five for $1.00. At druggists, or of Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston.

PIMPLES Pimples, Blackheads, chapped and oily skin cured by Cuticura Soap. PLES

GETTY BROTHERS,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

TRUNKS, VALISES, HAND BAGS, ETC.

A full and complete line on hand. All will be sold at bottom prices. Those needing goods in our line will do well to call and examine our stock before making their purchases. Repairing promptly and neatly done.

NO. 62 EAST MAIN STREET.

J. C. PELTIER,

Undertaker & Embalmer

17 WEST WAYNE ST.,

Telephone No. 174 - - - Fort Wayne, Ind

H. C. SITES, DENTIST, MILLS BLOCK, 80 Calhoun St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

I still occupy same rooms I occupied 14 years ago.

B. R. NOLL.

BRANCH DRUG STORE.

No. 10 E. COLUMBIA ST.

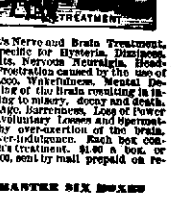
Drugs, Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet Articles. Also,

Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Window Glass, etc.

PRESCRIPTIONS A SPECIALTY.

ALSO, 128 BROADWAY, COR. JEFF.

Health is Wealth!



Dr. E. C. West's Nerve and Brain Treatment, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in insanity, and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhœa caused by over-exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. $1.00 a box, or six boxes for $5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES

To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with $5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by Thieme & Gross, Druggists, Sole Agents, 94 Calhoun street, corner of Wayne, Fort Wayne, Ind.

A. F. GESSLER,

DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF

FRESH, SALT —AND— SMOKED - MEATS,

60 East Main Street.

He has just placed new machinery in his establishment and is now prepared to make the finest Sausages in the market. Dressed Poultry and Home-made Lard for sale. 24-1yr

A. HATTERSLEY & SON.

PLUMBERS,

Steam and Gas Fitters,

48 East Main St.

FORT WAYNE, ... IND

H. C. MEYER,

Merchant Tailor!

Has received his large and well selected stock of

SPRING GOODS!

He will make suits in the latest styles and at reasonable prices.

44 HARRISON ST. march1-3m

Boston Tea Store.

—FOR—

Fine Groceries

20 West Berry Street.

Telephone 152. Feb'-1y

A. KALBACHER. WM. POTTHOFF

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FLOUR, FEED, GRAIN, HAY AND STRAW.

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AGENTS WANTED—ALL OUR NURSERY STOCK. No previous experience required. Write for terms. STARK BROS. NURSERYMEN, Kalamazoo, Mich.

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GENUINE IMPORTED

CARLSBAD SPRUDEL SALT

IS THE BEST

APERIENT, LAXATIVE AND DIURETIC,

Easily Soluble, Palatable and Permanent.

As an Aperient it should be taken before Breakfast.

"Of all remedies in my large experience, CARLSBAD deserves to be placed in the first rank." PROF. J. SEEGEN, Vienna.

"No remedy has given me such excellent results." DR. L. A. TOROLOW, before the Michigan Med. congress.

"I consider the genuine CARLSBAD SPRUDEL SALT an invaluable Remedy in all affections of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, Liver and Spleen." DR. GEO. P. MADDEN, Lowell, Mass.

"In Chronic Catarrh of the Stomach and for diseases of the Stomach, Liver and Kidneys, the CARLSBAD WAPPE AND SPRUDEL SALTS have proved themselves eminently efficacious." DR. L. FLEURIAS, Royal Prussian Medical Councilor.

Beware of Imitations. The genuine article has the signature of "Eisner & Mendelson Co." Sole Agents, on the neck of every bottle and on each carton.

PAMPHLETS MAILED FREE UPON APPLICATION,

EISNER & MENDELSON CO.,

Sole Agents, 6 Barclay St., New York.

A. FOSTER!

THE FASHIONABLE

Merchant Tailor

Is now receiving his LARGE and WELL SELECTED STOCK of

Spring Goods

Which are the Nobbiest ever brought to this city. He intends making Suits in the Latest Styles and at Very Low Prices this spring, and those wishing to get the worth of their money should call and examine his stock at his parlors,

No. 15 W. Wayne St.

T. M. BAXTER & COMPANY,

Commission Merchants

Stocks, grain and provisions bought, sold and carried on margins. No. 97 Board of Trade, Chicago; also, rooms 2 and 3 Trentman block, Fort Wayne.

13 tf A. K. IRET, Manager.

Steam Carpet Beating!

Carpets Taken Up Cleaned and Relaid.

All Work Warranted to be Satisfactory.

Mattress Factory!

All kinds of Mattresses Repaired and made Over on Short Notice.

PAUL E. WOLF,

32 and 34 Clinton St.

THE BEST MEATS IN THE CITY.

GOTTLIEB HALLER

South Side Meat Market, carries nothing but the choicest meats. Fresh and Salt Meats, Hams, Sausage at

No. 3809 CALHOUN STREET.

STOP. HEAR. READ.

FINEST, LARGEST and CHEAPEST Stock of Bedding Plants at the City and Avenue Green House.

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C. JAXTHEIMER

Merchant Tailor

CARRIES A

Full Line

—OF—

Foreign & Domestic

Goods, Suitings,

Spring Overcoatings, Trouserings

ALL WORK WARRANTED.

32 W. MAIN ST.

EIGHTH POINT

You should read THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS because everybody likes it—it will not disappoint your needs. It takes into its purview the farmer and mechanic, as well as the merchant and professional man. Every farmer can now have daily market reports instead of weekly, and at little more than the old-time price of his weekly. The mechanic can now afford both price and the time for his daily paper. The poor may now be as well informed on current affairs as the rich. Intelligence is within the reach of all. THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS—independent, non-partisan, fair to all—is everybody's paper.

Remember—Its circulation is 200,000 a day—over a million a week—and it costs by mail 25 cts. a month, for months $2.50—over 8 cts. a day.

BROU'S INJECTION

An Infallible Remedy for the Cure of all Contagious Diseases of the Urinary Organs; Prescribed now to produce Astringency; no sickening doses; and no inconvenience of any kind. Recommended by physicians and sold by druggists everywhere. J. BROU, (successor to BROU), Pharmacien, Paris.

W. D. KYLE & CO

Corner Main and Harrison Streets, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Manufacturers of Carriages, Buggies, Phaetons, Spring Wagons, Road Carts, Etc.

Repairing Promptly Attended to.

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1889.

NEW LAWS!

The Time Ordinance, the Meat Inspection Ordinance and an Ordinance Creating a Natural Gas Inspector.

OFFICIAL BONDS.

The official bonds of the following officers were submitted and on motion were referred to the mayor and city attorney.

Dennis O'Brien as street commissioner in the sum of two thousand ($1,000) dollars. Surety, A. A. Kalbacher.

Henry Hitzbreck, jr., as chief of the fire department, in the sum of three thousand ($4,000) dollars. Surety, John Geo. Strodel.

C. S. Brackenridge, as city civil engineer, in the sum of two thousand ($2,000) dollars. Surety, Geo. W. Breckenridge.

Patrick Ryan, as weighmaster, in the sum of one thousand ($1,000) dollars. Surety, T. H. Heilsche.

William Ropa, as marketmaster, in the sum of one thousand ($1,000) dollars. Surety, Chas. S. Bond.

F. H. Woehnker, as poundmaster, in the sum of one thousand ($1,000) dollars. Surety, John Geo. Strodel.

Fred G. Bassler as policeman in the sum of one thousand ($1,000). Surety Ed. F. Clausmeier. A. F. Glutting, Bowell C. Rockhill.

CONTRACT AND BONDS.

The contract and bond (which is recorded in full in contract and bond book 7, page 92, and is a part of these minutes) of John McKean for constructing a 12-inch sewer in the alley between Calhoun street and Harrison street from the alley south of DeWald street to Creighton avenue was submitted.

Bond, $5,000.

Surety—Gottlieb Epple.

On motion, the contract was accepted and bond approved.

The contract and bond (which is recorded in full in contract and bond book 7, page 93, and is a part of these minutes) of Conrad Fay, for constructing brick sidewalks on the west side of DeWald street, from the west line of lot 209, Hamilton's Fourth addition to Clinton street, was submitted.

Bond, $5,000.

Surety, Barney Ressert and Conrad Nern.

On motion the contract was accepted and bond approved.

The contract and bond (which is recorded in full in contract and bond book 7, page 94, and is a part of these minutes) of Gust. Horstman for constructing brick sidewalks and relaying the brick sidewalks on the west side of Broadway, from Wayne street to the north line of right of way of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago railway, was submitted.

Bond, $5,000.

Surety, Wm. Horstman.

On motion the contract was accepted and bond approved.

The contract and bond of Gust Horstman for constructing brick sidewalks on the north side of Berry street, bordering on lot 9 and the west 5 feet of lot 10, block 37, Ewing's addition, was submitted.

Bond, $2,000.

Surety, Wm. Horstman.

On motion the contract and bond failed of approval.

The contract and bond (which is recorded in full in contract and bond book 7, page 95, and is a part of these minutes) of Gust. Horstman for constructing a catch pit on the northeast corner of Ewing street and Pearl street was submitted

Bond, $5,000.

Surety, Wm. Horstman.

On motion the contract was accepted and bond approved.

The contract and bond of William Horstman for constructing a catch pit on the north side of Wayne street, at the alley between Francis street and Hanna street, was submitted.

Bond, $5,000.

Surety, John F. W. Meyer.

On motion the contract and bond failed of approval.

The contract and bond (which is recorded in full in contract and bond book 7, page 96, and is a part of these minutes) of H. C. F. Westrunk for constructing a 12-inch sewer in the alley between Wayne street and Washington street, from the brick sewer on Schick street to Walter street, was submitted.

Bond, $8,000.

Surety, F. C. Brase.

On motion the contract was accepted and bond approved.

ORDINANCES.

An ordinance extending North Side Park.

Section 1. Be it ordained by the common council that all that portion of the city real estate lying east of lots 38 and 39, city park addition and west of Spy Run avenue be and the same is hereby set aside and dedicated as a part of the North side Park.

Sec. 2. Done at the council chambers of the city of Fort Wayne, this 26th day of May, 1889.

DANIEL L. HANDING, Mayor.

W. W. ROCKHILL, City Clerk.

The above ordinance was read a first and second time now, and on motion the rules were suspended by a unanimous vote, and the ordinance read a third time now, and a motion that the ordinance now pass prevailed by the following vote:

Ayes, 13, viz: Councilman Bandt, Bruns, Ely, Halber, Hazzard, Hilbreckt, Huser, Kensil, Cody, Meyer, Read, Scheid, Schmuckle, Cran, Smith, Gruber, Vordermark and Hilgemann. Nays, none.

An ordinance granting power to the common council to refuse liquor licenses in certain cases.

Section 1. Be it ordained by the common council of the city of Fort Wayne, that whenever any person shall make application to the city for a license to retail intoxicating liquors in a less quantity than a quart at a time in said city or within the distance of two miles therefrom, and the mayor shall believe or have good cause to believe such applicant to be an improper person to have such license, said mayor shall submit the question to the common council, who shall grant or refuse such license as in his judgment shall be deemed right. Nothing herein contained shall be construed as repealing any ordinance of said city now in force, but merely as cumulative thereto.

Done at the council chambers of said city of Fort Wayne, this 26th day of May, 1889.

DANIEL L. HANDING, Mayor.

W. W. ROCKHILL, City Clerk.

The above ordinance was read a first and second time now and on motion the rules were suspended by a unanimous vote and the ordinance read a third time now, and a motion that the ordinance now pass prevailed by the following vote:

Ayes, 13, viz: Councilman Bandt, Bruns, Ely, Halber, Hazzard, Hilbreckt, Huser, Kensil, Cody, Meyer, Read, Scheid, Schmuckle, Cran, Smith, Gruber, Vordermark and Hilgemann. Nays, none.

An ordinance relating to the standard of time in the city of Fort Wayne, Ind.

Sec. 1. Be it ordained by the common council of the city of Fort Wayne, Indiana, that on and after the 1st day of June, '89, the standard of time throughout the departments of the city government shall be what is known as and called, "central standard time."

Sec. 2. Done at the council chambers of the city of Fort Wayne this 26th day of May, 1889.

DANIEL L. HANDING, Mayor.

W. W. ROCKHILL, City Clerk.

The above ordinance was read a first and second time now and on motion the rules were suspended by a unanimous vote and the ordinance read a third time now and a motion that the ordinance now pass prevailed by the following vote:

Ayes, 13, viz: Councilman Bandt, Bruns, Ely, Halber, Hazzard, Hilbreckt, Huser, Kensil, Cody, Meyer, Read, Scheid, Schmuckle, Cran, Smith, Gruber, Vordermark and Hilgemann. Nays, none.

An ordinance relating to the killing of animals and the selling of meats in the city of Fort Wayne, Ind.

Section 1. Be it ordained by the common council, that a meat inspector for said city shall be elected on the 28th day of May 1889, and every two years there after, who shall be a practical quality by taking the oath of office and filing with the council for its approval his official bond in the sum of five thousand dollars, conditioned for the faithful discharge of the duties of his office.

Sec. 2. It shall be the duty of said inspector to inspect on four above all beef, mutton, veal, lamb and pork intended to be killed and sold in said city, or within a distance of two miles from the corporate limits thereof, as human food, and likewise to inspect all uncured dressed meats or flesh offered or intended for sale in said city or within the distance of two miles from the limits thereof, which shall not have been so inspected by him alive.

Sec. 3. It shall be the duty of said inspector to condemn as "unfit for human food" any animal offered for inspection which shall be found upon inspection to be sick, diseased or injured, and likewise to condemn any meats or flesh cured or uncured found to be corrupted, unwholesome or unfit for human food, that if upon inspection such animals or meats shall be found to be healthy, clean and suitable for such food, he shall in case of live inspection deliver to the owner or person in charge a certificate describing the animal inspected, with date of inspection and result thereof, and sign the same, and in case of dressed meats he shall attach thereto a printed tag containing the inspector's, as well as the owner's name, the result of such inspection and the date thereof.

Sec. 4. It shall be unlawful for any person to sell or offer for sale, or have in his possession for sale, any such mutton, veal, lamb or pork unless the same shall have been first inspected as aforesaid by such inspector, and it shall be unlawful for any person or change, alter, scrape or deface any such certificate as in section 3 hereof referred to, until such meat shall have been sold.

Sec. 5. It shall be the duty of said inspector to promptly report for prosecution any and all persons who kill for the purpose of sale, any animal intended for inspection as herein provided for, or any person who sells or has in his possession for sale the meat of any sick, diseased or injured animal, or who shall sell or offer for sale, or have in his possession with intent to sell any corrupted, unhealthy or unwholesome meats, cured or uncured, for human food.

Section 6. It shall be the duty of said inspector to plainly label for public sight, any and all such beef offered for sale by attaching thereto, so as to be displayed to the public, a plate, card with the words, "Unfit Beef," printed thereon in black letters, at least one inch square each. And it shall be unlawful for any person to offer said beef for sale, or have it in his possession for sale unless so labeled.

Section 7. For the purpose of carrying out this ordinance and regulating the sale of meats it shall be unlawful for any person to carry on the butcher trade or deal in fresh meats for purpose of sale in said city or within the distance of two miles therefrom, without having first procured from said city a license so to do, for which said license he shall first pay into the city treasury on the butchery of June of each year the sum of twenty-five dollars, which said license shall authorize him to sell at one place only. Farmers who kill or offer for sale animals, animals of their own raising, shall not be required to take out such license, but shall in like manner pay to such inspector for the use of said city twenty-five cents for each beef inspected by him, five or dressed, and likewise ten cents for each sheep, lamb, calf or hog.

Section 8. Said inspector shall receive for his services the sum of one thousand dollars per year, payable in monthly installments.

Section 9. Any person violating this ordinance or any provision thereof or in any manner failing to comply therewith shall, upon conviction, forfeit and pay to said city a fine of not more than one hundred dollars.

Section 10. Done at the council chambers of the city of Fort Wayne, Ind., this —— day of ——, 1889.

Mayor.

City Clerk.

The above ordinance was read a first and second time now and on motion referred to the committee on public health.

An ordinance, entitled an ordinance to provide for the appointment of an inspector of natural gas connections, the licensing of natural gas fitters, and the inspection of natural gas fittings and connections.

Section 1. Be it ordained by the common council of the city of Fort Wayne that there shall be appointed quarterly by the common council of the city of Fort Wayne an inspector of natural gas connections, who shall be paid a salary of no more than eighty ($80) dollars per month, the amount of which shall be fixed by resolution of the common council in such manner and at such times as the common council may hereafter determine by resolution or ordinance.

Sec. 2. Said inspector of natural gas connections shall be a practical plumber or gas fitter, and shall give a bond in the penal sum of one thousand ($1,000) dollars to the satisfaction of the common council, for the faithful performance of his duties before entering upon the same.

Sec. 3. No person shall engage in the business of making connections with the main or branch pipes conveying natural gas within, or engage in fitting pipes intended for natural gas in the public or private buildings of the city of Fort Wayne, or make any such connections or fitting until he shall have first obtained from the inspector of natural gas connections a license as a natural gas fitter, and the inspector shall not issue such license until satisfied that the applicant is a skilled mechanic and qualified to make connections and fittings in a careful and workmanlike manner.

Sec. 4. Every connection with main and branch natural gas pipes and all connections and fittings intended for the conducting and use of natural gas, in public or private buildings after the same are completed and ready for operation shall be inspected by the inspector, or assistant inspector of natural gas connections, and all natural gas companies and all companies or persons are prohibited from furnishing natural gas to consumers in the city of Fort Wayne through any connections, pipes or fittings, until there has been filed in the office of the city civil engineer a certificate of the inspector, or assistant inspector, of natural gas connections approving the same.

Sec. 5. Any person or company violating any of the provisions of this ordinance shall be fined in any sum not less than ten ($10) dollars or more than twenty-five ($25) dollars.

The above ordinance was read a first and second time and on motion was referred to the committee on natural gas.

By Meyer:

An ordinance granting police powers to the members of the common council was read a first and second time, and a motion to read a third time was lost by the following vote:

Ayes 9, viz: Councilmen Bandt, Bruns, Halber, Hazzard, Hilbreckt, Kensil, Cody, Meyer and Vordermark.

Nays, 5, viz: Councilmen Cran, Ely, Gruber, Huser, Hilgemann, Read, Scheid, Schmuckle and Smith.

The vote being a tie Mayor Harding voted no.

An ordinance (which is recorded in full in sewer ordinance book 1, page 102, and is a part of these minutes) to construct a sewer in the alley between Calhoun street and Harrison street, from the brick sewer on Baker street to the (hereafter) south of Baker street, thence westerly along said alley south of Baker street to Harrison street, was read a first and second time April 8th, 1889, and the ordinance read a third time now and a motion that the ordinance now pass prevailed by the following vote:

Ayes, 16, viz: Councilmen Bandt, Bruns, Ely, Halber, Hazzard, Hilbreckt, Huser, Kensil, Cody, Meyer, Read, Scheid, Schmuckle, Cran, Smith, Gruber, Vordermark and Hilgemann. Nays, none.

By Williams.

An ordinance (which is recorded in full in sewer ordinance book 1, page 103, and is a part of these minutes) to construct a sewer in the alley between Williams street and Butler street from the west line of Harrison street to the first alley west of Calhoun street was read a first and second time April 23, 1889, and the ordinance read a third time now and a motion that the ordinance now pass prevailed by the following vote:

Ayes, 16, viz: Councilmen Bandt, Bruns, Ely, Halber, Hazzard, Hilbreckt, Huser, Kensil, Cody, Meyer, Read, Scheid, Schmuckle, Cran, Smith, Gruber, Vordermark and Hilgemann. Nays, none.

By Scheid:

An ordinance (which is recorded in full in full in sewer ordinance book 1, page 104, and is a part of these minutes) to construct a sewer on Clinton street, commencing at the 36-inch circular ring brick sewer on Clinton street and DeWald street, thence south on Clinton street to the south line of Pontiac street; thence south along the west part of lot 7, Sloman's addition to Mechanicsburg, to the alley between Pontiac street and Leith street, was read a first and second time May 14, 1889, and the ordinance read a third time now, and a motion that the ordinance now pass prevailed by the following vote:

Ayes, 16, viz: Councilmen Bandt, Bruns, Ely, Halber, Hazzard, Hilbreckt, Huser, Kensil, Cody, Meyer, Read Scheid, Schmuckle, Cran, Smith, Gruber, Vordermark and Hilgemann. Nays, none.

The following ordinance was read a first and second time and on motion was referred to the committee on sewers:

By Scheid.

On it ordained. (H. L.) That a 15-inch clay pipe sewer, with the necessary manholes, sand pits, and connections, be constructed in the alley between Butler street and DeWald street, from the west line of Barr street to the alley between Barr street and Lafayette street.

PLAN OF NATURAL GAS COMPANY.

A plat showing the distribution of pipes for natural gas was submitted, and on motion was referred to the city attorney and committee on natural gas.

On motion of Mr. Cody the common council then took a recess until Tuesday, June 4, 1889, at 7:30 p. m. to consider the Columbia and Clay street opening.

Baker's Famous Headache Specific by its wonderful action is peculiarly adapted to the use of ladies, and to them we earnestly recommend it as a positive cure for all headaches which they are subject to. Clergymen, teachers, students and others find it of great value. Sold by Thieme & Gross, the druggists.

An electric bell on a wire fishing rod rings for every nibble.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Change of Route.

The Wabash railway is about to make a change east of Buffalo, in the operation of its through sleeping cars from St. Louis to New York. The through New York sleeper leaves St. Louis at 6:55 p. m., running over the Wabash road to Toledo, thence over the Michigan Central railroad via Detroit and Niagara Falls to Buffalo. From that point, on and after Sunday, May 12, inst., it will run via the New York Central and Hudson River railroad to the Grand Central station in New York city. The Boston sleeper will continue from Buffalo over the West Shore railroad and Hoosac Tunnel route to Boston, as

14 tf

A DEATH TRAP.

The Lafayette Street Crossing Makes an Effort to Add to Its List of Victims.

The dreaded Lafayette street crossing got in its work again last night.

The place is a net-work of tracks and at each approach is a watchman—servants of the Pittsburg and Wabash railroads. These men have never arranged a signal schedule and to aid their uncertain work the switch engines manage to ply back and forth at irregular intervals with a deadly purpose, as it were.

Approach this place and you are signalled from either side. When one road admits you, the other shows up a blockade and the picture holds good at all hours.

Once into the death trap, men, women and children take their lives in their own hands, and if they can hold them long enough to cross the tracks it is regarded as a feat in one's career.

Messrs. Pfeiffer and Schlatter, the hardware merchants, drove into the crossing last night and like a flash a switch engine lunched down on their vehicle, maiming their horse so that it had to be killed and dragging the vehicle with its human freight some distance.

Both men leaped from the buggy and escaped with a few bruises, but it was due to their own activity and good fortune, not to any precautions of the railroads or their employes.

We mistake it if Messrs. Pfeiffer & Schlatter do not cause an investigation and make it costly for some one.

Humors run riot in the blood at this season. Hood's Sarsaparilla expels every impurity and vitalizes and enriches the blood.

It is unlucky to enter a house with the left foot forward.

The Census Will Show Less Deafness

WASHINGTON, June 1.—It is claimed that there will be considerable falling off in the percentage of deaf people in the census of 1880, owing to the extended use of the sound disc invented by a citizen of Bridgeport, Conn., named H. A. Wales.

New wheat never ruined as many men as old rye.—[*Exchange.*

100 Ladies Wanted,

And 100 men to call on any druggist for a free trial package of Lane's Family Medicine, the great root and herb remedy, discovered by Dr. Silas Lane while in the Rocky Mountains. For diseases of the blood, liver and kidneys it is a positive cure. For constipation and clearing up the complexion it does wonders. Children like it. Everyone praises it. Large size package, 50 cents. At all druggists'.

GEN. WILLIAM B. FRANKLIN, United States Commissioner to the Paris Exposition, says: "The American exhibit will be much finer and more extensive than we at first anticipated. There will be a general representation of industrial, manufacturing and business lines. American inventive genius will play an important part in the general exposition."

LOOSE'S EXTRACT

RED CLOVER BLOSSOM

THE GREAT Blood Purifier.

PURE AND EFFICACIOUS.

TRADE MARK

IT CURES

Cancers, Humors, Sores, Ulcers, Swellings, Tumors, Abscesses, Blood Poisoning, Salt Rheum, Catarrh, Erysipelas, Rheumatism, and all Blood and Skin Diseases.

Price, $1 per Pint Bottle, or 6 Bottles for $5. 1 lb. can Solid Extract $2.50.

J. H. LOOSE RED CLOVER CO., Detroit, Mich.

For Sale by Druggists.

Arrival and Departure of Trains.

PENNSYLVANIA COMPANY.

Under Schedule in Effect May 12, 1889.

Trains leave the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago station at Fort Wayne as follows:

(STANDARD TIME.)

EASTBOUND—For Pittsburg, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia and New York *2:55 a. m., 11:50 p. m., *3:30 p. m., *9:00 p. m. Crestline accommodation, 12:40 a. m.

WESTBOUND—For Chicago, *2:15 a. m., 11:05 a. m., 11:05 a. m., *1:45 p. m. Chicago accommodation leaves at 6:25 a. m. For Plymouth, 4:00 p. m.

*Daily, except Sunday.

NEW YORK, CHICAGO & ST. LOUIS R. R.		
GOING EAST		GOING WEST
Lv 2 00 p m	Express	Lv 2 00 p m
Lv 6 20 a m	Accommodation	Lv 6 45 a m

LAKESHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN. (Fort Wayne Division.)

FROM NORTH		GOING NORTH
10 30 a m	—Ar—Cincinnati 6s—Lv	4 40 p m
	" Detroit 8s "	11 00 a m
3 40 p m	" Detroit 8s "	11 00 a m
5 30 p m	" Way Freight "	6 40 a m

All trains daily except Sunday.

FT. WAYNE, CINCINNATI & LOUISVILLE RAILWAY (THE WHITE WATER LINE.)

The direct line to and from Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis and Fort Wayne. (Fort Wayne Time Table.)

Going South.	ARRIVE
8 20 a m—Ft Wayne accommodation—	9 00 a m
10 45 a m—Cin & Louis mail and ex—	4 25 p m
3 30 p m—Indianapolis express—	10 00 p m

P. E. COX,

PRACTICAL

Sanitary Plumber,

Has opened a shop at

No. 29 West Main Street.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED AT

Reasonable Prices

DEAFNESS CURED by Peck's Pat. Invisible TUBULAR EAR CUSHIONS. Whispers heard clearly. Comfort. Sold by F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, N. Y., also Boston, Mass. Send for book of proofs FREE.

POND'S EXTRACT

CT.

LETTERS FROM THE GOVERNORS.

It is a well-known fact that POND'S EXTRACT is used and recommended by more distinguished people than any preparation or remedy extant.

It is used in the household of the President as well as that of the humblest citizen; by members of the army and the navy, the Bar and the Bench, the pulpit and the press, all ranks and classes of people. To further illustrate this fact we append a few of the numerous letters from Governors of different States:

The Governor of New Hampshire.

GENTLEMEN: I have used POND'S EXTRACT in my family for several years, and have found it a most desirable and valuable remedy. Yours truly, MOODY CURRIER. Dec. 3, '87.

The Governor of Pennsylvania.

GENTS: POND'S EXTRACT has been a valued reliance in our family for several years, especially for rheumatism, sprains and bruises incident to children. Very truly yours, JAMES A. BEAVER. Nov. 30, '87.

The Governor of New Jersey.

DEAR SIR: I have for many years used POND'S EXTRACT, and have derived great benefit and relief therefrom. Very truly, R. R. GREEN. Dec. 5, '87.

The Lt.-Governor of Illinois.

GENTLEMEN: POND'S EXTRACT has long had a place in the medicine chest of my family. I assure you that we have found it a ready and valuable agent to relieve pain in many cases, and that very promptly. We cannot well keep house without it. I am, truly yours, J. C. SMITH. Oct. 10, '87.

POND'S EXTRACT is invaluable for all kinds of Pain, Inflammation and Hemorrhages.

Excellence invites imitation. Beware of worthless imitations of POND'S EXTRACT.

DIETER'S CROWN BAKING POWDER

Tutt's Pills

CURE

Malaria, Dumb Chills, Fever and Ague, Wind Colic, Bilious Attacks.

They produce regular, natural evacuations, never gripe or inderfere with daily business. As a family medicine, they should be in every household.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

JOHN LILLIE,

Successor to Lillie & Munson, dealer in

White Lime, Cement,

Sewer Pipe and Building Material

Generally.

CALHOUN ST.,

Opposite Nickel Plate Passenger Depot.

S. BREIDENSTEIN.

Real Estate & Loans

26 Court Street.

Watch his bulletin for some special bargains.

FINE MEATS.

J. N. PFEIFFER,

44 WEST BERRY STREET,

Has one of the BEST MEAT MARKETS in the City. SPECIAL PRICES are given on Boiling Meats and Roasts. Elegant Corn Beef, Sausage and Lard. Everything sold at reasonable prices.

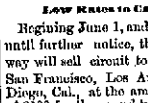
JOHN W. MULDOON,

Practical Painter!

Sign painting, graining and papering. Hard oil finishing and wall painting a specialty. No. 12 East Berry Street

E. F. SITES, DENTIST,

No. 74 Calhoun St., Fort Wayne, Ind



J. S. McCURDY,

D-E-N-T-I-S-T

OFFICE—Room 15, over First National Bank. mos&sat6m

LOW RATES to California.

Begining June 1, and continuing daily until further notice, the Wabash railway will sell circuit tourists tickets to San Francisco, Los Angeles, and San Diego, Cal., at the amazingly low rate of $100 for the round trip. These tickets will be good for first-class passage, and limited to six months from date of issue. Stop over allowed at pleasure west of the Missouri river. Further information furnished at the Wabash ticket office. 90-tf

BUY

Challenge Brand

SUGAR - CURED - HAMS!

ENGLISH BREAKFAST BACON!

AND EXTRA NO. 1

FAT SHORE MACKEREL.

PYKE'S GROCERY

80 CALHOUN STREET.

L. O. HULL,

WALL PAPER

And Ceiling Decorations

In every quality from the cheapest to the best. Call and examine goods whether you want to buy or not. We offer you first, courteous treatment; second, the lowest prices; third, the greatest variety. We are recognized leaders in the

ARTISTIC DECORATION OF WALLS AND CEILINGS!

We can show you finer WORK than any firm in the city, and more of it than all others put together. When we complete a handsome piece of decorating, the would-be decorators send in their velvet in the ca. "me too," "me too," and then try to copy our work. "Imitation is the sincerest flattery," but it takes time even to imitate. Hence, they give you now the style of papering and decorating we did last year. We give you new styles and change no more than parties who try to learn the art of decorating at your expense, by experimenting on your WORK.

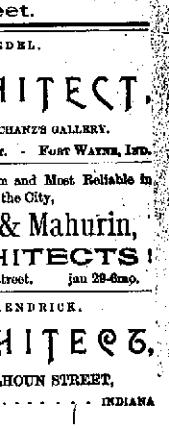
Lincrusta Walton, Papier Mache, Artists' Materials, Window Curtains, Paints, Oils, Brushes, Glass, Paper Hanging.

HOUSE, SIGN & FRESCO PAINTING.

90 Calhoun Street, Fort Wayne, Ind

TELEPHONE, 285.

MONARCH



GASOLINE STOVE.

We desire to announce to our friends and patrons that we have an entirely

New Vapor Stove,

For 1889, embodying every new feature that practical experience has demonstrated to be of real value to the user, simple in construction and easy to manage.

CALL AND SEE IT

Before Buying.

GRUBER & GRAY,

364 Calhoun Street.

—FOR YOUR—

SPRING CLOTHING

—GO TO—

J. W. FOWLES

Merchant Tailor,

Fashionable Tailoring.

Moderate Prices. A Full Line of Spring Suitings Just Received.

No. 64 Barr street, near Berry,

Fort Wayne, Ind.

WATER WORKS.

Bath Tubs, Pumps, Rubber Hose, etc.

—AT—

C. W. BRUNS & CO.,

PLUMBERS.

166 Calhoun Street,

Opposite the Cathedral, Fort Wayne, Ind.

J. M. E. RIEDEL,

ARCHITECT.

—GO TO—

ABOVE SCHANZ'S GALLERY.

112 CALHOUN ST. - FORT WAYNE, IND.

The Oldest Firm and Most Reliable in the City,

Wing & Mahurin,

ARCHITECTS!

27 Calhoun Street. jan 28-6mo.

FRANK H. KENDRICK,

ARCHITECT,

138 CALHOUN STREET,

FORT WAYNE - - - - - - - INDIANA

OUR FASHION LETTER.

DAISY DART'S DISSERTATION ON DRESS.

The Home Mannerisms of Stylish Women —Some Pretty Evening Costumes—Useful Suggestions to the Fair Sex About Dressing.

[NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.]

KIN time of trouble we women must be strong. It is always so. When John comes home wild-eyed, his hair half pulled out, and his mustache gone up one side and down the other; when he paces the floor or flings with his head buried in our lap, and says the world has reached an end, that his horse came in behind, that his cashier has skipped, that life's companionship has been given to another man, that his last great book has been returned, that his play is a failure, and that he wants to die, of course then we must be strong and firm, and full of heart and courage. That is the time he is doing the clinging-vine business, and we must be the oak. But when things go well, we shall boss, please him, beat old Hobbs best by remembering how much the man likes to have his chieftship, his strength, his muscle, his manliness emphasized by dependence, curves, frou-frous and femininity in us. We will bring all this out in the pretty house gowns that have become fashionable, won't we?

Shall I come right down to descriptions of the sketches I have made? Number one has a princess back fitting closely, and is made of richly heavy silk, with a pale ground, and flowered in harmonizing pale shades. Rovers in front and velvet, taking the darkest shade found in this silk, and the girdle also is of velvet. The front of the gown is lace—the very daintiest, cobwebbi-

est lace—over plain silk of either the shade of the ground of the other silk or, if you want to be very French, a shade to match some other delicate one found in the flowering. This color, you see, will gleam through the lace. Now, if you can afford it, have the flowering of the lace painted for do the painting yourself, using only such shades as are found in the silk used for the back of the dress. If you don't like, or can't afford painted lace, outline the design in the lace with silk floss, using the colors suggested, with now and then, to give character to the design, a shade to match the velvet used in the costume. Is not the idea pretty? Suppose your dominant color be pale-green. That is the ground of the material used for the back. The color under the lace should be paloat pink found in the silk with which your other silk is sprinkled, and the velvet a rich, red wood-brown, like the darkest shade in the stem of the roses. Your hair, you know, is this rich wood-brown with the reddish tone in it, and your eyes are the deep gray that takes a greenish hue when it gets encouragement from your gown, and your skin is pale and clear, and catches a rose tint from the like still under the lace. With this rose and a smile, don't you think you can make John glad again that he married you, and make John's friends wish they were John? About the other dresses I will leave you to yourself. Only remember how well the style lends itself to the using over of old dresses and laces. Be pretty. Be always well dressed. Be charming. Just don't mix that up with boiling extract.

It is a good thing for women that fashion has of late years turned our attention to house gowns. Nowhere should a woman look more charming than in her own home. Nowhere is she in an atmosphere more calculated to suggest about her all the charm of femininity in its best and sweet-

est way. The "tea-gown" is or may be a triumph for all of us. It combines the simplicity, the suggestion of "at home" and the repose of a wrapper without the dishabille of that garment, with the elegance in texture of a ball gown, without the formality of such a one. Of all modern gowns invented and accomplished, it may best suggest the breathing woman inside. It makes best use of such natural curves as may be betrayed without the support of stays, and suggests the freedom and comfort of the whole figure without looseness. There is always that awful "dopiness" about a woman who, without stays on, puts herself into an ordinary modern cut dress. No matter how beautiful her figure may be, the darts which intended the bodice to adjust itself to corset make her look squint and clumsy. There is an ugly break below the breast line which is immodest besides being unsightly. The bodice, not being cut to accommodate the constantly changing curves of an uncorseted form, is straining first at one seam then at another. Let me utter protest right here against these "unconventional" women who think they are furthering the cause of health and beauty by going without stays, and yet wearing the ordinary gown. I will acknowledge at once that the unconfined figure is the more graceful, if properly draped, and I will speak with pride to the three gowns here displayed.

These gowns, all of them, and all of them variations, are on the cut Bernhardt (ideas her) made popular—the cut which comes nearest to suiting all women, all materials and all occasions. It is easily modified into a ball dress, but it is best happy for a house dress. It gives fabrics a chance, and it gives a woman a chance, too. If she is slender, it suits her charmingly. She can shirr the under part across the bust and put turned-back revers, as in my first picture, which will give breadth to the chest; and the girdle and edge of bodice given a bias slips, while the straight fall of the skirt from well back on the hips to the foot emphasizes that length of limb which we associate with grace and delicacy. A loose skirt, full and unstraped in front, may be less "fine art" than one bunched up and fiddle-ded and squirmed and squinted into tucks, and tolds, and rosettes, but it is the skirt which will most surely resolve itself into curves and folds which will shift into harmonious drapin through all movements and positions. Such effect of skirt is certainly the most suitable

accomplish the rich on act in a house gown, won't you?—*Daisy Dart, in Chicago Ledger.*

Unquestioning Authority.

Among the private memoirs of noted men of the last generation we frequently find incidents which illustrate strongly the singular difference between the training of boys now and that of a century ago.

The venerable Bishop Meade, of Virginia, for example, gives in his "Reminiscences" an account of an insurrection which took place at Princeton College while he was a student there, and in which he took part with such zeal that even in his old age he felt and said that no collegiate outbreak ever occurred in which there was less guilt on the part of the rebel boys.

One hundred and fifty students out of 200 revolted, and all of them were sent home. Young Meade, on reaching the homestead in Frederick County, vehemently poured forth the story of his wrongs to his mother, a high-spirited Virginia woman.

She listened in silence until the whole story had been told to the least detail; then she commanded him to return at once to the college, humbly acknowledge his errors to the faculty and ask to be taken back on the promise of future amendment.

"Nor," says the bishop, "did I hesitate to obey, for the habit of submission to her authority had been established since my earliest years."

Fifty other young men were thus peremptorily sent back by their parents, and went without remonstrance.

Mrs. Gen. Nelson, a personal friend of Washington, finding that two of her boys had run away from school to enter the army, beckoned them from the ranks while on the way to battle and ordered them to go into the family coach and accompany her home. From thence she sent them to Philadelphia to school. The significant point in this story is that it did not seem to either of the young men, nor to the officers commanding them, to dispute her authority.

Bishop Meade, writing half a century ago, declared that the day for such prompt, unquestioning obedience was over. It is certainly long past now.

Whether it was a better system in all respects than that of the sympathy and confidence which usually exists in families of the higher class of the present day is not to be decided off-hand.

It is recognized by the proverbs of all countries that only the man who has been taught to obey knows how to command, and it is certain that the men whose authority led this country through its darkest straits into freedom and light had borne the yoke in their youth of a stern, inflexible discipline.—*Youth's Companion.*

IRREDEEMABLE bond—vagrebonds.

THREE KINDS OF WOMEN.

BY EVELYN THORP.

THERE are woman made for themselves; women made for humanity; women made for men. The first are passionless, keenly, not widely intelligent, and have restless ambitions, ranging from rivalry in looks, clothes, children, and servants, to rivalry in looks, clothes, friends, horses and houses, and social position. They are believers in the seventh "Thou shalt not" of the Decalogue, and they are called good women. The nine other commandments they accept nominally, but have never thought much about. Their love for their husbands is the greed of possession; their love of their offspring the natural instinct of the lower organisms. They can be cruel as the grave to the ugly daughter, the husband who failed where others made millions, the once friend who was "imprudent, you know—so silly of her!" They have cold little souls, for the most part; and souls that grow colder and littler with the years and the gossip. They are merciless, but they are shrewd. They are unscrupulous at the last analysis, but they gain their ends. They are usually successful in that sphere of life to which they have called themselves. Their own sex, as a rule, approves of them in full. Men marry them and repent afterward.

The second kind are women large and slow-moving. Their eyes are dull; and they customarily do not know whether their bonnet strings are straight or awry. They have had one unhappy love affair in early life, and generally die unmarried. They have their ridiculous weaknesses and their sublime enthusiasms. They are turned to every possible use—like an old cow, whose very skin and horns can be put to some account—and they are gayed behind their backs. Every frenzied scheme for ameliorating a universe which has proved to them so sorry a place finds in them a will support. They watch in sick rooms; they pace hospital wards; they Christianize little Indian boys; they lecture; they lead crazy causes. They are martyrs and heroines, and men call them "bores" and women "frumps."

The third kind are the women of the painters of the poets. They are creatures linked indissolubly in human imagination—like the glory of summer dawns, the lurid light of crimson sunsets—with all the romance and the rapture, the passion and the suffering of this world. They are made for love; they are mere shadows of what they can be—inanimate Galateas, undeveloped essences—till the love-day comes. Then they sink to any depths or rise to any heights. They have small interest in the pursuits of other women. They are not uncharitable toward their sex, but unstimulated by it. They seek the masculine principle in intellectual intercourse in their friendships, as by an unconquerable affinity. They understand men better than they understand women. They feel instinctively that men understand them better, do them more justice. They may render the men who marry them supremely happy or supremely wretched, but they never bore them. They make ghastly blunders, which their colder sisters dexterously avoid. But at their best no man is worthy of them. And, best or worst, other women hate them.

On Record, Anyhow.

"Our heart is heavy to-day," wrote the editor of the Purple Springs *Enunciator*. "George J. Sebastapol, whom we have long known and admired, is dead. In the flush and glory of his manhood, when the future seemed as resplendent as an angel's dream, the rain of death came sobbing to the doorway of his brilliant career, and the Phantom Boatman ferried him across the black river. Poor George! His day there will be weeping in the little home on the hill, where a gray-haired mother kisses the cold brow of her lost one; where a weeping wife bends above the still form and fondles the dear hands that were want to lovingly caress her; where bountiful children try in vain to coax from the dumb lips a loving word—from whence loving words were as a river. It is hard that the misty twilight of death should so soon blot out the golden glow of the morning; it is hard that the anthem should be broken by a sob, that the dirge may be commenced; it is hard that the dead blades of the grave grass should quiver over feet that should for years press the green verdure of the summer. Poor George! Generous, noble and honest; charitable, affectionate and true; a sunbeam in the gloom of humanity; a beacon gleaming in the blackness of this world. Not alone will your wife and mother weep over your grave; scores who have loved and known you will kneel by your last resting place in the solemn twilight, and their tears will tell Heaven how they miss you. Later: Our information concerning the death of Mr. Sebastapol was wrong. He is alive and enjoying excellent health. We hope that George will at once call at this office and pay the $3 due us on subscription. His account has been running for two years, and, as we are greatly in need of money, he will oblige us by making a prompt remittance."—*Lincoln (Neb.) Journal.*

The Judge's Little Game.

Judge Bricker, one of the oldest Representatives of the Pennsylvania Legislature from Clarion County, has a novel way of entertaining his friends on Sundays at Harrisburg. The Judge's apartments are modest, and the first man to arrive there gets the chair. The rest thus come sit on the bed and the wood-box. Then the Judge reaches under the bed and drags out a home-made hunk of smoked beef, opens his luckbox jackknife and chips off a sliver of the beef. Then he passes the beef and the knife to the guest next to him, and the guest chips a piece off the hunk and passes it and the knife along until all are served. By the time the hunk has gone the rounds of the guests two or three times the guests are ready for the Judge to skirmish under the bed again and come out with a curious-looking bit of earthenware with a small neck. This combines what the Judge declares is Clarion County cider. To show that it is safe he takes a drink from the jug and passes it to the guest nearest him, as he did the beef. The jug goes the rounds a couple of times, and then the party rests a few minutes while the Judge tells a hunting story. After that the beef, the knife and the jug are passed again. The Judge has a chalk-mark around the hunk of beef, and when it has been chipped down to that mark he puts the hunk back under the bed for the next Sunday. Then the meeting adjourns.—*Washington letter.*

The New First Reader.

LESSON I.

"See how pleased the man is! Has he heard some good news?"

"No; but he has come down to telegraph his friends up the country that he is about to pay them a two weeks' visit. He has heard that fishing is extra good up there this year."

"Ah! but he has received a telegram himself! Why does his countenance change so suddenly?"

"It is a telegram from his friends up the country. They have heard that shooting is unusually good in the city this spring, and they are coming down to stay a fortnight with him."

LESSON II.

"See the men—how the enjoy themselves. There are seven of them, and they are smoking, telling stories, and taking a happy rest. Have they nothing to do?"

"Not just now. They are house-painters, and the boss is gone."

"But he will return?"

"Oh, yes. One of them is ascending the ladder now to see if he can catch sight of him."

"But why does every man spring for his brush and begin work and look so ambitious?"

"Because the boss is only a block away. He came very near catching them that time, but he will arrive to be disappointed."

"Is the life of a house-painter full of anxiety?"

"It is. Between waiting for quitting time and dodging the boss he seldom gets an hour's comfort."

LESSON III.

"Does the man jaw?"

"He does. He says the grocer ought to be sent to State Prison."

"What has the grocer done?"

"Gave him fifteen ounces for a pound."

"But that was very wrong."

"So it was, but the grocer knew to whom he was selling."

"Who is the man?"

"He is the inventor of the peck peach basket, which holds only six quarts. He laughs and grows fat when he thinks of it, but when some one tries a trick on him it is a horse of another color."

LESSON IV.

"The poor old woman! See how feeble she is!"

"Yes, she is old and feeble."

"She is going to the postoffice. Perhaps she hopes for a letter from her son."

"No doubt. Let us follow her and see if her hopes are fulfilled. Ah! but she turns away from the window with a look of grief in her face as the clerk says: 'No, ma'am, there is no letter here for Birdie McShlang. Your feller has probably caught onto another girl.'"

LESSON V.

"Be careful and do not collide with the child."

"I see him and will take care. Poor thing! But how rugged and dirty and tired he is! He is evidently a lost child!"

"Let me ask that man about him."

"What did the man say? Is the child lost?"

"Oh, no. His mother has so much to do with charities that she has to let him run loose and go hungry. He says we ought to see the other five if we think this one looks lonesome."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Some Big Bridges.

Coalbrookdale bridge, England, is the first cast-iron bridge. It was built over the Severn in 1779.

The covered bridge at Pavia, over the Ticino, was built in the fourteenth century. The roof is held by 100 granite columns.

The bridge at Havre de Grace, over the Susquehanna, is 3,271 feet long, and is divided into twelve wooden spans, resting on granite piers.

The bridge of Holy Trinity at Florence was built in 1569. It is 322 feet long, constructed of white marble, and stands unrivaled as a work of art.

The cantilever bridge, over the Niagara, is built almost entirely of steel. Its length is 810 feet, the total weight is 3,000 tons, and the cost was $900,000.

The Rialto, at Venice, is said to have been built from the designs of Michael Angelo. It is a single marble arch, 98½ feet long and was completed in 1591.

The Bridge of Sighs at Venice, over which condemned prisoners were transported from the hall of judgment to the place of execution, was built in 1589.

The bridge at Burton, over the Trent, was formerly the longest bridge in England, being 1,545 feet. It is now partly removed. Built in the twelfth century.

Tay Bridge, old bridge over the Tay at Dundee, destroyed December 28, 1879. New bridge about two miles long, has 85 piers; height above water 77 feet.

The Niagara suspension bridge was built by Roebling in 1852-55 at a cost of $100,000. It is 245 feet above the water, 821 feet long, and the strength is estimated at 1,200 tons.

The new London Bridge is constructed of granite, from the designs of L. Rennie. It was commenced in 1824 and completed in about seven years, at a cost of $7,290,000.

Clifton suspension bridge, at Bristol, has a span of 703 feet at a height of 245 feet above the water. The carriage way is 20 feet wide and the footway 6½ feet wide. Cost, $500,000.

The Britannia Bridge crosses the Menai Strait, Wales, at an elevation of 103 feet above high water. It is of wrought iron, 1,511 feet long, and was finished in 1850. Cost, $3,000,000.

The Whole Truth.

The stupidity of servants is a trial to the most even-tempered mistresses, but it sometimes serves to amuse the other members of the household, says the *Youth's Companion*. There was a girl who belonged in the familiar category of "children and fools."

"If any one should call this afternoon, Mary, say that I am not well," said a mistress to a newly-engaged servant. "I'm afraid I ate a little too much of that rich pudding for dinner, and it, or something else, has brought on a severe headache. I am going to lie down."

A few moments later the mistress, from her room near the head of the stairs, heard Mary say to two aristocratic ladies who called for the first time:

"Yes'm. Mrs. H—— is to home, but she cat so much pudding for dinner she had to go to bed."

It is a hot game of frenzo-out when a fellow is warmed by a cold desk.

TIGHT CLOTHING.

A Deadly foe Commonplace by a Woman Physician.

A young lady a few weeks ago applied to a physician for treatment. She suffered from continual headache, and had done so for years, and she had other troubles. The physician examined her thoroughly, and satisfied herself (the physician was a woman) as to the causes of the patient's maladies.

"I cannot treat you," said the doctor, "unless you will follow my instructions implicitly. But if you promise to do so, I think your health will improve immediately, and will soon be entirely restored."

The patient promised entire compliance with the instructions of the physician.

"The first thing for you to do is to take off your corsets, or wear them so loosely that your vital organs will not be at all compressed even when you take a full breath. Then suspend all your clothing from your shoulders, and have nothing hang from your hips. Procure a pair of low-heeled shoes about two sizes larger than you wear now. Give up drinking tea or coffee, or take them very weak. At first you may miss the stimulus, but only for a few days. Eat nourishing food at regular intervals and go to bed early and get your sleep out. Walk to and from your place of business so as to get all the exercise possible for you in the open air."

A little medicine was given the patient for some local trouble, but treatment was relied on for the main difficulties. She did exactly as her physician told her. In a few days she was free from headache, and in a few weeks she was enjoying a degree of health up to that time entirely unknown to her. The heart was able without check from tight clothing to do its work; her lungs had full play, and could purify the blood without hindrance from corset laces; the abdominal organs no longer crowded down upon the delicate organs below them, performed their functions without interfering with any other organs of the body; elasticity gradually came back to the step of the young woman, color came to her face, light to her eye, and cheerfulness born of good health to her heart.

The physician from whose mouth this statement was received averred that the good results this patient enjoyed were directly from the treatment she received and gave herself, and not from the medicine.—*N. Y. Star.*

Clear the Way

Without loss of time when the intestinal canal is blocked up by reason of constipation, chronic or temporary. It should be borne in mind that this ailment is prone to become lasting and obstinate, and breed other and worse complaints. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters in the process remedy to remove the obstruction effectually, but without drenching or weakening the bloodened bowels, a consequence always to be apprehended from the use of violent laxatives, which are among the most pernicious of the cheap nostrums swallowed by the credulous and misinformed. The first of experience, and of the medical profession, sanctions the claims of this standard aperient. Not only as a source of regular and permanent regularity to the bowels, liver and stomach, but as a means of remedying and preventing kidney and bladder troubles, and fever and ague, it is without a peer.

Small Grapes.

It is a mistake to suppose that the imported articles called currents, used in fruit cakes, mince pies, plum puddings, buns, and the like, are a fruit resembling our own black or red currants dried. In reality these dried fruits which we call currents are just as much raisins as anything that is offered under that specific name, being only a dried grape, although of an exceedingly small variety, each grape no bigger than a common pea, and each bunch but two or three inches long. These little grape bunches are picked and dried in the sun, and are so full of saccharine matter that the exuding sugar crystallizes them into a compact form of sufficient hardness to require considerable strength to open the mass and prepare the fruit for packing.

WHAT is a sweeter than roses
That bloom for the beauty of June?
Or the stately and fragrant lilies
Waxen bells that a summer tune?
Ah, sweeter the roses blooming
On the cheeks of those we love,
And the lily of health that's glowing
The cheeks' red rose above.

But how soon the lily and the rose wither in the faces of our American women! Why is it? Simply because so many of them are victims of weaknesses, irregularities, and functional derangements incidental to the sex. If they would use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription all these beauty and health-destroying ailments might be warded off, and we would hear less about women "growing old before their time."

TO REGULATE the stomach, liver, and bowels, Dr. Pierce's Pellets excel. One a dose.

THE right hand thumb of a hotel waiter is most unfortunate. It is frequently in the soup.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

100 Ladies Wanted,

And 100 men to call daily on any druggist for a free trial package of Lane's Family Medicine, the great root and herb remedy, discovered by Dr. Silas Lane while in the Rocky Mountains. For diseases of the blood, liver, and kidneys it is a positive cure. For constipation and clearing up the complexion it does wonders. Children like it. Everyone praises it. Large size package, 50 cents. At all druggists.

THE expression "busy as a bee" is sophistry. That honey-making humbug lives in luxurious idleness nearly two-thirds of the year.

HAVE you ever *tried* Dobbins' Electric Soap? It don't cost much for you to get *one bar* of your grocer, and so for yourself why do it round by no means, after 24 years' steady sale. Be sure to get no imitation. There are lots of them.

THE proper thing to do when you have a surfeit of dust and heat is to surf it.

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All Tired Out from the depressing effect of the changing season, or by hard work and worry—you need the tonic, building up, nerve-strengthening effect of Hood's Sarsaparilla to give you a feeling of health and strength again. It purifies the blood, cures humorous, dyspepsia, headache, etc. Sold by all druggists. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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Of any Man This Country Ever Saw, Cured, Jackson, Mich., October, 1885.

Rheumatic Syrup Co.

GENTLEMEN: In November, 1884, I was out in the wrist by a broken bottle, from which I suffered extreme pain. I called a doctor who pronounced it sciatic rheumatism. He gave me a morphine injection in my right shoulder, which resulted in paralyzing my right side. I was kept under the influence of morphine until last March, when my right leg and arm became badly withered and my joints were so stiff that there was but little action in them. About that time I discontinued the use of morphine. About six weeks ago I first heard of your Rheumatic Syrup and was advised to try it. And here let me impress this fact upon your mind, that my right arm and leg were shrunken, paralyzed, and withered so much that I could hardly walk or swing along, and that but little, and attended with great effort and pain. Since I have been taking your Syrup I have left off the use of crutches entirely, and only use a cane, and for the past few days I often forget it and walk without any aid. To say that I am happy, and that it gives great benefit me, but poorly expresses my idea of your Rheumatic Syrup. Yours truly, C. D. DENIO.

Dealer in General Groceries, corner Trail and Mechanic Streets.

Mr. C. D. Denio is a man well known in this community, and was probably the worst wreck, physically, of any man this country ever saw. He was paralyzed from rheumatic poison, and no one ever recovered who would eat well. He is well, and it is simply marvelous. The above statement made by him is true, and may be fully relied upon. I am truly yours,

A. L. SWARTS,
Ex-member State Legislature, and Proprietor Hurd House, Jackson, Mich.

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"My little boy, 5 years old, was sick with a disease for which doctors had no name. The nails came off his fingers, and the fingers came off by the middle joint. For 5 years he suffered dreadfully; is now getting well, and I am satisfied Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) is the chief cause of his improvement.
JOHN DEERE,
Jan. 12, 1889. Pitt, Ind.

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Little boy broke out with sores and ulcers, the result of the saliva of a calf coming in contact with a cut finger. The ulcers were deep and painful and showed no inclination to heal. I gave him Swift's Specific, and he is now well.
P.S. 15, '89. JOHN F. HEARN, Auburn, Ala.

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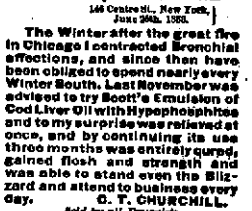
After spending Ten Winters South, was Cured by Scott's Emulsion.

146 Centre St., New York, June 20th, 1888.

The Winter after the great fire in Chicago I contracted Bronchial affections, and since then have been obliged to spend nearly every Winter South. Last November was advised to try Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites and to my surprise was relieved at once, and by continuing its use three months was entirely cured, gained flesh and strength and was able to stand even the Blizzard and attend to business every day.
C. T. CHURCHILL.
Sold by all Druggists.



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I have found each year that a number of my customers could not conveniently buy until late in the season, and I have, to accommodate them, had a Fall Trade in reserve of Tyrnseny of my Best Stallions. Of these for Several Years Back will be placed on sale March 25th, as below, by determination to so control my importations that I can offer prizes in a first-class horse any day in the year.

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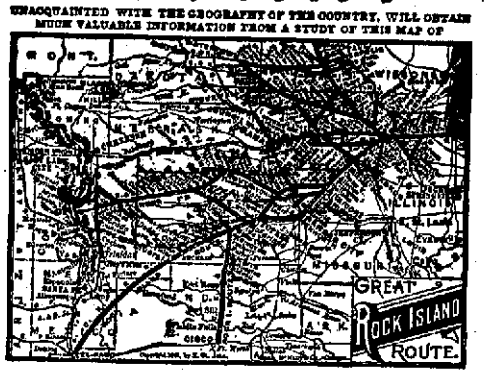
A MAN

UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF



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SABBATH READING,

It Has Been Said That a Holy Life Is a Continual Sermon.

ONLY THE LORD'S MONEY.

A Saved Soul but a Lost Life—"Kiss Me, Farewell"—What One Mother Did.

A Saved Soul, but a Lost Life.

A well-known missioner was called, some time ago, to console a dying man. "You are not afraid to die?" asked the clergyman. "No," was the reply, "I am not afraid to die, but I am *ashamed* to die. The Lord has done great things for me, but I have done nothing for Him." His soul was saved, but His life was lost. There is nothing more pitiable than to see good men wasting time and talent in little, unworthy quarrels about pet dogmas, while their next door neighbor is going to the devil for the want of a strong arm of help, and a kind word of encouragement. It is not so much lost souls that Christ wants to rescue as lost lives. The man who boasts that his soul is saved and never feeds a poor body, or cheers a sad heart, is a living contradiction—an awful sham.—*The Young Man.*

The Lord's Money.

I have no propriety in the riches I possess. They are only lent me for a few years, to be dispensed and distributed as my great Lord and Master sees fit to appoint, viz., for the benefit of the poor and necessitous, which He has made His deputies to call for and receive His money at my hands. And this, indeed, is the best use I can put it to, for my own advantage, as well as theirs; for the money I bestow upon the poor I give to God to lay up for me, and I have His infallible word of promise for it, that it shall be paid to me again with unlimited interest out of His heavenly treasure, which is infinite, eternal, and inexhaustible. Hence it is that whatsoever I see any fit object of charity, methinks I hear the Most High say to me: "Give this poor brother so much of my stock which thou hast in thy hand, and I will place it to thy account as given to myself.—*Bishop Beveridge.*

"Kiss Me,—Farewell."

More than thirty years ago, one lovely Sabbath morning, eight young men, students in a law school, were walking along the banks of a stream that flows into the Potomac River, not far from the city of Washington. They were going to a grove in a retired place to spend the hours of that holy day in playing cards. Each of them had a flask of wine in his pocket. They were the sons of praying mothers. As they were walking along amusing each other with idle jests, the bell of a church in a little village about two miles off began to ring. It sounded in the ears of those thoughtless young men as plainly as though it were only on the other side of the little stream along which they were walking.

Presently one of their number, whose name was George, stopped and said to his friend nearest to him, that he would go no further, but would return to the village and go to church. His friend called to their companions, who were a little ahead of him: "Boys, boys! come back here; George is getting religious. We must help him. Come on, and let us baptize him by immersion in the water."

In a moment they had formed a circle around him. They told him that the only way in which he could save himself from having a cold bath was by going with them. In a calm, quiet, but earnest way, he said:

"I know very well that you have power enough to put me in the water, and hold me there till I am drowned; and, if you choose, you can do so, and I will make no resistance; but listen to what I have to say, and then do as you think best.

"You all know that I am two hundred miles from home; but you do not know that my mother is a helpless, bedridden invalid. I never remember seeing her out of bed. I am her youngest child. My father could not afford to pay for my schooling; but our teacher is a warm friend of my father, and offered to take me without any charge. He was very anxious for me to come; but mother would not consent. The struggle almost cost her what little life was left to her. At length, after many prayers on the subject, she yielded and said I might go. The preparations for my leaving home were soon made. My mother never said a word to me on the subject until the morning when I came to leave. After I had eaten my breakfast she sent for me, and asked if everything was ready. I told her all was ready, and I was only waiting for the stage. At her request I kneeled beside her bed. With her loving hands upon my head she prayed for her youngest child. Many and many a night since then has I dreamed the whole scene over. It is the happiest recollection of my life. I believe that until the day of my death I shall be able to repeat every word of that prayer. Then she spoke to me thus:

"My precious boy, you do not know, you never can know, the agony of a mother's heart at parting, for the first time, from her youngest child. When you leave home you will have looked for the last time this side of the grave, on the face of her who loves you as no other mortal does or can. Your father cannot afford the expense of your making us a visit during the two years your studies will occupy. I cannot possibly live so long as that. The sands in the hour-glass of my life have nearly run out. In the far-off, strange place to which you are going, there will be no [illegible] you counsel in time of trouble. Seek counsel and help from God. Every Sabbath morning from 10 to 11 o'clock, I will spend the hour in praying for you. Wherever you may be during this sacred hour, when you hear the church bells ringing, let your thoughts come back to this chamber, where your dying mother will be agonizing in prayer for you. But I hear the stage coming. Kiss me—farewell!"

"Boys, I never expect to see my mother again on earth. But, by the help of God, I mean to meet her in Heaven."

As George ceased speaking the tears were streaming down his cheeks. He looked at his companions. Their eyes were all filled with tears.

In a moment the ring which they had formed about him was opened. He passed out and went to church. He had stood up for the right against great odds. They admired him for doing what they had not courage to do. They all followed him to church. On the way there, each of them quietly threw away his cards and his wine flask. Never again did any of these young men play cards on the Sabbath.

From that day they all became changed men. Six of them died Christians, and are now in Heaven. George is an able Christian lawyer in Iowa; and his friend, the eighth of the party, who wrote this account, has been for many years an earnest, active member of the church.

Here were eight men converted by the prayers of that good, Christian woman, and if we only knew all the results of their examples and their labors, we should have a good illustration of the influence of a mother's prayers.—*Bible Models.*

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

The Duke had a high opinion of the military genius of the first Napoleon. Of all his marshals he thought Massena the ablest, but even he was not comparable with his master. There was no soldier in whose presence it was so fatal to make a mistake as in that of Napoleon. His weakness was that he lacked the patience to fight a defensive campaign. It was to this defect mainly that the Duke attributed the ruinous failure of the Russian invasion. Napoleon here attempts to crowd into a single campaign the work of two or even three, and to a similar impatience the Duke assigns the success with which, after Leipzig, the allied armies baffled the efforts of Napoleon to defend Paris. None the less, the Duke was of opinion that Napoleon's military genius was never seen more brilliantly than in this unsuccessful campaign. "The study of it," he said, "has given me a greater idea of his genius than any other. Had he continued that system a little while longer, it is my opinion that he would have saved Paris. But he wanted patience—he did not see the necessity of adhering to defensive warfare—I have been obliged to do it for many months together—and he threw himself impudently in the rear of the allies. Then, of course, they marched to Paris.

This opinion was given in the presence of that high military authority, the omniscient Crocker, who took it upon himself to dispute the virility of the Duke. In his valuable opinion, the strategy of the French Emperor exhibited a remarkable want of skill. "I can only say," replied the Duke "that my opinion of the campaign is what I have stated. In it Bonaparte beat the Austrians, Prussians, and Russians—different armies—always with the same troops; and I have had experience enough to know how very exact a man must be in his calculations, and how very skilful in his manœuvres, to be able to do that."—*New York Evening Post.*

IMPERIAL HOUSEHOLD DISCIPLINE.

The London *Standard* tells how discipline is maintained in Germany's royal household: "The other day the Emperor, busied in his own room, heard a violent tumult in the nursery, and speedily made his way to the scene. When he entered the Crown Prince and Prince Eitel drew themselves up and saluted their father in the military fashion, as is their wont. 'What is all this noise about?' asked the Emperor. 'A slight dispute, sire,' said his eldest son, 'and I was obliged to let my brother know who is Crown Prince in this establishment.' 'Good,' said his majesty; 'I see what you mean, I think it will be as well if I let you know who is Emperor in this particular family,' and he forthwith administered a punishment which impressed itself on the mind and also on the body of the Crown Prince in a manner highly suggestive of the possibilities of the situation."

THEY WOULD BE SO NICE.

The ladies of —— Church were packing a box of clothing to send to the wife of a Western missionary.

Mrs. A.—My dear Mrs. B., what can you be thinking of to send off these lovely stockings of yours? The very newest color, too!

Mrs. B.—It does break my heart to part with them, and I shouldn't think of it if I hadn't just read something about the dye stuff they use to get this particular shade being liable to poison one frightfully.

Mrs. A.—Oh, horrors! Let's put them out of our hands quick! Here, there's room for them right down in this corner.—*Mansey's Weekly.*

THE BEST FIRE RESISTERS.

Investigations of fire ruins show that porous terra cotta bricks and blocks best resist fire, water, and frost; next to these in the order of fire resisting qualities being the various concretes, or some of them, and burned clay work. In the best building work now done the iron part is incased in porous terra cotta, tile or brick work in roof, floor and tile construction; the hollow tiles are faced with vitreous tile, slate, or any good weather proof coating, or with a single thickness of brick. Incased in fire proof materials, iron and steel framework is claimed to give the best results.—*Chicago Tribune.*

NEED OF CLEANSING.

SUBJECT OF DR. TALMAGE'S TABERNACLE SERMON ON SUNDAY.

The Attempts of Poor Weak Humanity to Make Itself Clean Before God Are Not Successful—The Lord Himself Must See to the Cleansing.

Text—"If I wash myself with snow water, and cleanse I never so clean my hands in alkali, yet shalt thou plunge me in the ditch, and mine own clothes shall abhor me."—Job ix. 30, 31.

Albert Barnes—honored be his name on earth and in Heaven—went straight back to the original writing of my text, and translated it as I have now quoted it, giving substantial reasons for so doing. Although we know better, the ancients had an idea that in snow water there was a special power to cleanse, and that a garment washed and rinsed in it would be as clean as clean could be; but if the plain snow water failed to do its work, then they would take to an alkali and mix it with oil, and under that preparation they felt that the last impurity would certainly be gone. Job, in my text, in most forceful figure sets forth the idea that all his attempts to make himself pure before God were a dead failure, and that, unless we are assisted by something better than earthly liquids and chemical preparations, we are loathsome and in the ditch. "If I wash myself with snow water, and should I cleanse my hands in alkali, yet shalt thou plunge me in the ditch, and mine own clothes shall abhor me."

You are now sitting for your picture. I turn the camera obscura of God's word full upon you, and I pray that the sunshine falling through the skylight may enable me to take you just as you are. Shall it be a flattering picture, or shall it be a true one? You say: "Let it be a true one." The first profile that was ever taken was taken three hundred and thirty years before Christ, of Antigonus. He had a blind eye, and he compelled the artist to take his profile so as to hide the defect in his vision. But since that invention, three hundred and thirty years before Christ, there have been a great many profiles. Shall I to-day give you a one-sided view of yourselves, a profile, or shall it be a full length portrait, showing you just what you are? If God will help me by His almighty grace, I shall give you the last kind of a picture.

When I first entered the ministry I used to write my sermons all out and read them, and run my hand along the line lest I should loose my place. I have hundreds of those manuscripts. Shall I ever preach them? Never; for in those days I was somewhat over-annointed with the idea I heard talked all around about, of the dignity of human nature, and I adopted the idea, and I evolved it, and I illustrated it, and I argued it; but coming on in life, and having seen more of the world, and more of my own faults, I find that that early teaching was faulty, and that there is no dignity in human nature, until it is reconstructed by the grace of God. Talk about vessels going to pieces on the Skerries, off Ireland! There never was such a shipwreck as in the Gihon and the Hiddekel, rivers of Eden, where our first parents foundered. Talk of a steamer going down with five hundred passengers on board! What is that to the shipwreck of fourteen hundred million souls? We are by nature a mass of uncleanness and putrefaction, from which it takes all the omnipotence and influence of God's grace to extricate us.

"If I wash myself with snow water, and should I cleanse my hands in alkali, yet shalt thou plunge me in the ditch, and my own clothes shall abhor me."

I remark, in the first place, that some people try to cleanse their soul of sin in the snow water of fine apologies. Here is one man who says: "I am a sinner; I confess that; but I inherited this. My father was a sinner, my grandfather, my great-great-grandfather, and all the way back to Adam, and I couldn't help myself." My brother, have you not, every day in your life, added something to the original estate of sin that was bequeathed to you? Are you not brave enough to confess that you have sometimes surrendered to sin, which you ought to have conquered? I ask you whether it is fair play to put upon our ancestry things for which we ourselves are personally responsible? If your nature was askew when you got it, have you not sometimes given it an additional twist? Will all the tombstones of those who have preceded us make a barricade high enough for eternal defenses? I know a devout man who had blasphemous parentage. I know a honest man whose father was a thief. I know a pure man whose mother was a waif of the street. The hereditary tide may be very strong, but there is such a thing as stemming it. The fact that I have a corrupt nature is no reason why I should yield to it. The deep stains of our soul can never be washed out by the snow water of such insufficient apology.

Still further, says some one: "If I have gone into sin, it has been through my companions, my comrades and associates; they ruined me. They taught me to drink. They took me to the gambling hell. They plunged me into the house of sin. They led me to my ruin." Do not believe it. God gave to no one the power to destroy you or me. If a man is destroyed he is self destroyed, and that is always so. Why did you not break away from them? If they had tried to steal your purse, you would have knocked them down; if they had tried to murder your gold watch, you would have riddled them with shot. But when they tried to steal your immortal soul you placidly submitted to it. Those bad fellows have a cup of fire to drink; do not pour your cup in it. In this matter of the soul, every man for himself. That those persons are not fully responsible for your sin, I prove by the fact that you do not associate with them. You cannot get off by blaming them. Though you gather up all those apologies; though there were a great flood of them; though they should come down with the force of the melting snows from Lebanon, they could not wash out one stain of your immoral soul.

Still further, a person apologize for their sins by saying: "We are a great deal better than some people. You see people all around about us that are a great deal worse than we." You stand up columnar in your integrity, and look down upon those who are prostrate in their habits and crimes. What of that, my brother? If I failed through recklessness and wicked imprudence for ten thousand dollars, is the matter alleviated at all by the fact that somebody else has failed for one hundred thousand dollars, and somebody else for two hundred thousand dollars? Oh, no. If I have the neuralgia, shall I refuse medical attendance because my neighbor has virulent typhoid fever? The fact that his disease is worse than mine—does that cure mine? If I, through my foolhardiness, leap off into ruin, does it break the fall to know that others leap off a higher cliff into deeper darkness? When the Hudson river rail train went through the bridge at Spuyten Duyvil, did it alleviate the matter at all that instead of two or three people being hurt there were seventy-five mangled and crushed? Because others are depraved, is that any excuse for my depravity? Am I better than they? Perhaps they had worse temptations than I have had. Perhaps their surroundings in life were more overpowering. Perhaps, even, if you had been under the same stress of temptation, instead of sitting here today, you would have been looking through the bars of a penitentiary. Perhaps, O woman, if you had been under the same power of temptation, instead of sitting here to-day, you would be tramping the street. The laughing stock of men and the grief of the angels of God; dungeoned, body, mind and soul, in the bleakness of despair. Ah, do not let us soliloquize ourselves with the thought that other people are worse than we. Perhaps in the future, when our fortunes may change, unless God prevents it, we may be worse than they are. Many a man after thirty years, after forty years, after fifty years, after sixty years, has gone to pieces on the sand bars. Oh! instead of wasting our time in hypercriticism about others, let us ask ourselves the questions, Where do we stand? What are our sins? What are our deficits? What are our perils? What our hopes? Let each one say to himself: "Where will I be? Shall I range in summery fields, or grind in the mills of a great night? Where? Where?"

Some winter morning you go out and see a snow bank in graceful drifts, as though by some heavenly compose it had been curved; and as the sun glints it the luster is almost insufferable, and it seems as if God had wrapped the earth in a shroud with white plaits woven in looms celestial. And you say: "Was there ever anything so pure as the snow, so beautiful as the snow?" But you brought a pail of that snow and put it upon the stove and melted it; and you found that there was a sediment at the bottom, and every drop of that snow water was filed; and you found that the snow bank had gathered up the impurity of the field and that after all it was not fit to wash in. And so I say it will be if you try to gather up these contrasts and comparisons with others, and with these apologies attempt to wash out the sins of your heart and life. It will be an unsuccessful ablution. Such snow water will never wash away a single stain of an immortal soul.

But I hear some one say: "I will try something better than that. I will try the force of a good resolution. That will be more pungent, more caustic, more extirpating, more cleansing. The snow water has failed, and now I will try the alkali of the good, strong resolution." My dear brother, have you any idea that a resolution about the future will liquidate the past? Suppose I owe you five thousand dollars and I should come to you to-morrow and say: "Sir, I will never run in debt to you again; if I should live thirty years, I will never run in debt to you again;" will you turn to me and say: "If you will not run in debt in the future, I will forgive you the five thousand dollars." Will you do that? No! Nor will God. We have been running up a long score of indebtedness with God, and if for the future we should abstain from sin, that would be no defrayment of past indebtedness. Though you should live from this time forth pure as an archangel before the throne, that would not redeem the past. God in the Bible, distinctly declares that He "will require that which is past" when opportunities, past neglects, past wicked deeds, past impure imaginations, past everything. The past is a great cemetery, and every day is buried in it. And here is a long row of three hundred and sixty-five graves. They are the dead days of 1888. Here is a long row of three hundred and sixty-five more graves, and they are the dead days of 1887. Here is a long row of three hundred and sixty-five more graves, and they are the dead days of 1886. It is a vast cemetery of the past. But God will rouse them all up with resurrectionary blast, and as the prisoner stands face to face with juror and judge, so you and I will have to come up and look upon those departed days face to face, exulting in their smile or cowering in their frown.

"Murder will out" is a proverb that stops too short. Every sin, however small, as well as great, will out. In hard times in England, years ago, it is authoritatively stated that a manufacturer in one town, with a bag of money, to pay off his hands, was met on the road with hunger met him on the road, and took a rail with a nail in it from a paling fence and struck him down, and the nail entering the skull instantly slew him. Thirty years after that the murderer went back to that place. He passed in the grave yard, where the sexton was digging a grave, and while he stood there the spade of the sexton turned up a skull, and lo! the murderer saw a nail protruding from the back part of the skull; and as the sexton turned the skull, it seemed with hollow eyes to glare on the murderer; and he, first petrified with horror, stood in silence, but soon cried out, "Guilty! guilty! O God!" The mystery of the crime was over. The man was tried and executed. My friends, all the unpardoned sins of our lives, though we may think they are buried out of sight and gone into a mere skeleton of memory, will turn up in the cemetery of the past, and glower upon us with their misdoings. I say to all our unpardoned sins. Oh, have you not fallen into the preposterous thing of supposing the good resolutions for the future will wipe out the past? Good resolutions, though they may be pungent and caustic as alkali, have no power to neutralize a sin. have no power to wash away a transgression. I want something more than earthly cleansing to do this. Yes, yes, though "I wash myself with snow water, and should I cleanse my hands in alkali, yet shalt thou plunge me in a ditch, and mine own clothes shall abhor me."

You see from the last part of this text that Job's idea of sin was very different from that of Eugene Sue, or George Sand, or A. J. Michel, or any of the hundreds of writers who have done up in iniquity in mezzotint, and garlanded the wine cup with aphnaline and rosemary, and made the path of the libertine end in bowers of ease instead of on the hot flagging of eternal torture. You see that Job thinks that sin is not a flowery parterre; that it is not a tabernal of fine prospects; that it is not music, dulcimer, violoncello, castanet and Pandean pipes, all making music together. No. He says it is a ditch, long, deep, loathsome, stanchful, and we are all plunged into it, and there we wallow and sink and struggle, not able to get out. Our robes of propriety and robes of worldly profession are saturated in the slime and abomination, and our soul, covered over with transgression, hates its covering, and the covering hates the soul until we are plunged into the ditch, and our own clothes abhor us.

I know that some modern religionists caricature sorrow for sin, and they make out an easier path than the "pilgrim's progress" that John Bunyan dreamed of. The road they travel does not stop where John's did, at the city of Destruction, but at the gate of the university; and I am very certain that it will not come out where John's did, under the shining ramparts of the celestial city. No repentance, no pardon. If you do not, my brother, feel that you are down in the ditch, what do you want of Christ to lift you out? If you have no appreciation of the fact that you are astray, what do you want of him who came to seek and save that which was lost? Yonder is the City of Paris, the swiftest of the Inmans, coming across the Atlantic. The wind is adverse, but she has not only her engines at work, but all sails up. I am on board the Umbria of the Cunard line. The boat davits are swung around. The boat is lowered. I get into it with a red flag, and cross the sea to where the City of Paris is coming, and I wave the flag. The Captain looks off from the bridge, and says: "What do you want?" I reply: "I come to take some of your passengers across to the other vessel; I think they will be safer and happier there." The Captain would look down with indignation and say: "Get out of the way, or I will run you down." And I would back oars, amidst the jeering of two or three hundred people looking over the taffrail. But the Umbria and the City of Paris meet under different circumstances after a while. The City of Paris is coming out of a cyclone; the life boats are smashed; the bulwarks gone; the vessel rapidly going down. The boatswain gives the last whistle of despairing command. The passengers run up and down the deck, and some pray, and all make a great outcry. The Captain says: "You have about fifteen minutes now to prepare for the next world." "No hope!" sounds from stem to stern and from the ratlines down to the cabin. I hear the distress. I lay let down by the side of the Umbria. I push off as fast as I can toward the sinking City of Paris. Before I come up people are leaping into the water in their anxiety to get to the boat, and when I have swung up under the side of the City of Paris, the frenzied passengers rush through the gangway until the officers, with axe and rifles and pistols, try to keep back the crowd, each waiting his turn to come next. There is but one life-boat, and they all want to get into it, and the cry is "Me next! me next!" You see the application before I make it. As long as a man going on in his sin feels that all is well, that he is coming out at a beautiful port, and has all sail set, he wants no Christ. He wants no help, he wants no rescue; but if under the flash of God's convicting spirit he shall see that by reason of sin he is dismasted and waterlogged, and going down into the trough of the sea where he cannot live, how soon he puts the sea glass to his eye and sweeps the horizon, and at the first sign of help cries out: "Save me, save me!" I want to be saved now. I want to be saved forever." No sense of danger, no application for rescue.

Oh, that God's eternal spirit would flash upon us a sense of our sinfulness! The Bible tells the story in letters of fire, but we get mad at it. We joke about sin. We make merry over it. What is sin? Is it a trifling thing? Sin is a vampire that is sucking out the life blood of your immortal nature. Sin? It is a Bastile that no earthly key ever unlocked. Sin? It is expatriation from God and Heaven. Sin? It is a grand enemy against the Almighty, for the Bible asks the question: "Will a man rob God?" answering it in the affirmative. This Gospel is a writ of replevin to recover property unlawfully detained from God.

In the Shetland Islands there is a man with leprosy. The hollow of the foot has swollen until it is flat on the ground. The gums begin to fall away. The nails thickens until it looks like the hoof of a wild beast. A stare unendured comes to the eye. The nostril is constricted. The voice drops to an almost inaudible hoarseness. Tubercles blotch the whole body, and from them there comes an exudation that is unbearable to the beholder. That is leprosy, and we have all got it unless cleansed by the grace of God. See Leviticus, and II. Kings. See Mark. See Luke. See fifty Bible allusions and confirmations.

The Bible is not complimentary in its language. It does not speak mincingly about our sins. It does not talk apologetically. There is no vermillion in its style. It does not cover up our transgressions with blooming metaphors. It does not sing about them in weak falsetto; but if thunders out: "The imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth." "Every one has gone back. He has altogether become filthy. He is unprofitable and filthy, and drinketh in iniquity like water." Anathemas the Lord Jesus Christ flings down at your foot this humiliating catalogue: "Out of the heart of men proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornication, murders, thefts, blasphemy." There is a text for your rationalists to preach from. Oh, the dignity of human nature! There is an element of your science of man that the anthropologist never has got to the core age yet to touch; and the Bible, as all the fas and guts of the most forceful style, sets forth our natural pollution, and represents iniquity as a frightful thing, as an exhausting thing, as a loathsome thing. It is not a more loathsome thing of the foot, it is not a more befouling of the hands; it is going down, hound and ears under, in a ditch, until our clothes abhor us.

My brethren, shall we stay down where sin thrusts us? I shall not if you do. We cannot afford to. I have to-day to tell you that there is something purer than snow water, something more pungent than alkali, and that is the blood of Jesus Christ that cleanseth from all sin. Oh, the river of salvation, bright, crystalline and Heaven born, rushes through this sadness with billowy tide strong enough to wash your sins completely and forever away. O Jesus, let the dam that holds it back now break, and the floods of salvation roll over us.

Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side a living flood,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

Let us get down on both knees and bathe in that flood of mercy. Ay, strike out with both hands and try to swim to the other shore of this river of God's grace. To you is the word of this salvation sent. Take this largess of the divine bounty. Though you have gone down in the deepest ditch of libidinous desire and corrupt behavior, though you have sworn all blasphemies until there is not one sinful word left for you to speak, though you have been submerged by the transgressions of a lifetime, though you are so far down in your sin that no earthly help can touch your case—the Lord Jesus Christ lands over you to-day, and offers you his right hand, proposing to lift you up, first making you whiter than snow, and then raising you glorious that you die. "Still," said a Christian boot-black to another, "when we come up to Heaven it won't make any difference that we've been boot-blacks here, for we shall get in, not somehow or other, but, Billy, we shall get straight through the gate. Oh, if you only knew how full and free and tender is the offer of Christ, this day you would all take him without one single exception; and if all the doors of this house were locked save one, and you were compelled to make egress by only one door, and I stood there and questioned you, and the Gospel of Christ had made the right impression upon your heart to-day, you would answer me as you went out: "Jesus is mine, and I am his!" Oh, that this might be the hour when you would receive him! It is not a Gospel merely for footpads and vagrants and lucrancers; it is for the highly polished and the educated and refined as well. "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." Whatever may be your associations, and whatever your worldly refinements, I must tell you, as before God I expect to answer in the last day, that if you are not changed by the grace of God, you are still down in the ditch of sin, in the ditch of sorrow, in the ditch of condemnation; a ditch that empties into a deeper ditch, the ditch of the lost. But blessed be God for the lifting, cleansing, lustrating power of His Gospel.

The voice of free grace cries, Escape to the mountain!
For all that believe, Christ has opened a fountain.
Hallelujah! to the Lamb who has brought us His pardon;
We'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan.

The Millennium's Coming.

The practice of going out between the acts is in a fair way of being effectually put an end to. A wife at one of the theaters the other evening when her husband made no move to go out between the acts said in surprise:

"Ain't you going out, dear?"

"Out where?"

"Why, out to see a man."

"No; those damned newspaper men have jumped upon the thing so long that a man can't go out to see a man without being suspected of going out to get a drink. I'm going to sit this play through."

Cut flowers—wall flowers.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

SERIOUS SUBJECTS CAREFULLY AND ABLY CONSIDERED.

A Scholarly Exposition of the Lesson —Thoughts Worthy of Calm Reflection—Half an Hour's Study of the Scriptures—Time Well Spent.

The lesson for Sunday, June 2, may be found in Mark 14: 53-65.

INTRODUCTORY.

We left Christ, in our last lesson, before Annas, the father-in-law of Caiaphas. There is a preliminary examination here, and it is while this is going on, it seems, that Peter first denies his Lord in the court without. Annas, John tells us, sends Christ "bound unto Caiaphas," the legal high priest, where the priests and scribes have come together for an informal council. It is this half legal trial that is presented to us in the lesson of to-day. Its irregularities and inclemencies are a sad commentary on the character of the worldly rulers of that day. Their conclusion was a foregone one. They had already decided Jesus to death.

WHAT THE LESSON SAYS.

The chief priests. The religious rulers of the Jews. There were twenty-four in all, one for each of the priestly orders.——*All the council.* It was composed also of scribes and unimportant the law, and elders chosen from among the people, in all some three score and ten men.——*Sought.* Imperfect tense. *Kept seeking.* In the progress of their investigation.——*Witness or testimony (martyrian).* *To put him to death.* Literally, *unto his death (eis),* i. e., reaching to the death penalty, sufficient to condemn him to death. See variations.——*Laid violent hands.* Seized him. Greek: *and they did not find.* They were seeking not for light but for an excuse for a deed already determined upon.

And Jesus said I am. A book has been recently published upon the "I Am's of Christ." Study them. "I am the Way." "I am the door." "I am the bread." "I am the vine." They are many and beautiful. But the one here is the most grand, personal query. "Whom say ye that I am?" "Thou art the Christ." Yes, further back still to that voice saying, "I am I am." "Before Abraham was I am." It is the word of the Eternal. Whenever that voice speaks it is always with the calm, stately accents of Him who is from everlasting to everlasting. His "I am" is music, the grandest and gracious voice saying that *I am.* As some one says: "Every little while somebody starts up and upsets this book; and it is like upsetting a world when we do so. It is just as big one way as the other; and when you get hold of it, it is right side up, and when you overturn it again, it is right side up still." It comes with its own credential to the world, the word given to Moses.—"Thus shalt thou say, *I am* hath sent me."

What need we any further witnesses. No more are claimed for Christ in power and divinity than he claims for himself in this. If he is on trial for declaring himself to be the Son of God, then it is from his own lips that the chief testimony shall be taken. He has declared it more forcibly than Father and am come into the world. Again I leave the world and go to the Father." Again: "Father, glorify thou me with thine own self with the glory which I had with thee before the world was." There is no moment's hesitancy. When asked as to his Godhead he never falters, but declares openly the truth. Art thou the Christ, the Son of the blessed? Jesus says: I am the Christ and ye shall see me sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven. Of false witnesses the world is full. Think of it, Christian, whether you testify *for* Christ or not. There are multitudes ready to bear false witness *against* him. No matter whether the testimony is according to fact or not, it is rendered, and unthinking, world-faring men are influenced by it. Many of us are witnesses in one sense or in one form or question is being raised. In London there are thirty infidel clubs in East London alone. Dr. R. L. Hastings, speaking before the Tabernacle ministers' meeting, states that there are as many as seventy infidel societies in England, sending out millions of false-witnessing publications every week. Miss Macpherson, whom some of us met in her late visit to this city, says that there are whole streets in London that are left to God. But that is not the worst. On the continent they grow more and more God-defying. The other day, said a French minister before the Presbyterian assembly in Edinburgh, "to find you agitated over the question of singing hymns. In Paris we were discussing the question, 'Is there a God?'"

But neither so did their witnesses agree together. That is the difficulty with the adversaries. Their witnesses do not agree. Even when they speak of those things which are in agreement, or seem to agree, as, for example, regarding blasphemy and evolution, their evidence is contradictory, save as it falls in line with God's eternal truth. As with the confusion of tongues at Babel, their tongues were confused, and they destroy each other. Let the Christian apologist understand here his immense advantage under God. He has only to speak a testimony already given to him. The word of God is inherently trustworthy, consistent with itself. The more we study it the more we find it outreaching with itself. We have only to believe all that the prophets have spoken! "One jot or one little shall in no wise pass." Against the vagaries of men stands the Gospel of Christ. Send it broadcast, "that the world *may know* that thou hast sent me."

Answerest thou nothing? There is a time for silence, as surely as there are pearls as well as swine. And there is a proper time to speak. When men are howling in futile rage; when they are gnashing their teeth in ineffectual wrath, we may let them alone. They are wounding themselves by striking at each the other. Why should Christ speak here when their witnesses agreed not together, and they were overwhelming themselves in their building defeat? But there comes a time to break the silence. It is at the point of the main question. There he speaks, and not indistinctly. Let the servant of the Lord know that there is a time to speak as well as a time to keep silence. Silence, then, would be disloyalty. Think of it. At the very time when the disciple was miserably denying his Lord, Jesus was with a divine courage acknowledging himself. Nothing short of acknowledgment condemning himself to the tree.

And they all condemned him. A book has been recently published upon the "Arrest of Christ." Study them. "I am the Way." "I am the door." "I am the bread." "I am the vine." They are many and beautiful. But the one here is the most grand, personal query. "Whom say ye that I am?" "Thou art the Christ." Yes, further back still to that voice saying, "I am I am." "Before Abraham was I am." It is the word of the Eternal. Whenever that voice speaks it is always with the calm, stately accents of Him who is from everlasting to everlasting. His "I am" is music, the grandest and gracious voice saying that *I am.* As some one says: "Every little while somebody starts up and upsets this book; and it is like upsetting a world when we do so. It is just as big one way as the other; and when you get hold of it, it is right side up, and when you overturn it again, it is right side up still." It comes with its own credential to the world, the word given to Moses.—"Thus shalt thou say, *I am* hath sent me."

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PURITAN!

DID YOU EVER?

Look closely at the tie band of your Umbrella! If you find this simple name

PURITAN

On it you've got an Umbrella that's a good one. That's the Umbrella we've faith in.

Weigh Our Words.

The Puritan Silk Umbrella is the best Umbrella for the price in America.

$3.00, $3.50, $4.00, $4.50, $5.00,

And on up—the silk is the same in all—difference in price in the handles.

Novelty Ginghams

Lovely styles—choice colors.

At 9c. a Yard,

Our Store is the "HUB" of the

LADIES' GLOVE TRADE

Of the entire state. We sell the kind of Glove that brings you back when you want another pair.

KID GLOVES

In the New Light Tans,
In the New English Reds,
In the New Mousquetaires,
5-hook to 12-inch.

ROOT & COMPANY

JOS. M. CLARK. PERRY H. DEHAVEN.

Jos. M. Clark & Co.,

FASHIONABLE

Merchant Tailors

34 East Berry Street,

Largest assortment of spring and summer goods, embracing all the latest novelties. An early inspection is requested.

THEY WANT A DRAW.

The People of Plymouth Seeing the Jenney Electric Light Works.

The people of Plymouth have appointed a committee to institute suit against the Fort Wayne Jenney Electric Light company looking to the recovery of the $17,000 subscribed by the citizens of that town in order to secure a branch of the works, that they longed for, but like the letter never came.

This is another feature of the bitter personal attack made on Mr. M. W. Simons by the Plymouth *Republican*.

Fill Your Pockets For Sunday

With "Gruber's Best," ten cent brand, or the "Frank's Choice," or "F. G.," five cent brands of cigars. You can then enjoy Sunday. These cigars have no equal in the state. All dealers sell them. 31-2t

Thanking the Fire Laddies.

The Pape & Boehm Furniture company desire to thank the fire department for their judicious handling of the recent fire. But for the careful management of the fire laddies the company would have sustained a severe loss.

Sweet and Delicious.

Those Strawberries, for 8c quart, at
COVENDALE & ARCHER'S,
31-2t 24 Harrison Street.

Do not forget Wednesday, June 26, the day the Crow club go to Rome City. Concert both afternoon and evening.
18-sat-3t

Notice to the Public.

The Chicago Bakery on Broadway and Washington streets, will be closed on Sunday hereafter.
31 2t W. F. GELLER.

"Gruber's Best," ten cent and "Frank's Choice" and "F. G.," five cent brand cigars for a Sunday smoke. For sale by all dealers. 31-2t

Meyer & Niemann have placed a new stock and are now offering bargains in Hats and Gent's Furnishing Goods. Call and see them, and you will find just what you are after. 31 2t

Grand Picnic.

The Fort Wayne Sengerbund will give a grand picnic at Tivoli Garden, Pontiac st Monday, June 10, 1889. The City band will furnish music. A good time is promised all who attend.

All the latest novelties in Hats and Gent's Furnishing Goods at
MEYER & NIEMANN'S,
31 2t 142 Calhoun Street.

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1889.

LOCAL NEWS.

The uniform rank, Catholic Legion, drilled last night.

Mr. H. C. Hanna is at Terre Haute on legal business.

Mr. M. M. M. Slattery returned from eastern trip last evening.

Miss Minnie Bock, of Huntington, is visiting her sister, Mrs. H. Geye in this city.

Victorin Demong has been accepted for treatment at the state insane asylum.

John Durbin was fined by Esquire Ryan to-day, for assault on Howard Brown.

Mrs. W. B. Elder, of Lima, Ohio, is visiting Mrs. E. G. Crosby, of 180 Madison street.

The township trustees met at the office of County Auditor Neiner to-day to fix the tax levy.

Harry Rogers was arraigned before Esquire Ryan to-day for provoking Frank Glazier.

Louis Kuttauner sues James L. Bush et al., for $500 on a note. Bell & Morris are attorneys.

Chris Newcomer has sold his saloon, known as the "White Elephant," to Paul Laible and Charles Muhlfeith.

Dr. McIntyre's lecture in the Y. M. C. A. building last evening, was very fine and the audience was well pleased.

The suit of Chas. B. Howe vs. the Nickel Plate road has been appealed from Justice Tuttle to by Bell & Morris.

Judge L. M. Ninde has filed with the county officers a plat of his new addition in South Wayne. It includes eight lots.

Miss May Perrin leaves next week for Cody's Bluffs, in the Indian Territory, to be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Cromwell.

Mr. T. J. Clark, traveling passenger agent for the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific railroad, passed through the city west bound last evening.

John Holsworth, of Nebraska, sold intoxicants last Sunday and was fined by Esquire Ryan yesterday. Justice purswath her even course.

Mr. Nicholas Robertson to-day qualified as a notary public. The young man will remain in the city to practice law with his father, Col. R. S. Robertson.

John Toomey was on a spree yesterday and annoyed people on Berry street. He promised good behavior for all time to come and the mayor let him go free.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Beegan and son, Master Ralph, of Rock Run, Ala., are in the city. Mr. Beegan comes home to see his mother, who has long been very ill.

Isaac Van Horn attempted to drown himself in the river, near the jail, yesterday. The man was on a prolonged spree and the sheriff and his men fished him out.

T. J. Driscoll, Indianapolis, Ind.; S. Baker, Waterloo, Ind.; E. A. Stewart, Hamilton, Ohio; L. A. Watson, Chicago; R. B. Stothall, Cincinnati, O., are at the Brunswick.

John Moore, a brakeman employed by the Nickel Plate railroad company, was yesterday fined $1 and costs, amounting to $10.54 by Esquire Frances for assault and battery upon August Fritz.

There was a pleasant surprise party at the home of C. R. Jeane Wednesday night, in celebration of his birthday; the guests assembling while he was at prayer meeting. Ice cream, cake and fruit was served.

Invitations have been issued by Miss Kittie Remmert for a reception to be given in honor of Mr. A. P. Walbel, of Kansas City. Mr. Walbel will, on the following Wednesday, be united in marriage to Miss Remmert.

The Indiana State Sunday School convention, which holds its twenty-fifty annual session at Indianapolis, June 4, 5 and 6, has arranged a very interesting and instructive program for the advancement of Sunday school work.

Myron Downing, traveling salesman for Louis Fox & Bro., reports that his firm shipped a bunch of bananas to Sitter & Biddle, at Lagrange, Ind., a few days ago and upon unpacking them they found an anaconda entwined around the stem. It was killed and measured four and a half feet in length.

The fair and festival to be given by the St. Paul M. E. church in their temporary building on Walton avenue, will certainly prove a grand success. The committees have been appointed to the different booths, and every effort will be made to make it one of the successful events of the season. The fair will begin June 18.

Sheriff Viberg sent to Freemont, Ind., to-day, after Jennie McCarthy, the "chair girl," who was arrested there on her flight, charged with the theft of $40 from her father. The McCarthys repair chairs and such, and are familiar figures in the justice courts. In fact, the joint earnings of the family generally go in fines and costs.

The standard time went into effect to-day, by virtue of an ordinance which is published with other important laws on another page. The saloon men were first to turn their clocks back twenty minutes, for the new law will let them open their places that much longer. The fire bell will announce railroad time hereafter, the council will convene on that schedule and public schools will probably adopt it.

Hon. R. C. Bell went to Indianapolis at 2 o'clock.

Judge Chapin held court to-day and heard issues.

A portion of the sewer on South Calhoun street caved in this morning.

J. E. Maxwell, Upper Sandusky; J. W. Everett, Indianapolis, are at the Aveline.

Judge O'Rourke passed sentence on John Schulz to-day. He gets one year in prison.

Col. C. A. Zollinger arrived in the city last night and returned to Indianapolis this afternoon.

Frank McMahon and Flora McDonald, Frederick Peters and Ida Coyle have been licensed to wed.

H. G. Ransbury, Evansville; H. N. Coffinbury, Garrett; Wm. A. Patterson, Waterloo, are at the Wayne.

Mrs. Schlotterbeck, of Terre Haute, Ind., is visiting in this city as a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Gruber, of 198 Broadway.

The Trades and Labor council did not hold its regular meeting last night. There was not a quorum present to transact business.

The Hendricks club will meet Monday evening at its parlors. All democrats are invited to come to the meeting and a genuine welcome is always in store.

The handsome linden trees that stood in front of the residence of Dr. J. A. Stutz, corner of Harrison and Washington streets, have fallen victims to the woodman's axe.

The cases of the State vs. Erastus Shuman; the State vs. Fred Litmeccoly, jr.; the State vs. Belyard, and the State vs. Webber, are set for trial in the circuit court June 11.

Mike Hargenrider, who some time ago stabbed Joe Davis with a pocket knife, was arraigned in the circuit court to-day, and pleaded guilty. The fellow has a wife and six small children, begged for mercy, and the judge made the sentence thirty days in jail with a fine of $25.

Judge Chapin concluded the suit of Mrs. Pete St. Mary vs. C. C. Cain at Albion yesterday, decreasing the woman $300 damages. Cain choked her severely last summer and left permanent injuries. Judge Morris and W. P. Denny, of this city, were interested in the case. Dr. M. F. Porter testified.

The new opera, "Said Pasha," was heard last night for the first time, and it is rare that an audience so brilliant assembles at the Temple. The opera abounds in very sweet music, admits of fine scenery and gives full sway to comedy. The performance is fascinating and charms one for the evening. The chorus was crude, but the soloists made up for those defects.

Constable Mercer and Editor Alliger came up from Monroeville to-day with a man named Young, who has been neglecting his sick wife, at Convoy, Ohio, to pay court to a frail damsel at Monroeville. The fellow got away from the constable at Monroeville, but Editor Alliger captured the fugitive, after an exciting chase. The man will board out, in jail, a fine of $24.

Mr. R. T. McDonald returned from New York city last evening, and he and Mr. Slattery just missed the flood blockade at Johnstown. "Have I any news? Well, yes," said the great electric light manager. "We are moving into our new building on Broadway, and besides our office, we will at once erect another shop building, 50x150, adjoining the big works." The electric light works promise to eclipse any other institution in the city.

Yesterday Pondmaster Wuehnker found seven cows out on the east side pasture and drove them in. The bovines escaped the herding care of Henry Kruse and that gentleman, after learning the facts, secured from Justice Ryan a writ of replevin for the stock. Constable Skelley waited on Mr. Wuehnker, but that gentleman refused to recognize his authority and would not liberate the herd. Mr. Skelley at once proceeded to the pound and with his little hatchet liberated the cattle. The case will come up Tuesday for final solution.

STREET WALKERS!

A Severe Dose to Four Offenders This Morning.

Officer Fred Wahrenberg, "the dandy copper of the Broadway squad," is not going to have any trifling on his beat.

Last night he found Rose and Sadie Walters, scarlet women, cohorting on Fairfield avenue, with Freeman Johnson and Dick Harrington.

The officer says he has repeatedly warned them off the streets, but they greeted him with "rats," "go bury yourself," "look at the style of him," and "Oh! my, isn't he cute."

This the peace guardian would stand no longer, and on the strength of his offended dignity, sent for the patrol wagon, sending the quartet to the cooler.

They bowed to His Honor this morning, and Mr. Harding very promptly assessed a fine of $15.60 and costs, making $24.50 in each case.

The people did not have a cent, and had to go to jail to board out the fine on a twenty-five day schedule.

"I am going to stop this business," said the mayor, as he touched Sergeant Wahrenberg on the shoulder and remarked, "well done, Mr. Officer."

Reduction 25c Barrel on Flour.
Reduction 5c Bushel on Potatoes.
And 2c Pound on Butter.

Best Flour, $4.50 barrel.
Choice Potatoes, 30c bushel.
Best Butter, 14c; good, 10c pound.
FRUIT HOUSE.

A DULL SATURDAY.

At Least It is So as Far as News and Gossip Around the Many Corners is Concerned.

This is bad weather for excursions on the railroads.

Wabash Baggage Master Sunderland sent in his monthly report to-day.

The "Said Pasha" company went to Danville, Ill., this morning on the Wabash.

A turn table is being put in at the entrance to the machine shops of the Bass works.

Homer Smith, of the Nickel Plate train dispatcher's office, will leave Monday for a southern trip.

The car wheel department of the Bass works resumed operations to-day, after being closed down for two days.

The accident on the Lafayette street crossing of the Pittsburg railroad is mentioned in our local columns.

Edgerton is the name of a new town that is being laid out along the line of the Nickel Plate railroad, in Jackson township.

A new brand of cigars is named "The Wabash." Our reporter sampled one in Passenger Agent Thompson's office this morning.

Henry Zauner, machinist at the Bass works, has been kept from duty for the last few days on account of an attack of fever and ague.

John Boylan has taken employment at the carpenter shops of the east Pittsburg yards and will take his new position Monday morning.

The excursions which were to have left this city this morning for Rome City and Warsaw, were abandoned on account of the bad weather.

The new head for the big steam hammer at the Pittsburg blacksmith shops has arrived, and it will be put in operation again next Monday morning.

A. Haverly, of the Pittsburg blacksmith shops, has been off duty for a few days. R. Hardendorf is running the steam hammer during his absence.

Passenger Agent Rose, of the Pittsburg, was so busy on his monthly reports this morning that he did not have time to say "good morning" to reporters.

The Wabash Western will never climb the grades between Logansport and Peru or Wabash, with additional heavier grades, while it can come to the main line in this city on a level track with from five to ten cars more to the train.

F. B. Sargent, grand master of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, will go south next week, to work up new organizations in the southern states. At nearly every prominent railroad center in the north and west flourishing divisions are already established.

N. H. Helfrich, James Hanley and David Judy, of the Pennsylvania company, leave to-night for Galion, Ohio, to remain over Sunday. Mr. Helfrich will return with his wife, who has been visiting her parents at that place for some time. Hanley and Judy will attend church at Galion with their best girls.

General Agent Smith, in charge of the work of organizing the Railroad Men's Relief association on the Pennsylvania lines west of Pittsburg, is in the city to-day to put the work in motion here. The men through the shops are furnished with circulars explaining the object of the association. It is undoubtedly a grand thing and most of the employes will become members of it.

The rains of the last few days have seriously affected the railroads passing through the city in regard to through travel, but not so much locally. The big floods in the east have interfered with the travel from that quarter. The streams along the Pittsburg, Nickel Plate, Wabash and all the roads are rapidly rising and threaten the bridges in some localities. An inquiry at the ticket offices this morning found all the trains about up to their time schedule, however, and the agents do not anticipate any serious washouts on their roads.

SOME PRICES.

A Few of Them That Are Costly.

At 1 o'clock, last night, the general store and meat market occupied by Geary & Woehnker, on East Washington street, was discovered on fire, and before the department could interfere, the place was gutted. The building frame was saved. The loss will reach $1,500, with as much insurance.

The general store is owned by Fred. Woenker, and the meat market by Chas. Geary, while J. Pfeifferer owns the building.

At a later hour, 3:30, two frame barns belonging to Wm. Keil, at No. 326 and 327 Hanna street, caught fire and were entirely devoured. The loss is $500.

HAVE LOCAL EFFECT.

The Pennsylvania Floods Annul the Limited Express on the Fort Wayne Road.

The greatest possible interest is manifested in the awful Pennsylvania floods. Many people here have kin to hail from the regions inundated and await tidings from their old homes with great anxiety. The floods, too, have washed away miles of the Pennsylvania railroad track and there was no west-bound limited express over the Fort Wayne road to Chicago this morning. Nor is there likely to be one for two or three days.

All trains for the west are made up at Pittsburg and come west, so that travel to New York over the Pennsylvania lines is impossible just now.

An American watch manufactory is to be started in England.

THE DIVINE COMMAND.

Remember the Sabbath Day to Keep it Holy—The Church Services Announced.

Simpson M. E. Church—Preaching at 10:30, a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 2:30. Rev. G. B. M. Rogers, pastor.

Trinity Lutheran church—Services at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2 p. m. Pastor's bible class at the same hour.

St. Paul's M. E. church. Preaching by the pastor, Rev. M. C. Cooper, [at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sabbath school at 2:30 p. m.

The Sixth Commandment, or "Murder in Fort Wayne," is the subject of Pastor Northrop's sermon, to-morrow evening, at 8 o'clock.

Free Methodist church, East Creighton avenue—Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. Rev. Hardin, pastor.

Regular services to-morrow morning and evening, in the First Presbyterian church by Rev. Dr. Moffat. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. All welcome.

Preaching at the Third Presbyterian church, next Sabbath, at 10:30 a. m. and 8:00 p. m. by the pastor, Rev. J. M. Boggs. Sunday School at 2 o'clock.

Trinity Episcopal church, corner Berry and Fulton streets. Rev. A. W. Seabreeze, rector. The rector will preach in the evening. Sunday school, at 9:30 a. m.

Rev. A. K. Zartman will conduct the services at the Y. M. C. A. to-morrow afternoon, at 4:10 o'clock, standard time. Everybody invited. Good singing. Come.

Remember the regular meeting of the Loyal Temperance Legion at W. C. T. U. headquarters on Harrison street. Be there promptly at 3:30 o'clock and bring your children.

Berry street M. E. church, corner West Berry and Harrison streets. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m., by Rev. W. M. Van Slyke, pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.

Services at the Evangelical church, corner Clinton and Holman streets, to-morrow at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 2:30 a. m. All are welcome. D. D. Speicher, pastor.

Grace Reformed church invites you to attend their services to-morrow, at 10:30 a. m., and 8 p. m. Sabbath school at 9:30. Rev. A. K. Zartman, pastor. Morning sermon: "The Ascension."

To-morrow general class at Wayne street M. E. church, corner Broadway and Wayne street. Preaching by pastor at 10:30 a. m. Sunday school at 2 p. m. Young people's meeting at 7:30 p. m.

The graduating class of the High school will attend the Baptist church in a body to-morrow morning at 10:30, to listen to an address delivered by Pastor Northrup. The other youths of the city are invited.

Trinity M. E. church. Services at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 2:30 p. m. Rev. N. D. Shackelford, pastor. Mrs. James will not be with us as was expected, on account of sickness in her family.

Elder E. H. Baker, for several years a member of the London, England, open air mission, will preach at the Church of God, corner Hoagland avenue and De-Wald street, to-morrow morning and evening.

Rev. G. W. Carder will preach at the Nebraska Mission church, Sabbath morning at 10:30.; Rev. James Trythall will conduct a Sunday school service at 8 p. m. All are invited to attend the prayer meeting Thursday evening.

Song and praise service at the Y. M. C. A. hall, 105 and 107 Calhoun street, at 4:30 city time. Short talks, short prayers, and good singing. Commercial men in the city especially invited. Make arrangements to meet your friend there.

Congregational church, corner of Washington and Fulton streets. Services at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m. Preaching morning and evening by Rev. N. A. Hyde, D. D., of Indianapolis, to which all are cordially invited. Sunday school at 12 o'clock.

The services of the Second Presbyterian church will be held in the chapel of the City Y. M. C. A. building, at the usual hours, 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. by Rev. J. L. Leeper, the pastor. Sabbath school immediately after the morning service.

The railroad department of the Y. M. C. A. welcome you to their regular Sunday services for men only at 3 o'clock, standard time. Short talks, short prayers and good singing. Railroad, shop and factory men are especially invited. Come and bring a friend. The delegates to the international convention at Philadelphia will give a report of that meeting.

Christian church, corner Griffith and Jefferson streets. Services at 10:30 a. m. and 8:00 p. m. Sunday school at 9:15 a. m. Song service at 7:30 p. m. A special service will be held to-morrow at 10:30 a. m., at which all the membership is urgently requested to be present. Evening lesson, 8 p. m., "The Agreement of Genesis with Science," with illustrations.

On next Sabbath Children's Day will be celebrated at the First United Brethren church, corner of Harmar and East Lewis streets. Rev. J. W. Lower, the pastor, will preach to the children at 10:30 a. m. Parents come and bring your children. In the evening Children's Day concert will be rendered, consisting of songs and recitations given by the children. Service begins promptly at 8 o'clock. Come and bring a friend. Sabbath school at 9:30.

FOR $15,000.

Another Heavy Damage Suit Against the Pennsylvania Company.

This morning, in the circuit court, Judge L. M. Ninde, who has a corner in railroad cases, filed suit for John W. Mulligan, seeking to recover $15,000 from the Pennsylvania railroad company for injuries sustained June 29, 1887.

Mulligan was a freight brakeman then and at Plymouth was engaged to sidetrack a car. In the work he was terribly injured and attributes the misfortune to Engineer Sidney Craig, whom, he says, is ill-tempered and unsafe.

The doctor sent to amputate his limb did not do good surgery, he says, and for those reasons he has claims.

A NEW DEAL.

The County Commissioners Will Refuse Liquor Licenses to Unfit Persons.

The county commissioners will meet Monday and their first work will be to grant liquor licenses.

"People complain and criticise us," said County Commissioner Bullerman, this morning, "because we grant liquor licenses to improper persons. We meet Monday and I wish you would say that parties are invited to submit remonstrances to the board against parties unfit to conduct saloons, and I assure you we will refuse a license wherever we can find a valid excuse for action. The trouble is that people say nothing about the matter until it is too late to remedy the trouble."

$1,000 Reward.

One thousand dollars will be paid to any chemist who will find on analysis of S. S. S. (Swift's Specific) one particle of mercury, iodide of potash, or any poisonous substance.

In 1873 I contracted blood poison, which soon developed into its severest secondary form, with blotches and ugly sores all over my body, which totally disabled me for more than a year. The doctor treated me all the time without benefit. The disease steadily grew worse and worse, I was unable to work for more than a year; finally was persuaded to take Swift's Specific. After taking seven bottles I was sound and well, and have not felt a symptom of the disease since. This was sixteen years ago.
JOE VAUGHN.
Forsyth, Ga., Jan. 23, 1889.

I have taken Swift's Specific for secondary blood poison, and derived great benefit. It acts much better that potash, or any other remedy than I have ever used. B. F. WINGFIELD,
Richmond, Va.

Treaties on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

Strawberries 8c quart, at
COVENDALE & ARCHER'S,
31-2t 24 Harrison street.

--THE--

PEOPLE'S STORE,

EAST BERRY STREET.
Pixley & Long Block.

We are now showing a large and attractive line of

Summer Wash Goods,

Comprising many novelties in

DOMESTIC AND FRENCH SATINES.

PLAIN AND FANCY BATISTES, absolutely fast colors.

We invite your inspection to our large and attractive stock of

Parasols and Sun Umbrellas

Many very neat features in ARTISTIC HANDLES and DESIGNS, FINE GLORIA and PURITAN SILK. Elegant Gold and Oxydized Silver mountings. These are bought direct from leading manufacturers. The prices will be found very low.

A Handsome Line of

LACE CURTAINS!

At Popular Prices.

An Elegant Line of

Beaded Wraps and Shoulder Capes.

We shall sell them at the Popular and Low Price of $3.00. They are Worth $4.50 and $5.00.

Inspection Solicited!
One Price To All!
Popular Goods! - Popular Prices!

THE PEOPLE'S STORE,

Dozois, Beadell & Co.

Lowest Prices —ON— RECORD.

LOUIS WOLF AND COMPANY.

Best Values —YET— SHOWN.

ON MONDAY AND DURING THE WEEK

FOR CASH ONLY.

THE GREATEST BARGAINS EVER OFFERED.

ENUMERATION OF SO VAST AN AMOUNT AS WE SHALL OFFER IS IMPOSSIBLE. WE SPECIALIZE A FEW FOR YOUR BENEFIT.

The Prices are Closer than the Bark on a Sycamore Tree.

Spring Wraps Every Garment or Wrap in our Store will be sold at half-price—only this week. No longer.

STRIPED MOHAIRS. ALL THE RAGE. 83c., Worth $1.10. Your Choice.

MILLINERY! Every Trimmed Hat Bonnet and Turban will be sold at 1-2 PRICE.

French Sateens. Select Designs, Tasteful Colorings, Finest Quality, Superior Fabrics, worth from 35 to 40c. In this sale ONLY 25c.

CHINA SILKS Cheney Bros. Best, Dollar Silk 79c. OUR CHINA SILK 65c. 49c.

UMBRELLAS! ZURICH SILK, $1.35. GENUINE PURITANS GEMS AT $3.00.

Only Fast Black Hose We Are Sole Agents.

PARASOLS One Hundred Colored Satin Parasols, Worth $2.75, For $1.50.

Black and Colored silk Mits, Remarkable Quality, 15c. Up. Our Best Dollar Kids, 75 CENTS.

SEEKERS of BARGAINS IN BLACK DRESS GOODS Must not fail to visit us next week. The Choicest productions of the BEST MAKERS will be on sale at Reduced Prices!

SATEENS! Exquisite Patterns, Novelty Colors. Bargains at 18 cents. In this sale 12 1-2c.

BLACK LISLE Thread HOSE Another Lot Just in, 35c. Worth 50.

AN IMMENSE VARIETY of New Designs —IN— American Satines. Take Them At 6 1-4cts.

Our Carpet and Curtain Departments

Have been the pride of our City for years. We have no old remnants or shop-worn goods to sell;

BUT THE VERY BEST MOQUETTES,

Made, laid and lined on your floors, with handsome border to match, at $1.35, are among the Bargains at

LOUIS WOLF & COMPANY